Collier's
TEN CENTS
MAY 6, 1944

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

FREE P
LIBRARY
KANSAS

When Will RATIONING E

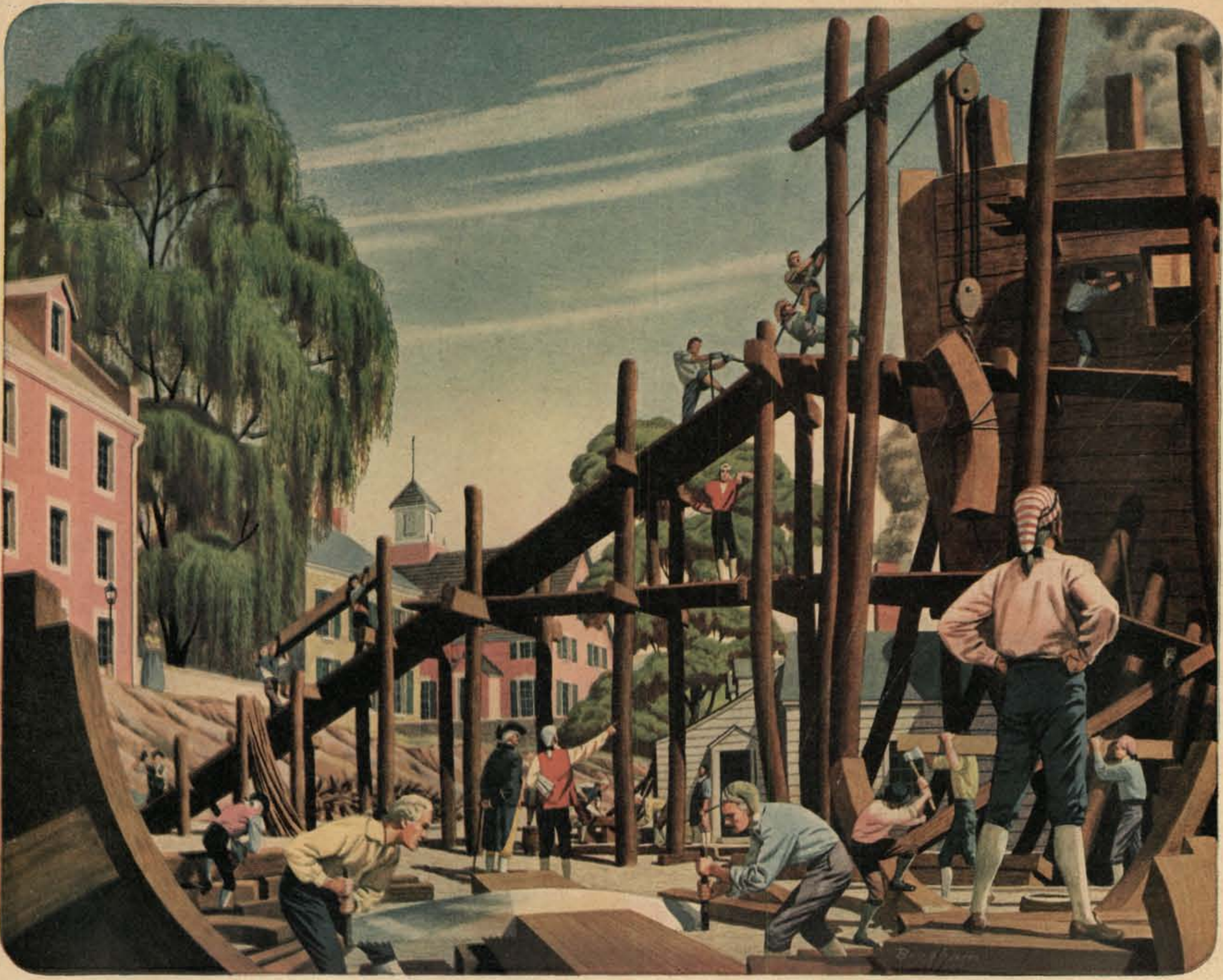
By CHESTER BOWLES

COME AND BE HANGED

A New Serial by AGATHA CHRISTIE

PHOTOGRAPH BY MUKY

FREE PUB LIBR
IOLA
KANS
26AU44
A
427613
C
9 44U

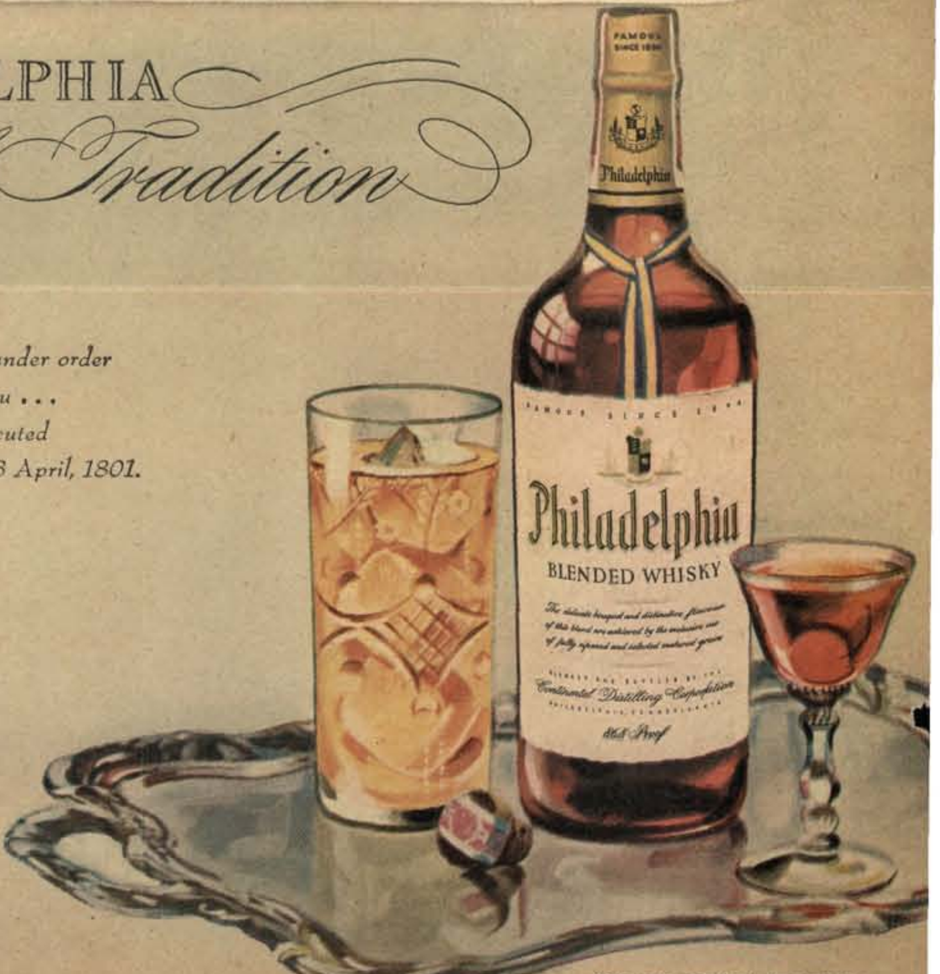


Building the U. S. Frigate Philadelphia, Joshua Humphreys' shipyard, Philadelphia . . . From a print dated 1800*

PHILADELPHIA
Birthplace of Tradition

"To Joshua Humphreys, Esq. Sir: The Frigate Philadelphia is under order immediately for a 12 months cruise . . . I request that you . . . examine her . . . for a cruise of such duration and have the forms executed with the utmost dispatch." . . . Naval Secretary's order dated 3 April, 1801.

Proudly Philadelphia's sons set forth to win the plaudits of their Nation that the new flag might sail the seas in freedom. Triumphantly they returned to the hospitable cheer that was the heart-warming greeting for all who visited this seat of early American hospitality. Today this "heritage of hospitality" is honorably upheld by this superb whisky . . . Philadelphia Blend. A whisky of such special quality and unique character, you might rightly reserve it for special occasions, yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

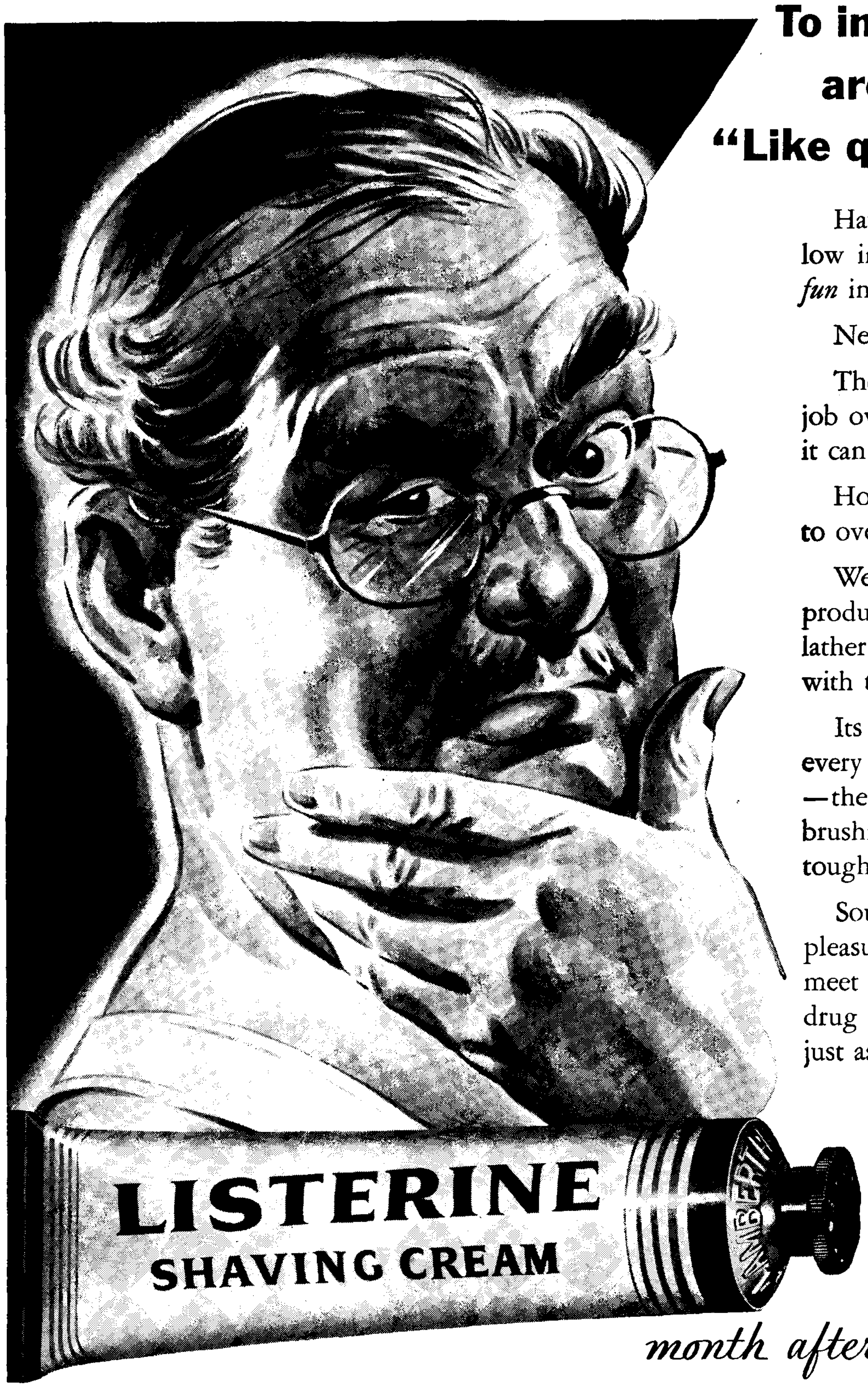


86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

A FREE PU
LIBRARY
OLA, KANSAS

Not a single electron in a tubeful of this SHAVING CREAM which is guaranteed *not to make shaving a pleasure!*



To intelligent men whose whiskers are, as Will Shakespeare said, "Like quills upon the fretful porcupine"

Have you ever heard of any man, depressed in mind and low in spirit, who suddenly jumped up and shaved for the *fun* in it?

Neither have we.

The only pleasure connected with shaving is having the job over and done with. At best, shaving is a bore. At worst, it can be torture.

Holding such views, we make it a matter of principle not to overstate the case for our Listerine Shaving Cream.

We have concentrated our technical skill and resources on producing a *quality* shaving cream which will yield no-hokum lather. We call it a *sensible* shaving aid, and we are delighted with the reception given it by intelligent men.

Its ingredients are neither mysterious nor magic. And in every fraction of an inch—and we mean fraction of an inch—there is lots and lots of good, rich lather. Add water, keep brushing, and you get big, moisture-laden billows to *help* soften tough whiskers, to *help* reduce the sting and nuisance of shaving.

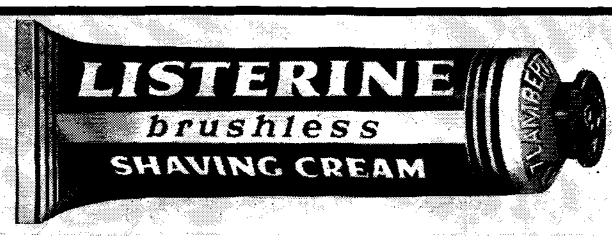
Sound good to you? Then, provided that you don't expect pleasure from shaving, you are just the man who ought to meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

P. S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.*

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

month after month after month



REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come swell shaves for men who prefer no-brush cream

WHEN LIFE OR DEATH IS A MATTER OF Split Seconds
Motorola
"HANDIE TALKIE" DELIVERS

In a war of vast spaces, swift movement and violent action . . . Radio Communication must not fail. The front line scout, spotting the location and strength of the enemy, gets his vital information back to the command post with split second speed via the Handie-Talkie, the bantamweight portable two-way radiotelephone. The signalman *talks,* giving information . . . and *listens,* receiving instructions.

The Handie-Talkie was conceived and developed by Motorola, makers of Motorola Radios for Home and Car, and F-M Police Radiotelephone Systems.

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST RADIO FOR HOME & CAR
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO

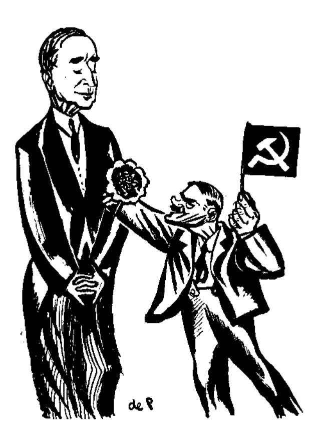
Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
HENRY LA COSSITT Managing Editor

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater	AMY PORTER	Articles
GEORGE CREEL	Washington	ROBERT DE VORE	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
JIM BISHOP	Articles	FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction	GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	EDWARD TOMLINSON	The Other Americas
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Cartoons	AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

MR. EARL BROWDER, boss of the Communist Party in the United States, objects to George Creel's charge in his article The War on Cordell Hull that "the drives (against Mr. Hull) were led by Earl Browder." "I have neither led nor participated in any kind of campaign against Mr. Cordell Hull," writes Mr. Browder. "On the contrary, I have taken pains to give public praise to Mr. Hull, in particular for his leading role in carrying through the Moscow Conference which laid the foundation for President Roosevelt's achievement at Teheran; and for his sagacious and bold handling of the pro-Nazi coup in Bolivia by which he stopped the advance of our enemy's political offensive in the Americas. While I have often in the past expressed criticism and am firmly of the opinion that certain aspects of America's foreign policy still need modernization, I am not in sympathy with any campaign conducted against Mr. Hull on the basis of these issues. Mr. Hull has my support, as well as my deep respect. . . . I sincerely hope he will continue as our Secretary of State for many more years."

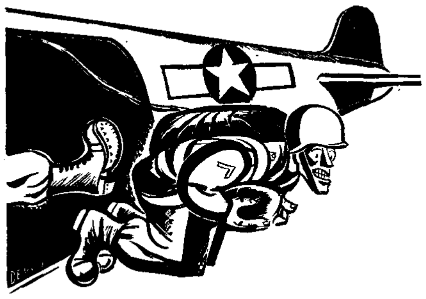


LIKE all politicians, Mr. Browder would prefer to forget. He prefers to forget: "Roosevelt and Hull must be sharply criticized for allowing the reactionary maneuvers of Chamberlain to determine American policy" (New Masses, April 5, 1938). And: "Barcelona was shattered with a terrible aerial bombardment by German and Italian planes . . . some of which were but recently shipped from the United States . . . and on the same day Secretary of State Hull of the Roosevelt Cabinet made a speech calling for concerted action to maintain the sanctity of treaties and world peace." (Speech March 18, 1938.) Mr. Browder . . . But so what? Why can't he forget in a big way like the Old Master, Mr. J. V. Dzugashvili? Now there's a fellow who can make forgetting amount to something.

ON THE surely mistaken theory that the government will welcome ideas, Mr. Edery Mooney of Buffalo, New York, suggests that much paper can be saved and a great deal of labor conserved if Washington stops turning out posters bidding us all to keep our mouths shut and ignore rumors. "Nonsense!" cries Mr. Mooney. "Let us spread rumors thick and fast. Then the enemy who, according to the government, is silly enough to be listening, will become as confused and ill-informed as we are."

BUT maybe things are taking a turn for the better. One of our Washington agents has just wired that they're thinking of opening a few windows in the Pentagon Building, letting in a little 1944 air.

THIS column's hero of the week is an eighteen-year-old paratrooper who, according to Mr. Drummond Gaines of Memphis, Tennessee, has just returned to his home in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, after a year in the South Pacific. He wears several decorations. A banjo-eyed maiden asked the Jumping Joe how many leaps he had made. "To tell the honest truth," drawled our hero, "I never did make a single jump. I've been pushed out of the plane seventeen times, but I ain't what you might call jumped yet."



A GENTLEMAN in Duluth, Minnesota, signing himself merely Jehoshaphat, complains bitterly that, owing to materials shortage, he has been waiting

(Continued on page 66)

Vol. 113, No. 19. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1944, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEEK

MAY 6, 1944

SHORT STORIES

HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS

The Question. A soldier back from Italy finds nothing the same, not even his wife. Page 15

DOROTHEA MALM

The Girl for Him. Some men don't care for clinging vines. Still it depends on who does the clinging. Page 18

GLADYS SCHMITT

The Mirror. Faced with another's tragedy, one's own disappointment seems a petty thing. Page 20

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

No Sentiment in the Army, by Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain. Page 24

SERIAL STORY

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Come and Be Hanged! The first of three parts. Page 11

ARTICLES

CHESTER BOWLES

When Will Rationing End? OPA's chief offers a schedule for the termination of rationing. Page 14

MAJOR THOMAS H. MORIARTY

Rescue at 61° 30′. Together, Army, Navy and civilians salvage a patrol bomber downed in the Canadian wilds. Page 16

STANLEY FRANK

Helping Hands and Feet. Billy Gibson shows maimed servicemen how to rebuild shattered lives on artificial limbs. Page 19

VERA INBER

The Ordeal of Leningrad. A leading Soviet poet tells how it felt when the agonizing thirty months' siege was finally lifted. Page 21

AMY PORTER

Ten-Percenter. The aspiring actress' success depends a lot on how hard her agent works. Page 22

WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

Old-Time Religion Goes Global. St. Louis' radio pastor, Rev. Walter A. Maier, hopes to relight the spiritual fires of the world Page 50

MARTHA GELLHORN

Visit Italy. True to the spirit of France, her patriots are fighting and dying in the Italian mountains. Page 62

ERNIE HARWELL

Baseball's Batty Bargains. A club owner will peddle his stars for almost anything—of value! Page 81

●

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Page 6

WING TALK. Page 8

THE GUILTY (General Iwane Matsui). Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 40. Page 30

THE GIRL ON THE COVER. Page 32

DAVID O. WOODBURY

Your Life Tomorrow. Page 37

PRONUNCIATION TEST. Page 42

THE WEEK'S WORK. Page 70

EDITORIALS

The U. S. and Arabian Oil. How Are the Schools Doing? Page 86

COVER MUKY STUDIO

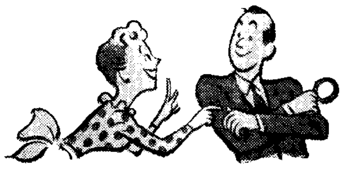
"It's a ring for your nose,"

said my wife sweetly

"VERY FUNNY, very funny," I said. "What comes next?"

"I merely decided," she went on, patiently, "that if you're going to keep on being so bull-headed about things, you might as well wear a ring in your nose and look the part."

"But I AM NOT . . ." I started to shout.

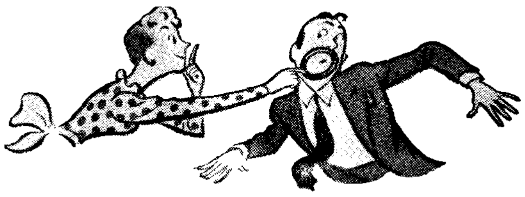


"Shhhh!" she broke in. "Just let me remind you—among other things—that you *positively* refuse to wear anything but blue suits. I tell you you'd look very nice in a brown suit, but you won't even try one on. Not you!"

"I know what I like," I said.

"Of course you do, dear. You know what you like before you even *try* a thing. Remember that perfectly silly argument we had about Postum last night?"

"I did NOT argue," I blurted out, "I merely TOLD you . . ."



"That's right," she said, "when I suggested that we have Postum for dinner, you *told* me you'd heard Postum was just a substitute for coffee. You *told* me you heard it didn't even taste like coffee. You *told* me you would have no part of it. Period."

"That's not being bull-headed," I complained.

"Oh no?" said my wife. "Then why didn't you listen when I told you that Postum is *not* just a substitute for coffee? It isn't *supposed* to taste like coffee, any more than tea is supposed to taste like coffee.

"Furthermore, why didn't you listen when I told you Postum is a swell, delicious, full-bodied drink in its own right . . . that it's got a rich, hearty flavor all its own . . . that millions of people would rather smack their lips over a cup of Postum than any other mealtime drink in the world?

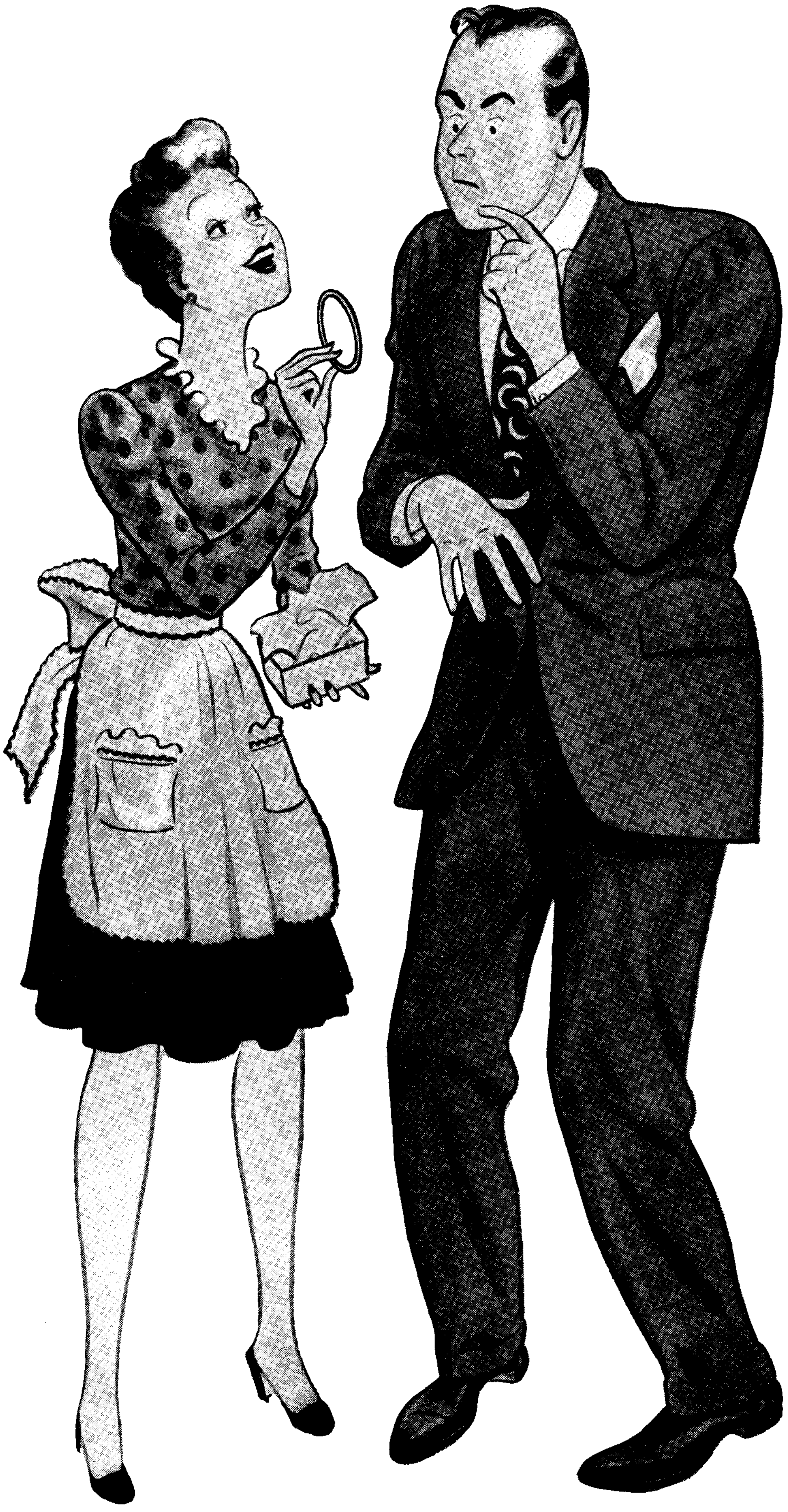
"Did you give the slightest heed to those perfectly true statements? You did not!

"You didn't even listen," she said, "when I told you that many people find themselves feeling better after they change to Postum."

So, finally, to keep her quiet, I tried Postum.

So, I liked it.

So, I'm mad!



NOTE: Postum, besides being a grand, full-flavored drink, is truly economical. Costs less than ½¢ a cup. Comes in two forms: Postum, the kind you boil, drip, or percolate; and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water. Postum is a product of General Foods.

Postum—ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT MEALTIME DRINKS

Instant POSTUM
POSTUM

TUNE IN: The Aldrich Family, Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.

FLORSHEIM Quality

MEANS LONGER RATIONED WEAR

The DEARBORN

Our single responsibility, under rationing, is to build shoes that will outlast any you've ever worn before. Every inch of Florsheim leather is judged on one score alone—its ability to wear. So, if you must buy shoes, buy better ones; buy Florsheims and give your next shoe ration stamp to your family, for you won't need it.

Most Styles $10^{50} and $11

Florsheim Shoes

The Florsheim Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

DANIEL ALAIN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The greatest ocean depth at which men equipped only with a breathing device have escaped from a submarine is 210 feet, a record held by two crew members of the British P-32, sunk in the Mediterranean on September 17, 1941. At the lowest depth, their bodies were subjected to a pressure of 133 tons, or nearly seven times as much as at the surface.

Only 14 states employ political party symbols on their ballots, six using the rooster and eight the star for the Democratic candidates, and six the elephant and eight the eagle for the Republican candidates. Nor are all ballots marked in the same way, as in several Southern states the voter, instead of putting a cross beside the names of the persons for whom he is voting, marks out all the other names.

Actuaries estimate that the chances of making a safe journey between the United States and England today are 994 in 1,000 when traveling by ship and 996 when traveling by plane.

Between May, 1940, and February, 1944, the OPA cracked down on more than 55,000 violators of its price, ration and rent regulations in several ways, ranging from criminal prosecution to a warning that their business license might be suspended by court order. Up to December 31, 1943, the organization had won 5,700 or 96 per cent of the 5,935 civil and criminal cases it had prosecuted.

In New York City, all sudden deaths, or 16,000 of the 75,000 that occur there annually, are investigated by the chief medical examiner for evidence of murder, although the majority appear to have been caused by either suicide or accident.

When London's Big Ben or Westminster Clock is fast or slow, the inaccuracy, which rarely exceeds one fifth of a second, is soon corrected by the added or subtracted weight of a small coin which is placed on or removed from a tray fixed halfway down the 700-pound pendulum.

Many sculptors, when making a portrait bust in white marble, model the hair so other sculptors can tell whether the subject was blond or brunette, portraying dark hair, for example, in heavy masses with deep and distinct separations between the locks.

In the 69 Kentucky Derbies, th annual average number of horse nominated to run has been 104, bu the average number of starters is onl 10. Of the post-time wagering favorites, 34 won their races, 16 ran second, 4 came in third and the other 1 were unplaced.

Scientists cannot explain how mal moths locate females under conditions that rule out the sense of smell In one recent case, a released mal made a beeline to a female that ha been taken from him and hidden in house seven miles away; while in another case, scores of males assemble outside the window of a complete closed room in which a female ha emerged from her cocoon only thre hours before.

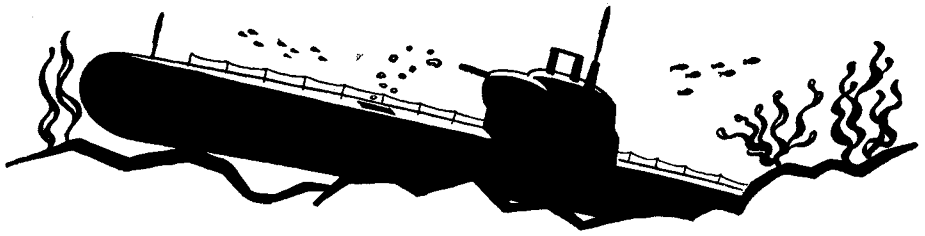
Few forms of plant life approac yeast in its ability to grow. Whe given sufficient food and air and ke at a temperature of 86 degrees F., an quantity of yeast will increase i weight more than 2,000 times in 2 hours.—*By C. B. Anderson, Ne York City.*

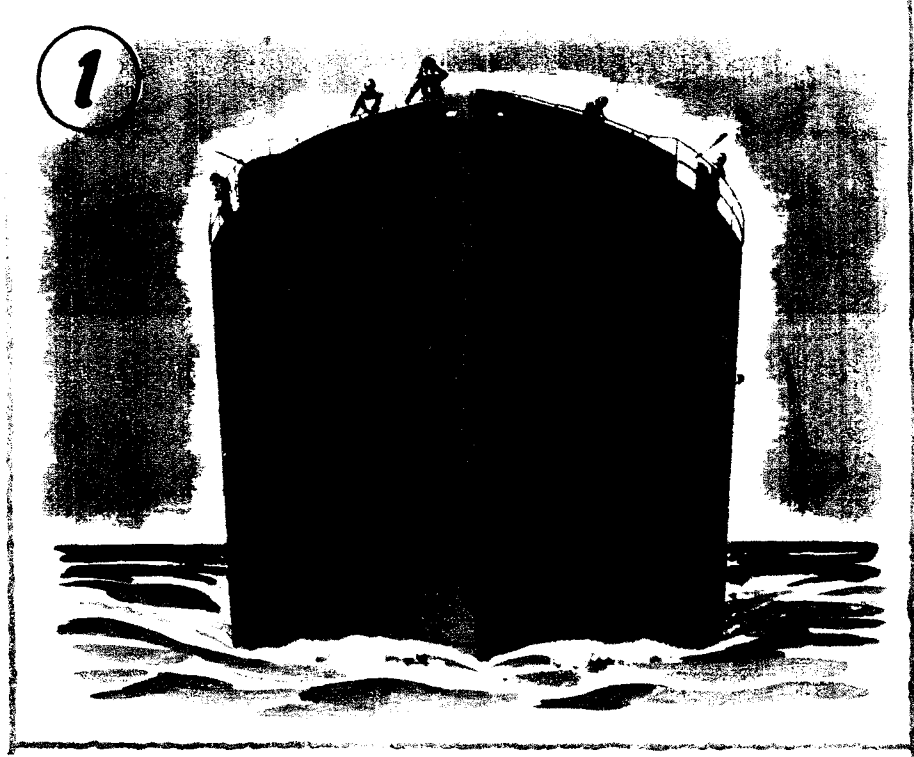
When a warrant is issued for th arrest of a person whose name is no known, the magistrate is required t fill in the name space with an adequate description of the wanted ma instead of leaving it blank or substituting the name of "John Doe" temporarily. If the justice fails to follo this requirement, he violates his oat of office and the warrant is invali and worthless.

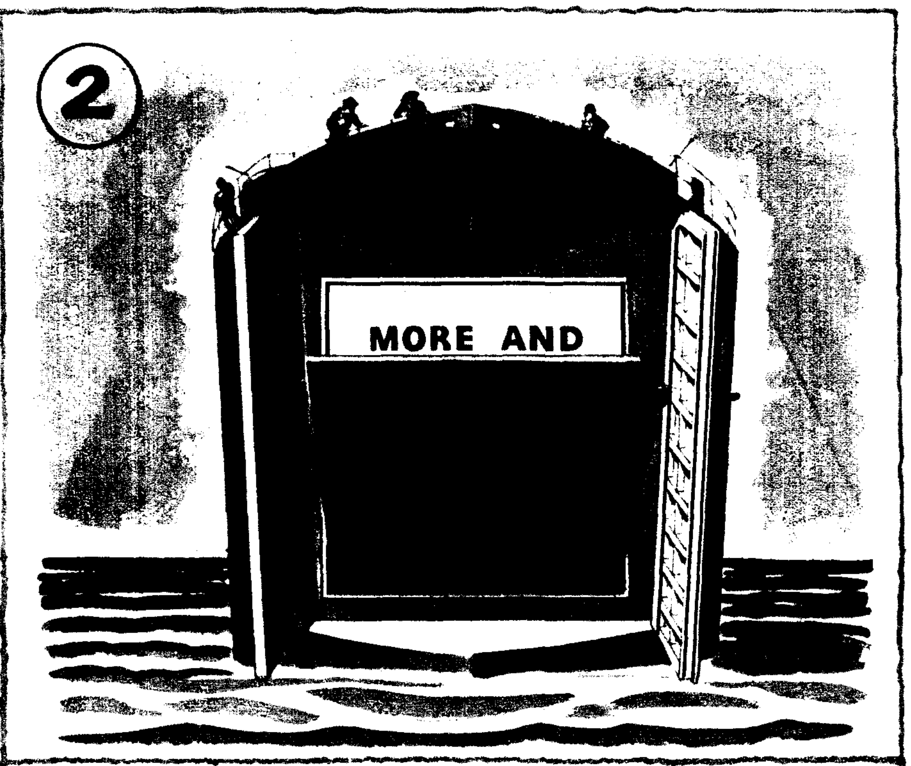
Buenos Aires, the world's 11t largest city, has no traffic lights, having removed them shortly after thei installation in 1932 because the Argentines refused to obey them on th grounds that only barbarians shoul be subjected to control by mechanica devices.

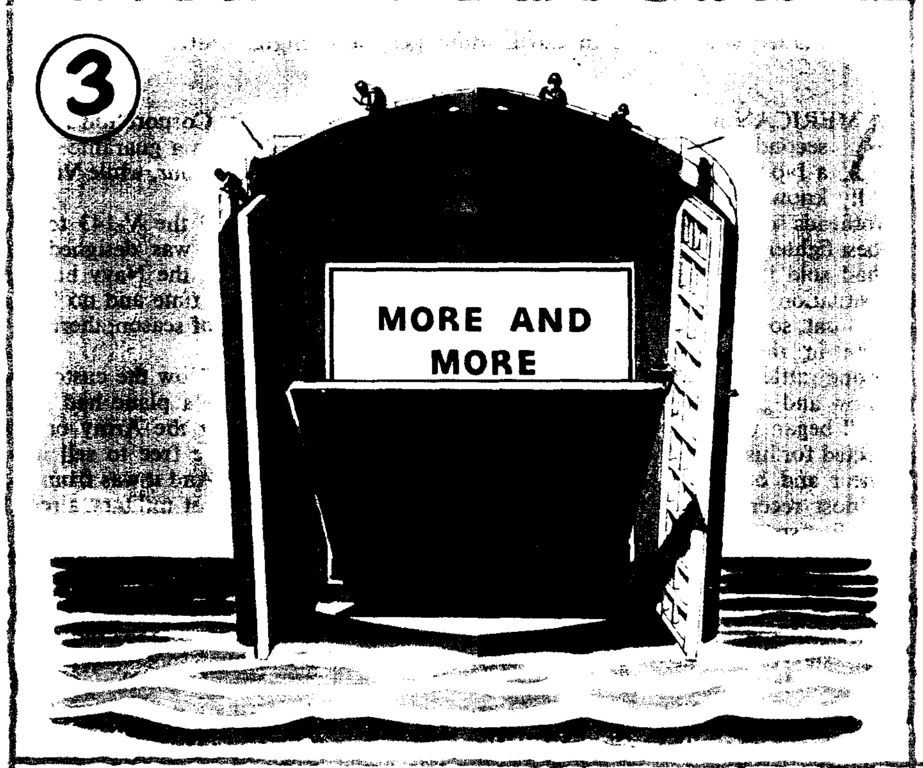
Some 100,000,000 campaign buttons, costing about $600,000, wil probably be circulated in the Unite States this year. . . . Of America' 1,742 daily newspapers, the only on that does not publish comic strips i the New York Times. . . .

Five dollars will be paid for each interestin or unusual fact accepted for this colum Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with th World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New Y (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted b Collier's, The National Weekly. None of th items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher








3
MORE AND MORE

4
MORE AND MORE ETHYL

5
MORE AND MORE
IS GOING OVERSEAS

NOT ONLY does invasion require oceans of gasoline, but our Army and Navy must have the *very best.*

That's why the antiknock quality of nearly every gallon of fighting gasoline—aviation and motor—is improved with Ethyl fluid.

The petroleum industry is doing a magnificent job of meeting the ever-mounting requirements of our own Army and Navy, the British, the Russians and the Chinese. It is to help petroleum companies meet these wartime needs that government agencies have placed wartime limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use.

ETHYL
BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ETHYL CORPORATION

Chrysler Building, New York City

ETHYL IS A TRADE MARK NAME

"Wouldn't trust him with a baby carriage"

TRUST a father to distrust his son! . . . It still seems incredible that these boys of two years ago, unused to responsibilities, doubtful of themselves and of their futures, can man the quarter-million dollar bombers! Yet today they bring the big ships thousands of miles over land and water to destinations and targets, pick up pin-point islands in the Pacific, deliver devastating bomb loads through flak filled skies, make air war and history!

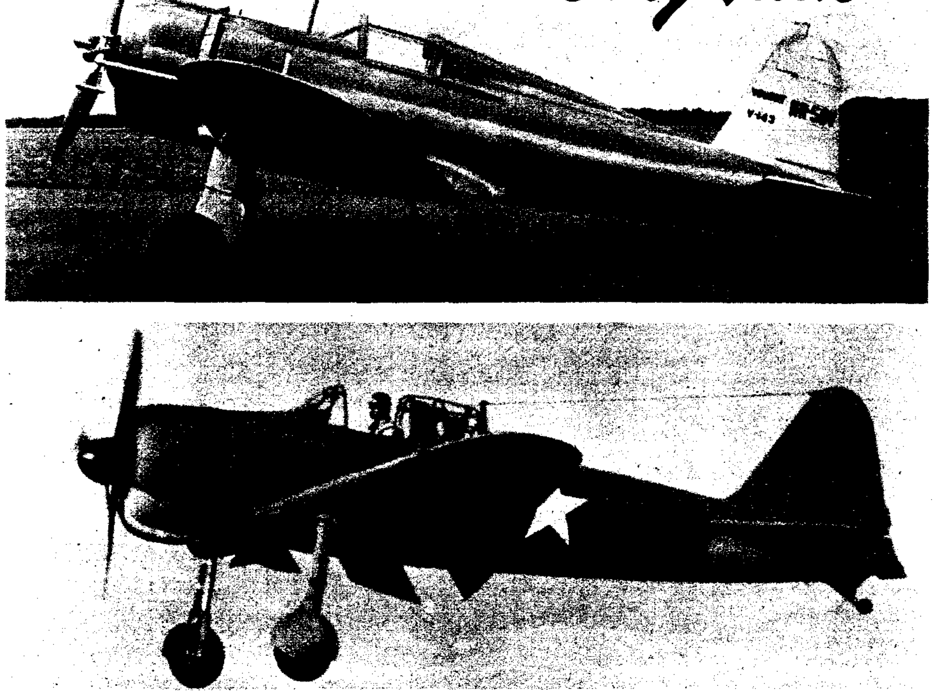
For their success in one of the war's most difficult, dangerous jobs, credit the quality of their training, and the fact that our pilots get more flight hours before combat service than those of any other nation.

In the step from small planes to multi-motored ships, the flight hours spent in the twin-engine trainers powered by Jacobs condition the new pilot to his new job . . . Under student handling, Jacobs engines take more take-offs and more time at full throttle than engines used in combat service . . . and stand up for more than a thousand hours service between major overhauls . . . a record of performance *three times* original specifications or expectations!

THESE Jacobs engines are not merely *military specialties* . . . will perform as well for peacetime tasks tomorrow, and at commercial costs! . . . Largest manufacturer of plane engines in the medium power class, Jacobs has a lot to contribute in dependable power at low cost—to both aviation and industry. Inquiries are invited . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

JACOBS • Pottstown, Pa.

Wing Talk



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Vought's V-143 (top) as it was sold to Japan in 1936 and the captured Zero bearing the U. S. star look alike, but the only detailed similarity is in the landing gear and engine installation

AMERICAN planes came out a poor second in early encounters with a Jap fighter later to become universally known as the Zero.

Hotheads screamed that the enemy had the best fighter and that someone in America had sold it to the Japs. At the time, our situation was too critical to hold a witch hunt, so the subject was hung skeletonlike in the closet, and periodically someone rattles it. Thought we'd bring it out now and get it over with.

It all began when Jack Northrop (long respected for his ability as an aeronautical engineer and builder of sound airplanes, and most recently hailed as the creator of our first specific night fighter, the Black Widow) designed and built, in 1936, a low-wing, all-metal, single-engine fighter for entrance in an Army competition for 77 new pursuit planes.

To a starved military-aircraft industry, that 77 contract was a bonanza. Everyone who could, tried to get into the contest. The Northrop plane, designated 3A, was flown to Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, in advance of the competition, for the Army to have a look. Shortly after its return to the factory, then located at Inglewood, California, it disappeared offshore in the Pacific while on a test flight, and no trace of the plane or its pilot was ever found.

At East Hartford, Connecticut, Chance Vought Aircraft was rounding out nineteen successful years of building airplanes for our government and the export trade. For the American government, the business was mostly Navy, and the Vought people yearned for some Army contracts. They heard about the Northrop 3A and found that Mr. Northrop was not going to replace the missing one; he was more interested in an Army order just received for his famous A-17 attack planes. So Vought bought the 3A design.

Vought engineers flew to California, grabbed up the engineering data, rushed home and built the plane, in the closing hours under automobile headlights when a flood engulfed Hartford. Redesignated the V-143, the plane was flown to Dayton. There the company found that among others in the competition were the Seversky P-35 and the Curtiss P-36, both experimental low-wing monoplanes; both with the Pratt & Whitney 900-horsepower twin Wasp engine. The V-143 had the 700 horsepower twin Wasp junior.

Seversky Aircraft Corporation's P-35 won the competition on a guaranteed top speed of 320 miles per hour, while Vought guaranteed only 280.

Vought then offered the V-143 to the Navy, even though it was designed for Army use only, but as the Navy had no competition on at that time and no funds to buy something out of season, there was no deal.

Vought was stuck. Now the custom in those days was that if a plane had been turned down by either the Army or the Navy, its builders were free to sell it to anyone in the world. And it was from the export market that most military aircraft manufacturers obtained sufficient funds to continue to experiment for impecunious Uncle Sam.

In the summer of 1936, Argentina announced a competition for a number of types of planes, and Vought heard that Edmund T. (Eddie) Allen, the dean of American engineering test pilots, who was killed in a crash more than a year ago, was going down to demonstrate Northrop's export version of the A-17. Arrangements were made for Eddie to demonstrate the V-143, too.

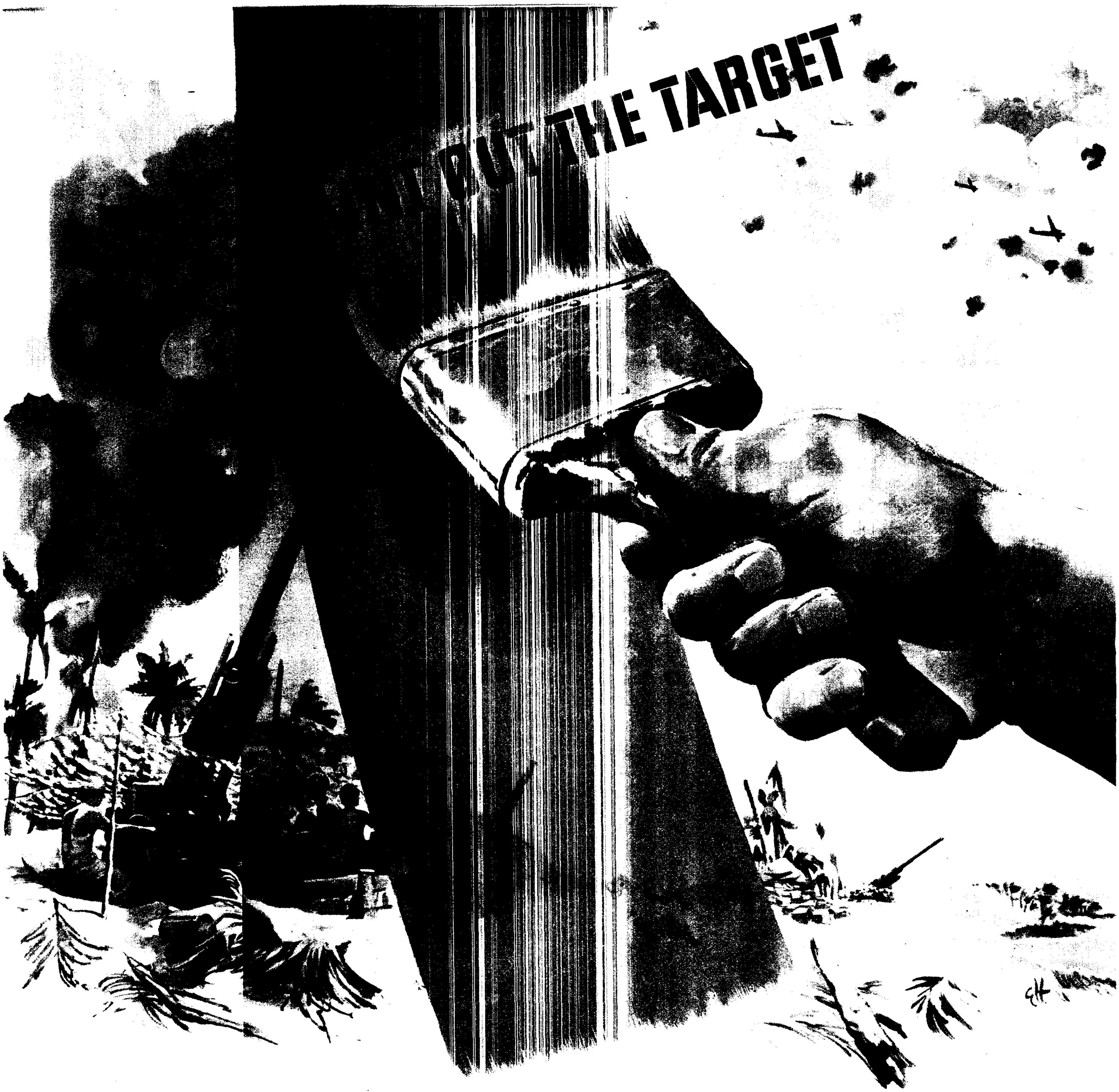
WHEN Vought first flew the V-143, the test pilots were none too satisfied with its spinning characteristics and recommended a new tail.

Eddie Allen, being thoroughly familiar with the design of the V-143 from its inception, also knew of these characteristics and was pessimistic about meeting the extreme spinning requirements which the Argentine airmen had written into the competition. He tried but was unable to match the sterling spinning qualities of the old Curtiss Hawk, also in the contest, so the Hawk won out against the V-143. However, Eddie won the competition for his A-17 and pocketed an order for fifty.

Vought heard of another prospect—Norway—and Eugene E. Wilson, then Vought president and now vice-chairman of United Aircraft, who was in Europe recuperating from a serious automobile accident, was cabled to look in on the prospective customer. Wilson did, but found that there was no Norwegian interest in the plane.

Finally, as the year was drawing to a close, the Japs moved in on East Hartford. No one in Vought is able to say

(Continued on page 84)



IN the tense hours of every American advance, "roll out the barrel" means *paint.* Paint out the enemy's targets—*our* guns . . . trucks . . . tanks . . . planes . . . runways . . . whole villages and towns! Blend them with the landscape, as we take them . . .

This new kind of landscape painting isn't careful or sparing. You're betting paint against American lives. You spray it on, hose it on, dump it on.

Yet we can hardly spare so much paint right now. Linseed oil, the backbone of most paint, is valuable as a food product—it's a good vegetable oil, and the world is crying for more vegetable oils for food.

At the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, scientists combed through the vast number of products, by-products, and "waste products" of refining, looking for "the makings" of camouflage paint.

They didn't find it ready-made—they went to work. Now, from a refinery by-product, Shell is producing petroleum resins, by the thousands of barrels, for camouflage.

This basic material is mixed with pigment—"color"—and other ingredients by paint manufacturers. Shipped as a concentrate, it is mixed with water, by troops "on the spot," and applied.

It doesn't attempt to compete with our finest domestic product for brightening up the home. But for its specialized camouflage use, it's *good paint,* and plentiful. It doesn't have to last 5 years. From the taxpayer's standpoint, it ought to be low in cost. It is.

* * *

As a result of Shell Research, petroleum molecules arrive at amazing destinations. The end may be synthetic rubber, or TNT in a block-buster . . . or it may be the dental plate or the rayon stockings so important in your own daily life.

SHELL RESEARCH—

Sword of Today

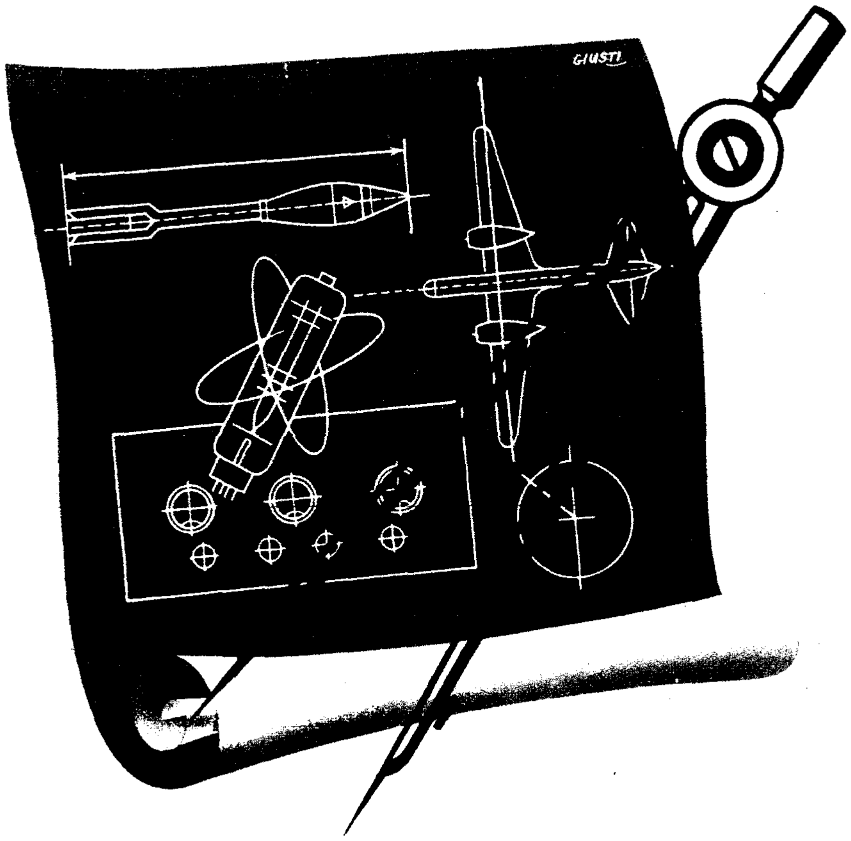
Plowshare of Tomorrow

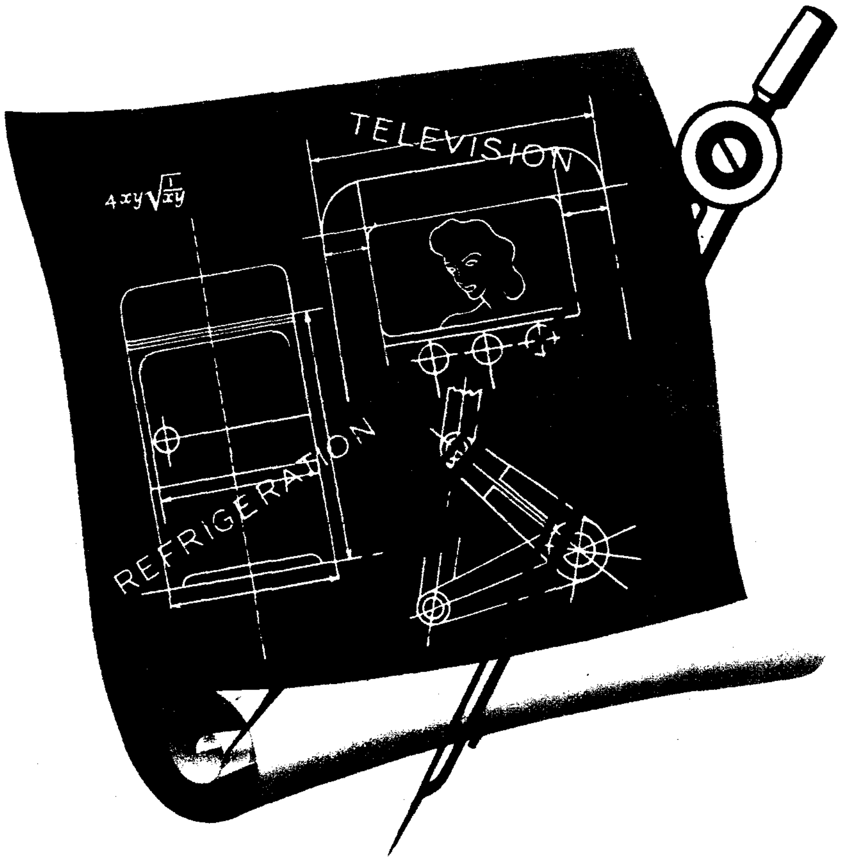
SHELL

First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"
—Shell's Wood River Refinery.

TODAY

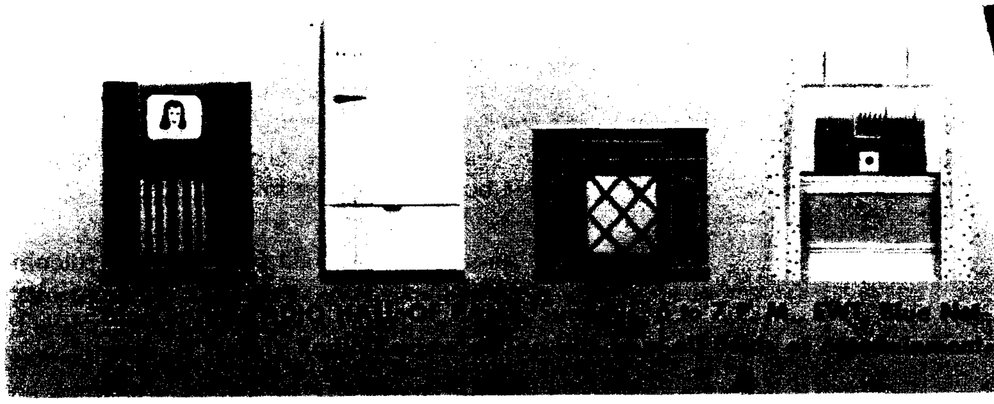
On the blueprints of war, Philco is making vital contributions to research and development in the science of electronics, storing up new knowledge, skill . . . *and ideas!*




$4xy\sqrt{\frac{1}{xy}}$
TELEVISION
REFRIGERATION

TOMORROW

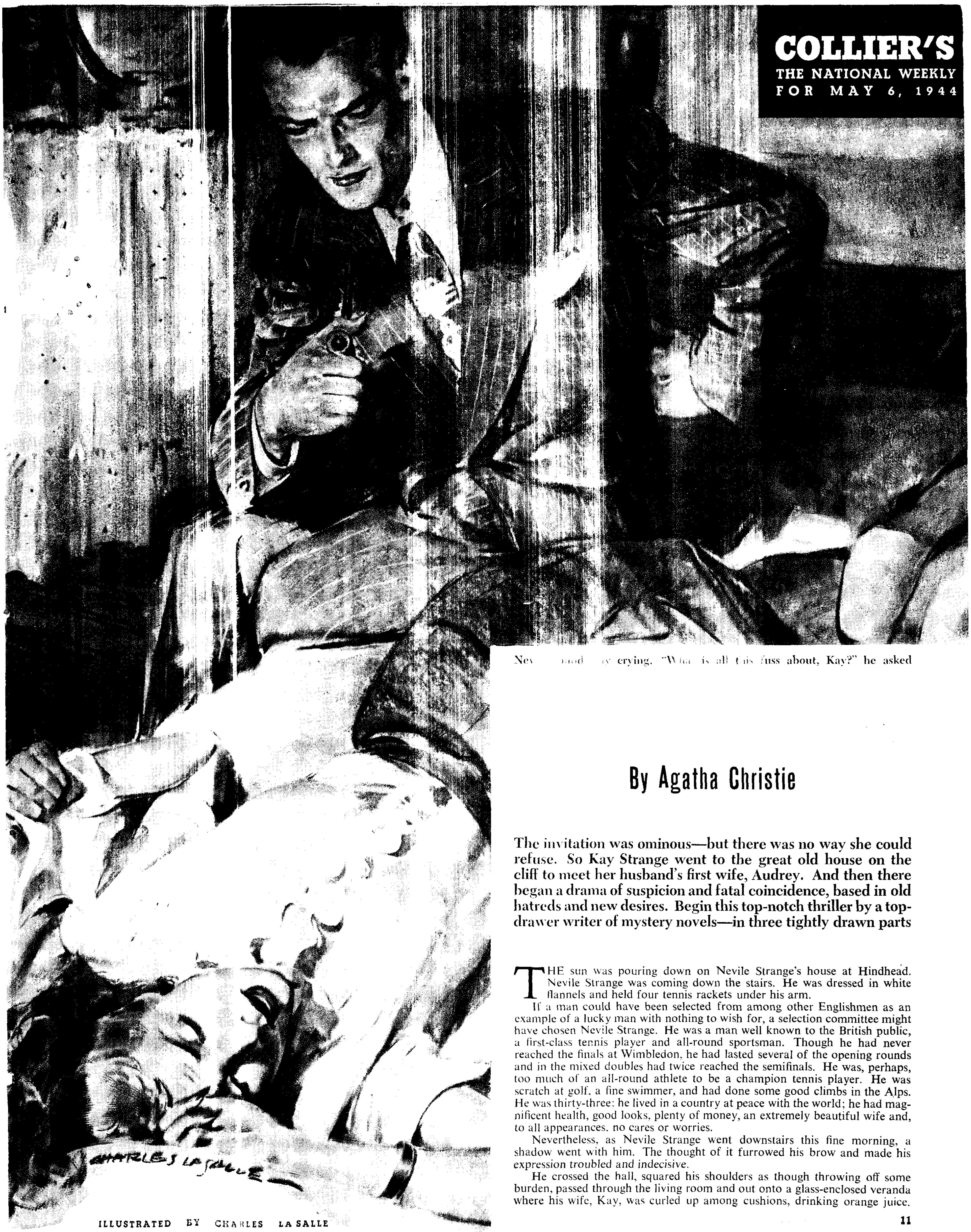
Philco will bring you the greater achievements for peace which will spring from this research for war . . . in television, radio, phonographs, refrigeration and air conditioning.



PHILCO CORPORATION

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 6, 1944



Nevile found Kay crying. "What is all this fuss about, Kay?" he asked

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

By Agatha Christie

The invitation was ominous—but there was no way she could refuse. So Kay Strange went to the great old house on the cliff to meet her husband's first wife, Audrey. And then there began a drama of suspicion and fatal coincidence, based in old hatreds and new desires. Begin this top-notch thriller by a top-drawer writer of mystery novels—in three tightly drawn parts

THE sun was pouring down on Nevile Strange's house at Hindhead. Nevile Strange was coming down the stairs. He was dressed in white flannels and held four tennis rackets under his arm.

If a man could have been selected from among other Englishmen as an example of a lucky man with nothing to wish for, a selection committee might have chosen Nevile Strange. He was a man well known to the British public, a first-class tennis player and all-round sportsman. Though he had never reached the finals at Wimbledon, he had lasted several of the opening rounds and in the mixed doubles had twice reached the semifinals. He was, perhaps, too much of an all-round athlete to be a champion tennis player. He was scratch at golf, a fine swimmer, and had done some good climbs in the Alps. He was thirty-three; he lived in a country at peace with the world; he had magnificent health, good looks, plenty of money, an extremely beautiful wife and, to all appearances, no cares or worries.

Nevertheless, as Nevile Strange went downstairs this fine morning, a shadow went with him. The thought of it furrowed his brow and made his expression troubled and indecisive.

He crossed the hall, squared his shoulders as though throwing off some burden, passed through the living room and out onto a glass-enclosed veranda where his wife, Kay, was curled up among cushions, drinking orange juice.

Kay Strange was twenty-three and unusually beautiful. She had a slender but subtly voluptuous figure, dark red hair, such a perfect skin that she used only the slightest of make-up to enhance it, and those dark eyes and brows which so seldom go with red hair and which are so devastating when they do.

Her husband said lightly, "Hullo, Gorgeous, what's for breakfast?"

Kay replied, "Horribly bloody-looking kidneys for you—and mushrooms—and rolls of bacon."

"Sounds all right," said Nevile.

He helped himself to the aforementioned viands and poured out a cup of coffee. There was a companionable silence for some minutes.

"Oo," said Kay, voluptuously wriggling bare toes with scarlet manicured nails. "Isn't the sun lovely? England's not so bad after all."

They had just come back from the South of France.

Nevile, after a bare glance at the newspaper headlines, had turned to the sports page and merely said, "Um . . ."

Then, proceeding to toast and marmalade, he put the paper aside and opened his letters.

"OH, BY the way," said Kay. "Shirty has asked us to go to Norway on the yacht at the end of June. Too bad we can't." She looked cautiously sideways at Nevile and added wistfully, "I would love it so."

Something, some cloud, some uncertainty, seemed hovering on Nevile's face.

Kay said rebelliously, "Have we *got* to go to dreary old Camilla's?"

Nevile frowned. "Of course we have. Look here, Kay, we've had this out before. Sir Matthew was my guardian. He and Camilla looked after me. Gull's Point is my home, as far as any place is home to me."

"Oh, all right, all right," said Kay. "If we must, we must. After all, we get all that money when she dies, so I suppose we have to play up to her."

Nevile said angrily, "It's not a question of playing up. She has no control over the money. Sir Matthew left it in trust for her during her lifetime and to come to me and my wife afterward. It's a question of *affection*. Why can't you understand that?"

Kay said, after a moment's pause: "I do understand, really. I'm only putting on an act because—well, because I know I'm not welcome there. They hate me! Yes, they do! Lady Tressilian looks down that long nose of hers at me, and Mary Aldin looks over my shoulder when she talks to me. It's all very well for *you*. You don't see what goes on."

"They always seem to me very polite to you. You know quite well I wouldn't stand for it if they weren't."

Kay gave him a curious look from under her dark lashes. "They're polite enough. But they know how to get under my skin all right. I'm an interloper, that's what they feel."

"Well," said Nevile, "after all, I suppose—that's natural enough, isn't it?"

His voice had changed slightly. He got up and stood looking out at the view with his back to Kay.

"Oh, yes, I daresay it's natural. They were devoted to Audrey, weren't they?" Her voice shook a little. "Dear, well-bred, cool, colorless Audrey! Camilla's not forgiven me for taking her place."

NEVILE did not turn. His voice was lifeless, dull. He said, "After all, Camilla's old—past seventy. Her generation doesn't really like divorce, you know. On the whole, I think she's accepted the position very well, considering how fond she was of—of Audrey." His voice changed just a little as he spoke the name.

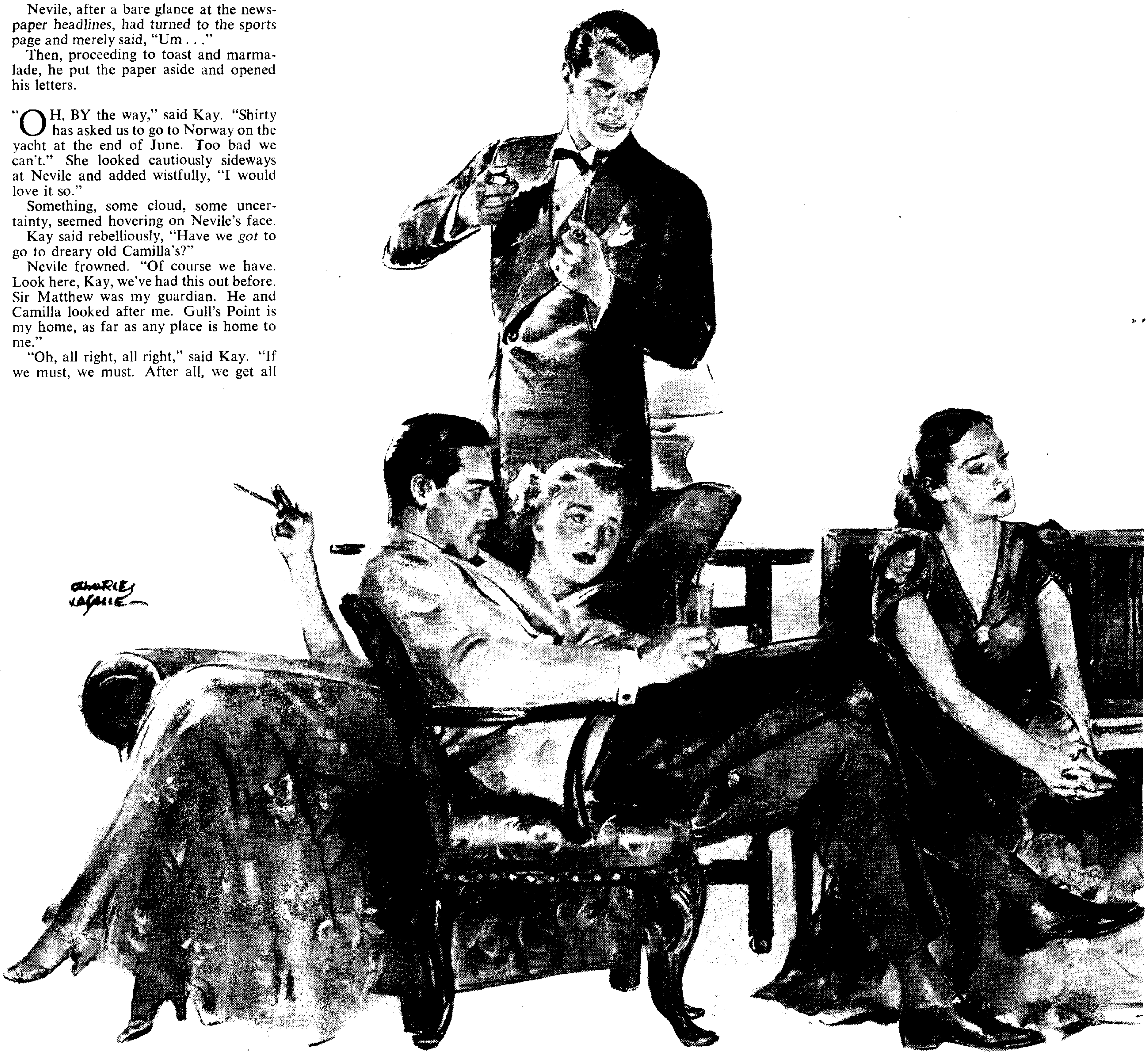
"They think you treated her badly."

"So I did," said Nevile under his breath, but his wife heard.

"Oh, Nevile—don't be so stupid. Just because she chose to make such a frightful fuss!"

"She didn't make a fuss. Audrey never made fusses."

"Well, you know what I mean. Because she went away and was ill, and went about everywhere looking brokenhearted. That's what I call a fuss! Audrey's not what I call a good loser. From my point of view, if a wife can't hold her husband, she ought to give him up gracefully! You two had nothing in common. She never played a game and was as anemic and washed up—as a dishrag. No life or go in her! If she cared about you, she ought to have thought about your happiness first and been glad you were going to be happy with someone more suited to you."



Nevile turned. A faintly sardonic smile played round his lips. "What a little sportsman! How to play the game in love and matrimony!"

Kay laughed and reddened. "Well, perhaps I was going a bit far. But at any rate, once the thing had happened, there it was. You've got to accept these things!"

Nevile said quietly, "Audrey accepted it. She divorced me, so that you and I could marry."

"Yes, I know—" Kay hesitated.

Nevile said, "You've never understood Audrey."

"No, I haven't. In a way, Audrey gives me the creeps. I don't know what it is about her. You never know what she's thinking. She's—she's a little frightening."

"Oh! Nonsense, Kay."

"Well, she frightens *me*. Perhaps it's because she's got brains."

"My lovely nitwit."

Kay laughed. "You always call me that!"

"Because it's what you are!"

They smiled at each other. Nevile came over to her and, bending down, kissed the back of her neck.

"Lovely, lovely Kay!" he murmured.

"Very good Kay," said Kay. "Giving up a lovely yachting trip to go and be snubbed by her husband's prim Victorian relations."

NEVILE went back and sat down by the table. "You know," he said, "I don't see why we shouldn't go on that trip with Shirty if you really want to so much."

Kay sat up in astonishment.

"And what about Saltcreek and Gull's Point?"

Nevile said in a rather unnatural voice, "I don't see why we shouldn't go there early in September."

"Oh, but, Nevile, surely—" She stopped.

"We can't go in July and August because of the tournaments," said Nevile. "But we finish up at St. Loo the last week in August and it would fit in very well if we went on to Saltcreek from there."

"Oh, it would fit in all right—beautifully. But I thought—well, *she* always goes there for September, doesn't she?"

"Audrey, you mean?"

"Yes. I suppose they could put her off, but—"

"Why should they put her off?"

Kay stared at him dubiously. "You mean, we'd be there at the same time? What an extraordinary idea."

Nevile said irritably, "I don't think it's at all an extraordinary idea. Lots of people do it nowadays. Why shouldn't we all be friends together? It makes things so much simpler. Why, you said so yourself only the other day."

"*I* did?"

"Yes, don't you remember? You said it was the sensible, civilized way to look at things."

"Oh, *I* wouldn't mind. I *do* think it's sensible. But—well, I don't think Audrey would feel like that about it. You know, Nevile, Audrey really was terribly fond of you. I don't think she'd stand it for a moment."

"You're quite wrong, Kay. Audrey thinks it would be quite a good thing."

"Audrey—what do you mean, Audrey thinks? How do you know what Audrey thinks?"

Nevile looked slightly embarrassed. He cleared his throat a little self-consciously.

"As a matter of fact, I happened to run into her yesterday when I was up in London."

"You never told me."

Nevile said irritably, "I'm telling you now. It was absolute chance. I was walking across the park, and there she was coming toward me. You wouldn't want me to run away from her, would you?"

"No, of course not," said Kay staring. "Go on."

"I—we—well, we stopped, of course, and then I turned round and walked with her. I—I felt it was the least I could do."

"Go on," said Kay.

"And then we sat down on a couple of chairs and talked. She was very nice—very nice, indeed."

"Delightful for you," said Kay.

"And we got talking, you know, about one thing and another. She was quite natural and normal—and—and all that."

"Remarkable!" said Kay.

"And she asked how you were—"

"Very kind of her!"

"And we talked about you for a bit. Really, Kay, she couldn't have been nicer."

"Darling Audrey!"

"And then it sort of came to me—you know—how nice it would be if—if you two could be friends, if we could all get together. And it occurred to me that perhaps we might manage it at Gull's Point this summer. Sort of place it could happen quite naturally."

"*You* thought of that?"

"I—well—yes, of course. It was all my idea."

"You've never said anything to me about having any such idea."

"Well, I only happened to think of it just then."

"I see. Anyway, you suggested it, and Audrey thought it was a marvelous brain wave?"

FOR the first time, something in Kay's manner seemed to penetrate to Nevile's consciousness. He said, "Is anything the matter, Gorgeous?"

"Oh, no, nothing! Nothing at all! It didn't occur to you or Audrey whether *I* should think it a marvelous idea?"

Nevile stared at her. "But, Kay, why on earth should *you* mind?"

Kay bit her lip.

Nevile went on: "You said yourself—only the other day—"

"Oh, don't go into all that again! I was talking about other people—not *us*."

"But that's partly what made me think of it."

"More fool me. Not that I believe that."

Nevile was looking at her with dismay. "But, Kay, why should you mind? I mean, there's nothing for you to mind about!"

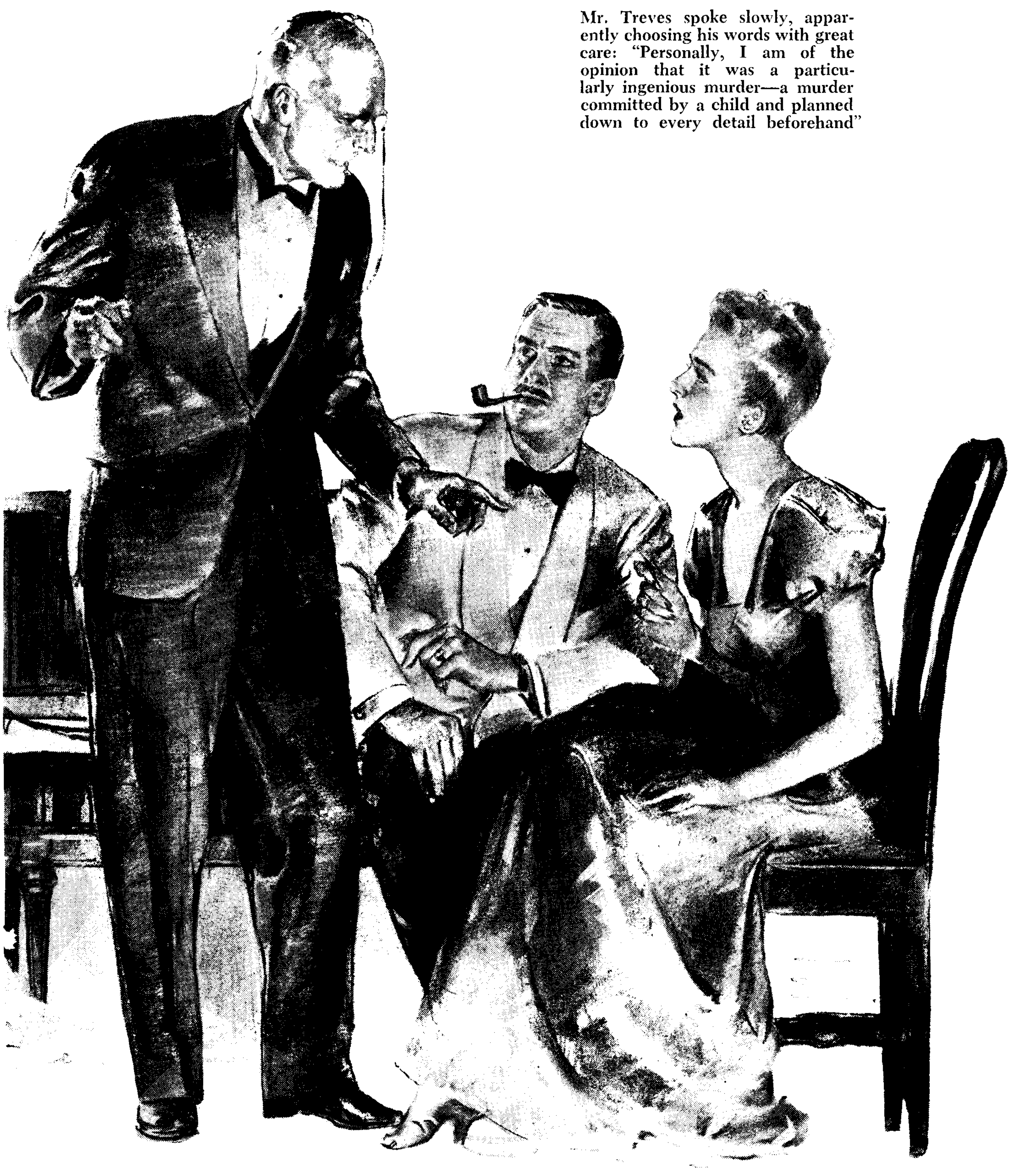
"Isn't there?"

"Well, I mean—any jealousy or that—would be on the other side." He paused, his voice changed. "You see, Kay, *I* treated Audrey very badly. I feel that if this would come off, I'd feel better about the whole thing. It would make me a lot happier."

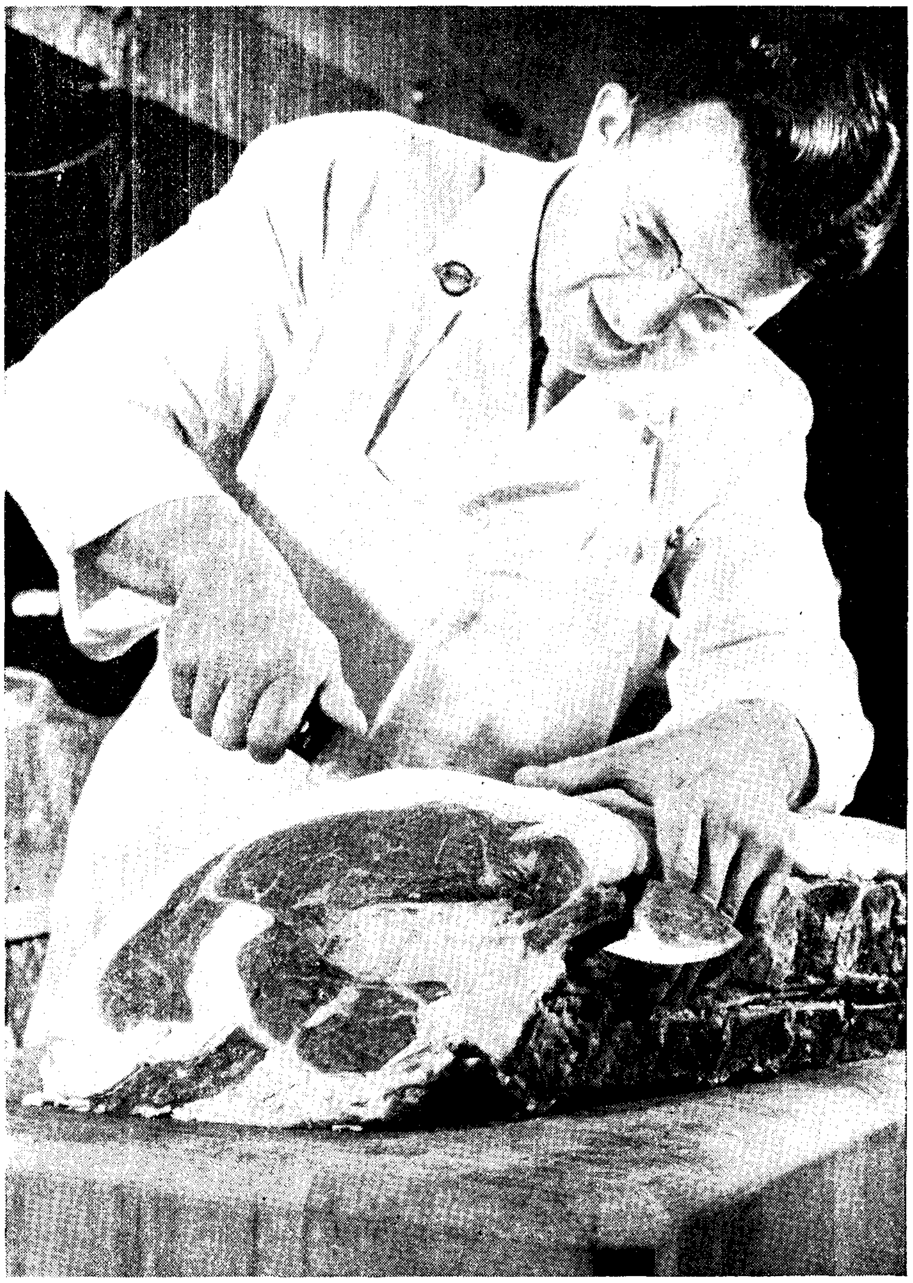
Kay said, "So you haven't been happy?"

"Darling idiot, what do you mean? Of

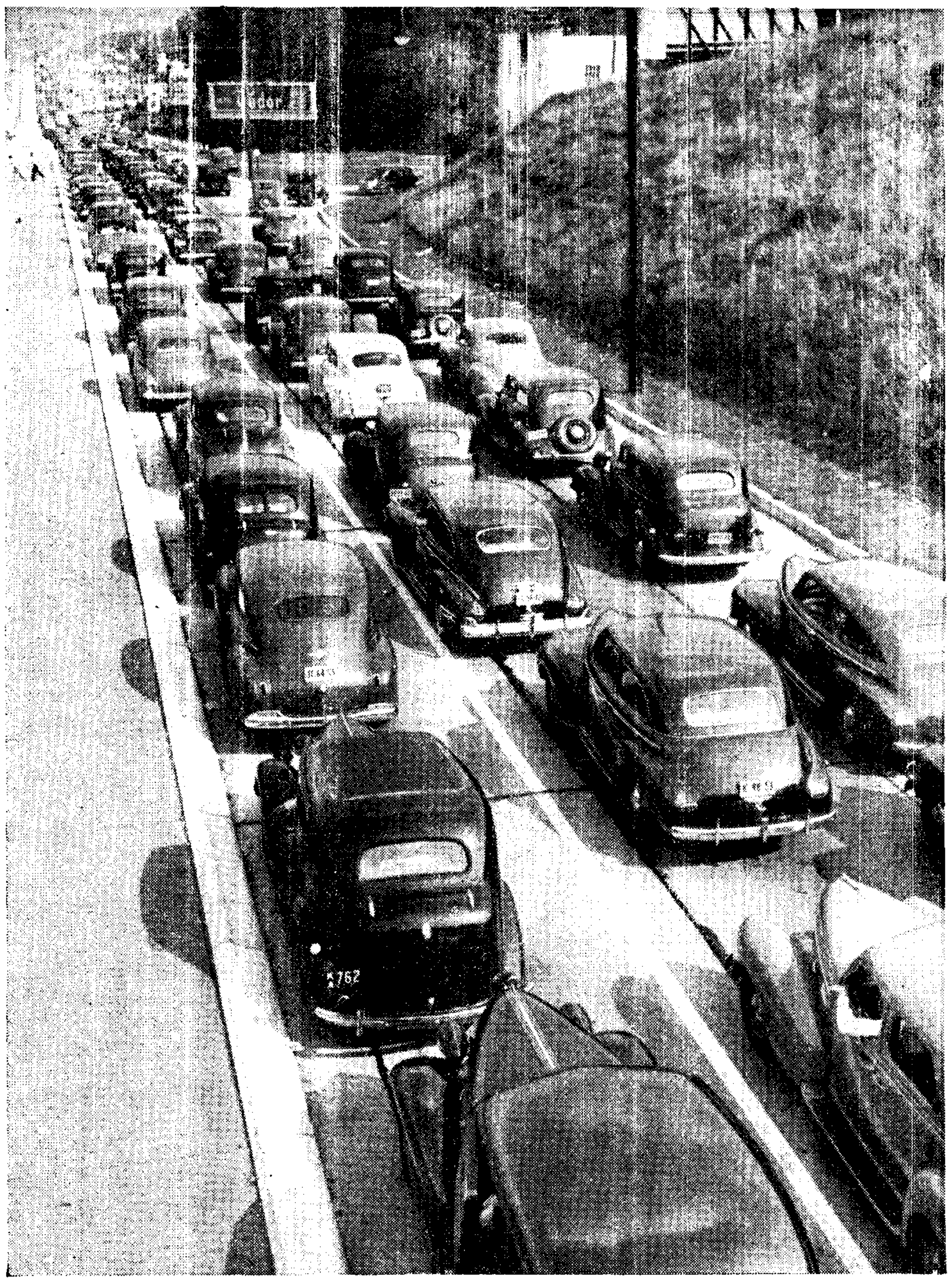
(Continued on page 27)



Mr. Treves spoke slowly, apparently choosing his words with great care: "Personally, I am of the opinion that it was a particularly ingenious murder—a murder committed by a child and planned down to every detail beforehand"


EWING GALLOWAY

Your chances of getting a steak like this will improve a bit in 1945, but the supply will not be plentiful until after we've won in Europe


PHILIP GENDREAU

War uses up 600,000 barrels of gasoline a day, which means that this street scene will not return to America until after we've defeated Japan

WHEN WILL RATIONING END?

BY CHESTER BOWLES

ADMINISTRATOR, OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

How soon can we expect to have all the meat we want? Or gasoline, shoes, canned goods, tires and automobiles? Here's a tentative timetable by the man whose job it is to insure us a fair distribution of our scarce commodities

MILLIONS of Americans would like the answer to that question. So would hundreds of employees in the Office of Price Administration. So would thousands of loyal, hard-working volunteers in our 5,400 local war price and rationing boards.

We all look forward to the day when we can once more drive into a filling station, say, "Fill 'er up"—and *get* the gas.

We all look forward to a return to "good old" three-pound sirloin steaks without ration points.

Rationing is a war child, and no one will be happier to disown it than those of us at OPA whose job it is to administer the program.

The question cannot be given a definite answer. There are too many imponderables, not the least of which is the progress of the war itself. When shall we win in Europe? When in the Pacific? I have no more knowledge than you of our military plans. But, as Rationing Administrator, I can try to make a rough timetable for the demise of rationing.

At best, the undertaking is precarious. Conditions we cannot foresee today may arise tomorrow to upset my calculations.

My timetable must cover only those commodities now under rationing. Before this war is over, however, it may be necessary to ration additional commodities. Rationing is not only a national necessity but the need for it is apt to shift with changing trends in war production and in the requirements for certain commodities of our Armed Forces, our allies and civilians. Over shifting supply-and-demand situations, we in OPA have no control. In fact, the War Production Board and other federal agencies determine—and quite properly—what goods are to be rationed. When they tell us that the time has come for consumer sharing of certain goods, we have no choice but to go ahead and make arrangements for rationing them.

But what about after the war? Will it not be possible then to end rationing altogether and to celebrate its passing with great bonfires of ration books and gasoline coupons? I am afraid not. For one thing, during a period of postwar reconstruction, the length of which no man can now foretell, some commodities now rationed may remain in short supply and heavy demand for both domestic and foreign consumption. If they do, we will have to keep on rationing them.

There is another kind of commodity that is almost certain to be scarce—what industry calls consumers' durable goods. Automobiles, already under controlled distribution, are in this category. So are electric refrigerators, washing machines, irons, radios and other products our factories stopped making after Pearl Harbor, when industry went 100 per cent to war.

War Needs Must Come First

Which consumers' durable goods will be in such short supply that we may have to find means of distributing them equitably will depend very largely on the extent to which it will be possible to permit industry to reconvert to civilian production before the war ends. Here again, the fortunes of war will govern.

When I speak of equitable distribution of durable goods, I do not mean, necessarily, coupon rationing. It is entirely possible that industry itself will distribute available supplies of electric irons, for instance, until stock piles have been built up to the point where normal distribution may be resumed. This could be done, as in the past, by voluntary allocation of available supplies. OPA is fully aware of the existence of alternatives to rationing that will accomplish as much in equitable distribution of goods as the bothersome point or coupon systems. OPA doesn't want to bother anybody. It has committees of experts working with industry on ways of avoiding coupon rationing after the war.

Termination of rationing, whenever it is, will be attended by many difficulties. The following timetable for rationing's end can be no more than a speculation, and its accuracy depends on the needs of our Armed Forces in battle and on postwar supply and demand. If I were to make a guess, my timetable might be something like this:

PRODUCT	END OF RATIONING
All products	As soon as possible after the war in the Pacific ends.
Sugar	At the earliest—when the war in Europe is over.
Meat	Some relief in 1945 (with luck) and possible end when the war in Europe is over.

(Continued on page 59)

THE QUESTION

BY HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Coming home from the bloody beaches at Salerno Seth found the town and his house changed, everything changed. Even his wife seemed strange

THIS was the last hour he would be here with these men. From this bar in Bangor they would leave for their homes; to the North and to the East, to the potato country in Aroostock, to the blueberry barrens in Washington and to the coves and bay of the coast.

To Seth Parrish this parting meant the last lap of a long journey—the prelude to his return home to Constance.

"I've got something here I want to show you," he said, in that quiet way of his, and he looked across the table at Dick Gamble and Paul Pierce and he turned and looked at Virgil Dino, who was sitting beside him. "I've never shown it to anyone before."

He was a solid man, big and easygoing—and looked like an easy mark for riding—for a fall guy. But these men knew him better; they had seen behind that countryman's face the quick wit and clear thinking of a good fighter and all four had been in that first landing party which fought its way, inch by inch, up the beaches of Salerno.

His smile now, diffident, almost shy, drew their attention, and they watched his big hand reach into the pocket of his shirt.

"Souvenir?" Paul Pierce asked.

"Yeah—in a way. Not from where we've been—but from where I'm going. It's a picture of Constance—my wife."

Dick Gamble looked up from the glass of beer, with an amused smile on his lips.

"Here," Parrish said and he slid the photograph out of a sweat-darkened leather case and gave it to Gamble.

The snapshot had been taken two summers ago out at his fishing camp on Long Lake. Constance was standing in front of the low porch. It was the first time she had worn that new bathing suit, and he had taken the picture just as she came up from the lake. She was smiling, a warm, assuring smile. "That's for you, Seth," she had said. "I'll try to keep it that way all the time you are gone."

Gamble looked at the picture and his brows went up. Then he glanced at Parrish. "So—this is Constance?" He looked again at the snapshot and this time his heavy lids hooded his eyes.

"How long you been married, Seth?"

"Three years."

"And half that time you've been away?"

"That's about it."

"Umm." He passed the picture to Pierce.

Without hesitation, Pierce said, "Wow!" Then, "You wouldn't catch me going to Africa! You got wolves in North Fork?"

"I guess there're a few left."

"That don't bother you?"

"I never thought much about them."

Gamble said, "The boy's got confidence in himself."

"It isn't that—but I guess I know Constance."

Virgil Dino took the picture from Pierce. "It's better you shouldn't pass it around, Seth," he said. "Some others might not understand it like we do."

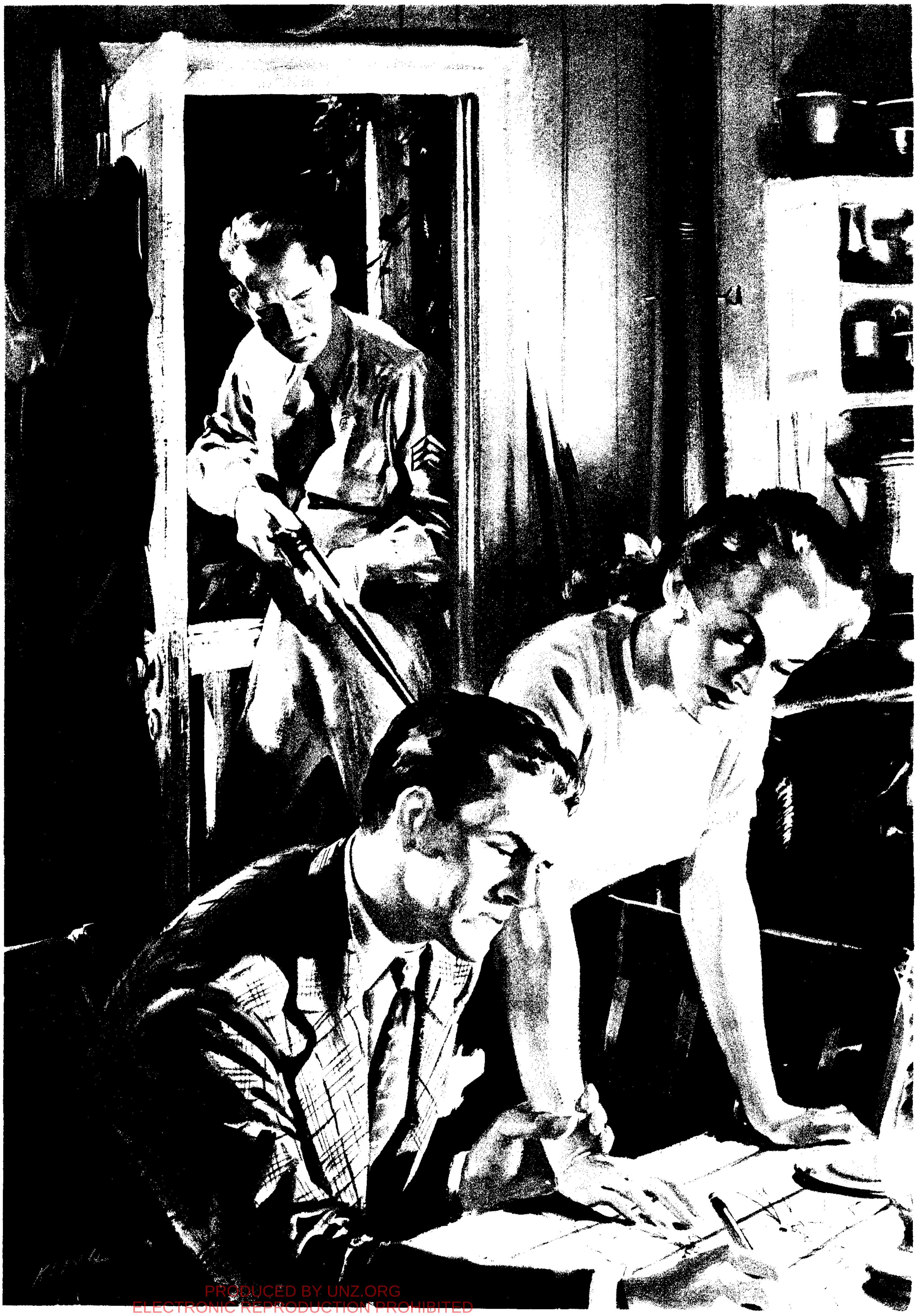
"I ought to whip you, Virg," Parrish said. He was not angry, but he felt that the remark should be called. A year and a half of training and fighting and killing, rewarded by the simple prize of being alive, is too good to spoil with little angers.

These four men had gone through all the battles the Fifth Army had fought up to and through the tough victory at Salerno. They were good fighters and knew their way around. Maybe that was why they were being sent back to the training camps at home as instructors in the fine points of finding your way around a strange beachhead.

Gamble said to Dino, "Break it up! Give the man back his wife."

Then Gamble said a funny thing: "Maybe when you're married it's different. I wouldn't know. But I bet, once a woman has lived with a man, she'd find it hard to get along without a man. You've been away from Constance for a year and a half. And you're going back to her, expecting her to be the same as when you went away. And I suppose you're expecting that she never went out with another guy . . ."

(Continued on page 54)



Seth lifted the gun and brought it close to his body and stood there. To a man who had been trained to kill, death should have lost its meaning. But it hadn't

RESCUE AT 61° 30′

BY MAJOR THOMAS H. MORIARTY

AIR SERVICE COMMAND, ARMY AIR FORCES

The Navy bomber looked like a dead pigeon. The Army took the job of brotherly rescue, but the muskeg country is cold and the sand is wet and deep

The Air Service Command bought this old biscuit beater for $3—a dollar a piece for the motors and a dollar for the hull. But it did fine work

The rescue crew used an amphibious tractor to get over the soft sand, the paper-thin ice and the swift black river. These are the heroes of the rescue

Co-operation between the Army and the Navy was never better exemplified than in this story of what happened to a Navy bomber downed on a sand bar in the bleak reaches of Quebec

DOWN the black Natashkwan River and over the swamplands of muskeg and birch and pine, a brace of Pratt & Whitney engines roared their confidence straight back into the cold loneliness of Canada's Province of Quebec. The engines and their airplane—a Navy Lockheed patrol bomber PV-1—were spanking well again. This time the river and the sand bar and the almost inaccessible northern wastelands of 61° 30′ west, and 50° 15′ north had failed to conquer.

Major Benjamin Frank Chapman of the Air Service Command nodded to his copilot, Technical Sergeant Edward T. Van Sickle. Then he gunned the ship, signaled the "commandos" on the ground to pull the ropes on the chocks; and the ship staggered across the wet sand. After fifty yards, the left wheel dipped in a soft spot, careened, gathered speed. Another fifty, and she shivered low in a sinkhole on the right—gaining, gaining nevertheless. Another hundred yards, and the river echoes were a barrage. In a quarter mile she was aloft and climbing strongly.

One hundred and seventy-five thousand of Uncle Sam's dollar bills—your War Bonds and mine—were on the wing. Back to combat. No longer stuck deep in a sand bar on the remote Natashkwan to rust and molder in this desolate ground beyond Anticosti Island and beyond the slate waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"She did it!" Major Corrigan said quietly. He was talking to himself. Around him were his civilian maintenance "commandos." Since the middle of September the reclamation party had lived in the tent camp on the shore, crawled out of sleeping bags before dawn, worked all day long in raw winds and rain, and frequently had broken ice in their washing pool.

It was on the 13th of October at 8:41 A.M. that the PV-1 Navy bomber "B-2" fought its way off the mushy sand at Natashkwan. It was on the 23d of August that the air cruiser had come down on this lonely bar. What happened between those dates is a story of co-operation between the Army and the Navy.

On routine duty scouting German submarines in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Lieutenant (jg) C. E. Parent, U. S. Navy, found himself tricked by weather and darkness. This often means death for airmen and their ships. Radios go mute and compasses fluctuate. The plane, a land job with wheels, could not risk sliding in on water or on muskeg. And that's all there was.

The lieutenant chose a dim sand bar. He lowered his flaps and coughed in on a prayer; skidded sideways on his Tokyo tanks when a soft spot grabbed a wheel. The B-2 came to rest—and the pilot and crew stepped out with bruises. That was the 23d of August. By the 25th, scouters had located the ship, and Lieutenant Colonel Herbert C. Williamson had pulled a PBY flying boat out of his Sub Depot hangars and sent Captain Montgomery to look over the situation.

From the air, the captain sized up the wreck. There she was down in a big, empty land, cocked over on her starboard wing, with the propellers bent up under her and the reserve fuel tanks pummeled out of shape. The water of the river, too, was puddling up over her wheels.

The captain wrote a note, attached it to a smoke bomb, and heaved it out. Cruising back, he found the answer written in the sand: "RIVER SHALLOW." Two of the marooned sailors, keeping watch for the pilot, who had started out with other crew members to walk to civilization, had written the message. Captain Montgomery dropped his rescue materials overboard—pup tents, food, sleeping bags—and flew back to the States.

Colonel Williamson got a small-enough plane to land in the shallow water and took his reclamation officer, Major Stanley W. Corrigan, with him. On the 27th of August, they started, but over New Brunswick a front of snow clouds turned them back. That's how flying goes in this bleak outpost of North America. You do or you don't, according to the weather. They flew back to base.

"Enthusiasm Does It"

The Air Service Command, pioneers of airplane reclamation, had pulled a B-26 out of Red Bank, New Brunswick; disassembled a C-47 from Newfoundland; took apart a B-26, a UC-64, and a C-48B in the off-the-record reaches of northern Labrador and brought them back to fly again. They had a motto, "Enthusiasm does it," given to them by their boss, Major General Walter H. Frank, from Headquarters at Patterson Field, Ohio.

On the sand bar a day later, with the wind howling up the elbow of the Natashkwan, Williamson and Corrigan examined the wreck. She was a miserable, sick old sea hawk, up to her belly in gook. The major dug his hands into the sand and came to icy water. He shook his head.

Flying back to Maine, the officers worked on their notes. Colonel Williamson placed a call to the Navy's Captain O. A. Weller, commanding officer of Fleet Air Wing Nine at Quonset Point, Rhode Island.

"Captain Weller, we believe we can go in there," stated the colonel. "We can try it in an amphibious tractor and camp our crew near the airplane. Our civilian personnel are trained for the toughest jobs, so weather shouldn't be an obstacle. It will take a lot of doing, but it's part of our mission and we're happy to help the Navy."

The answer was "Roger." The Army and the Navy have been working together on this informal basis, saving time and money. Their teamwork is spontaneous.

On the next freight train leaving Aroostook County northward, the amphibian went. This model T-33 steel assault boat had been designed for the Navy and can move 24 fully equipped men over rugged terrain and deep water. They call it the "alligator." In charge of the shipment to Montreal were John Barry, a Fort Kent, Maine, boy of 21, classified as 4F, and Lionel Plourde of Stockholm, Maine, who learned motor maintenance in a CCC school.

Held up four days in Quebec City by a stevedore strike at Montreal, the party and matériel were aboard a freighter on the St. Lawrence by the 17th. The rescue party got to the village of Natashkwan on September 25th. The first thing the boys discovered was that the creaky old wharf was too short by two and one half feet to accommodate the width of the amphibian. Before unloading could commence, Major Corrigan had to build an extension to this wharf in order to run one of the track treads on a side apron. At length the T-33 was run off the deck of the freighter and into the water, then loaded with men and boxes and started up the fifteen miles of black river. Mounted on the front fender of this steel alligator were two .50-caliber machine guns. Submarines had shown themselves in the past in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the guns are standard equipment on operations in the Defense Zone.

A cry of welcome went up from the airplane group when the tractor threaded up onto the sand bar. A whipping rain had started. Everyone was soaked when the sudden darkness found only a makeshift quarters ready. But the cook, Warren Beals of Milford, Maine, managed to produce scalding coffee and hot stew.

The rain grew worse next day, and the wind arose to 42 miles an hour, toppling the cook tent and shooting misery through the three sleep tents. Reclamation work went on from sunless dawn to dusk.

Wing jacks were tried on the ship, but as fast as the bases were shoveled out, the water of the river gurgled up from the bottom and filled the holes. After several tries, Major Corrigan changed the plan. He called for ten-ton jacks under the center section between the fuselage and the nacelles and began cribbing up under the wings. When height was gained, logs were rolled under and the cribbing continued. In this way, by felling and trimming trees and slipping them under the ship, the bomber rose.

On September 28th, a small plane landed with Colonel Williamson. It had space aboard for the sailors who had stood guard since August 25th. When the colonel left, he took the guards with him.

On September 30th, the bomber's right wheel was dropped into a sand hollow and locked in the down position; half an hour later the left wheel did likewise. The men knocked off for cigarettes and congratulations in the rain. Now, with the wheels down, they hauled the ship to a spot closer to camp and began the real work of diagnosing and repairing the damage.

Assessing the Damage

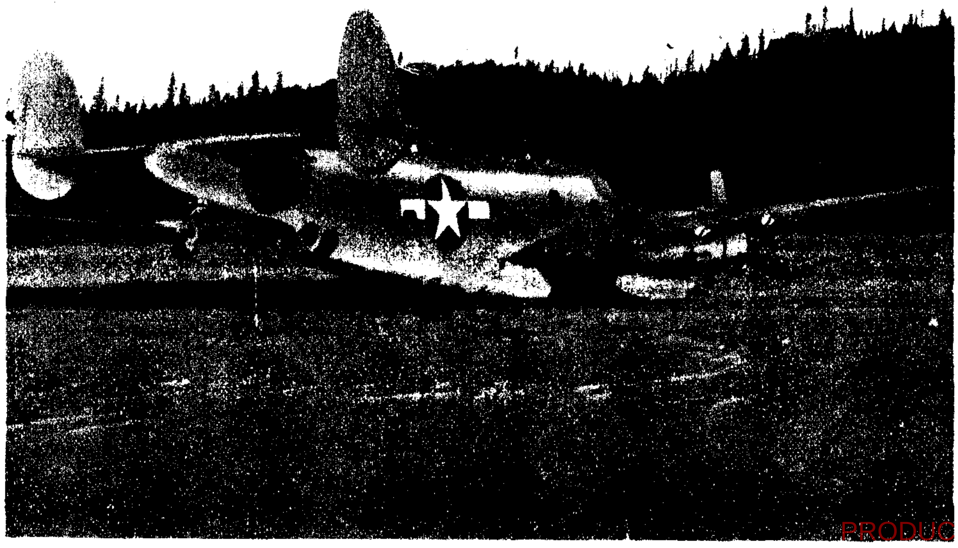
The sheet-metal experts got to work with their measuring and cutting of new "skin"—sheet aluminum—and their driving of rivets. The fuselage men checked this battered old baby to see whether or not it was hopeless to smooth her controls again; they checked brakes and wheels, and perked up the de-icers.

Any ship of the skies, in any state of disrepair, would have been meat on the table for the varied talents and the overwhelming enthusiasm that those American kids put into the job. Most of them were awaiting the day when they would be called for the Army, anyway, and they used this project to get a little closer to their future roles as military members of the Air Service Command "Air Depot Groups," which go overseas to keep 'em flying in camouflaged spots well up into the bomb lines of the combat zones. They ate, slept, worked according to a schedule laid out by their major. Every man shaved every day. Every man observed Lieutenant Bertram W. Charap's health rules regarding eating, taking exercise, drinking chlorinated water and air-drying dishes *à la* Army. "Lights out" came at 7:30 to 8:30 P.M. Lights came on at 5:30 A.M. for breakfast at 6:00 and work on the "flight line" at 6:30. It was always 5:30 P.M. and dark before they called it a day and ran to the mess tent in response to cookie's

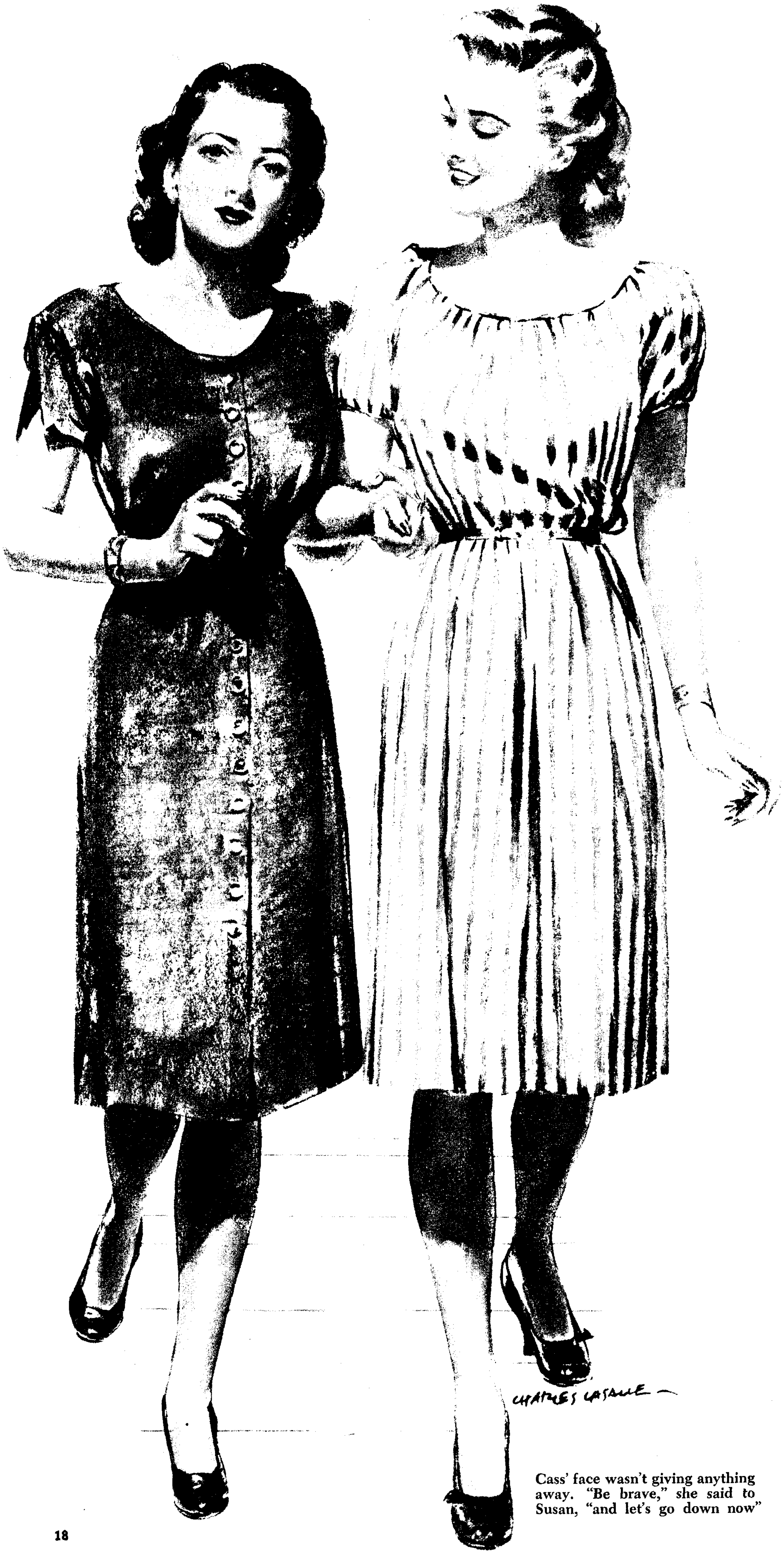
(Continued on page 52)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LT. MILTON F. GENTSCH

This PV-1 cost $175,000 in taxpayers' money. The whole underside was ruined, belly tanks torn, motor circuits shot and controls shredded



When the Air Service Command finally revved the motors, the PV-1 was ready to go out and hunt U-boats over the North Atlantic again. And she is, now



Cass' face wasn't giving anything away. "Be brave," she said to Susan, "and let's go down now"

THE GIRL FOR HIM

BY DOROTHEA MALM

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

Love is what you make it, and this girl—Cass Haroldson—learned that she had to give her heart away before she could get it back again

AS SHE came out of the bank on Saturday, Cass saw Donny just going into the railroad station across the street, and she thought wincingly, He's going to meet *her*. . . . She stood very still in her soft gray dress, her fair hair blowing back, her gray eyes narrowed and expressionless. All the niceness had gone from the day. The pigeons still walked on the white pavement, casting sharp shadows, and Mrs. Dawson's red cocker spaniel still waited with a worldly air in front of the meat market, but it wasn't sunlight and spring any more, it was grayness and dreariness. He's going to meet *her*. . . .

Then she shook her head and walked on. It was high time to forget all that. Things happened, and either you did something about them or you accepted them. She couldn't do anything about this, so she had better accept it. . . . But Donny was looking well these days, she thought; he was walking better, his left foot dragged only a little. He looked arrogant and cocky again, pleasantly unaware of everything in the world except his own private life, and that air of his was full of reminiscences for her.

The first time she had ever seen him, he had been walking down Main Street, shoulders swinging, head high, eyes remotely amused; and she, the stranger in town, the new sixth-grade teacher, standing on the railway-station steps with her suitcase beside her, had thought with queer certainty: Yes, it will be that one. . . . And then she had met him and found him challenging and difficult, but she had loved him and made him glad to love her, and she had seen him so often, until the last time, when he had been leaving for the Army; and now he was back and it was just the same —except that it was wholly different. . . . She set her lips firmly together and walked on.

AND then Mrs. Dawson came out of the meat market and the cocker sat up on the sidewalk. "I'm sorry, old boy," she said, "there was nothing at all for you— Say, Cass."

"Hello," Cass said.

"Look here, I've been wanting to ask you— Look, I'm giving a sort of party for Donny and his girl tomorrow and I want you to come, and what I want to know is are you going to feel shy about meeting them?"

"I suppose I will," Cass said, "but I'll try my best not to show it."

"That's good. Tomorrow at seven at my house. A kind of buffet supper. Everyone's coming. I'm only hoping to heaven they have the good taste to hide their natural resentment. The whole town resents it, you know, Cass. Resents that girl, I mean. They're loyal."

"Loyal in shifts," Cass said with an ironical grin. "Poor things, they've barely had time to get over resenting *me*. . . ."

Mrs. Dawson looked faintly cross and faintly embarrassed, too. "Oh, but there's no comparison, you know—there really was nothing to that, and he would have been miserable with Marilyn, everyone knew that. This is different. *You* were actually engaged. And you were so perfect for him—just the right girl."

"I'll give the loyalty—two weeks," Cass said wisely.

"You're certainly taking it well, anyway," Mrs. Dawson said, puzzled and irritated.

"I take everything well," Cass said, "as Marilyn would be the first to tell you. The only thing is, I can't hang on to it. See you tomorrow," she said, and she walked on.

At the corner one of her sixth-graders said shyly, "Hello, Miss Haroldson," and Cass stopped to talk. But over the child's sun-colored head she saw the bright Main Street with Donny's thin height and dark head coming out of the station again, and beside him was a dark, slender girl in a red linen suit, carrying a suitcase, her face turned up to his, and they were laughing together.

Cass walked very fast down the next block and when she had entered the little flower-papered hall of Mrs. MacDonald's house, climbed the carpeted stairs, and closed the door of her own room behind

(Continued on page 68)

Entertaining the wounded at St. Albans Naval Hospital on Long Island, former song-and-dance man Billy Gibson executes a rapid, acrobatic tap routine

Helping Hands and Feet

By Stanley Frank

Gibson then reveals his own artificial limb to amazed amputees. His invaluable act encourages the men and dispels their agonizing fear of being burdens

Amputation is a terrifying word. But the Army and Navy have a sensible method of treatment and new prosthetics which make it possible for maimed men to lead normal, useful lives

THE maimed and wounded veterans in Ward B25 of Halloran General Hospital, the largest Army hospital in the country, looked up apathetically, almost sullenly, when a short, middle-aged man walked in briskly and turned on the sunshine and good cheer. They had just arrived from European battle fronts the previous day and they were in no mood for civilian pleasantries.

The man went into a rapid, expert tap dance, stopped suddenly and said, "All right, fellas. Which is my artificial leg?"

The guys bolted upright. The eyes of those who were unable to sit up widened.

"Sure, I'm missing a leg." The man smiled. "I lost it the same way you did. Which one is it?"

Someone hesitantly called out "The left," and simultaneously "The right" came from the opposite side of the ward. Everyone began to yell, and when the score was an uproarious standoff, the man grinned and pulled up his right trouser leg, showing his plastic limb. He walked toward a bed that had caught—and held—his eyes when he first entered the ward.

"I'll bet a dollar this kid was in show business," he said out of the corner of his mouth. "Only a trouper can put up a front like that."

The kid in the bed was blond and frail; at best, he couldn't have weighed more than 130 pounds. Now he looked pitifully, shockingly small, lying there. He had no legs. He was the turret gunner and only survivor of a B-26 that cracked up in England. No other man in the ward had lost both legs, yet it was obvious that the kid was the merry-andrew of the group, the wag who pulled the gags that reminded the others they had not left laughter in Europe with their limbs.

"I'm Billy Gibson," the man said, extending his hand. "How are you feeling, son?"

"Much better—now," the kid answered, staring at Gibson's right leg.

His name was Kenneth A. Class, 23, from Sioux City, Iowa. Married. He reached into his duffel bag for the picture of his wife, a pretty girl smiling from a farewell snapshot.

"What did you do before you went into the Army?" Gibson asked.

"I was a drummer in a band. Played a little vaudeville and all the dance dates we could get."

"I knew it!" Gibson cried triumphantly. "Say, with the legs we'll give you, you'll run that Krupa up a tree. You're luckier than most guys. All you need a leg for is to hit that bass drum." Gibson beat an emphatic staccato on the floor with his right leg. "We'll fix you up fine."

"It's just like I always said," Class chortled. "When you're smart, you can use your brains sitting down. What about him?"

He pointed to Jack Harris, 29, from Jacksonville, Florida, former hotel steward. Harris, a tail gunner, lost his left leg when a B-17 crashed in the water. They became buddies on the hospital ship returning to the States when they discovered that Harris' wife comes from Sioux City.

"Would you be able to go back to your job if you could get around as well as I can?" Gibson asked Harris.

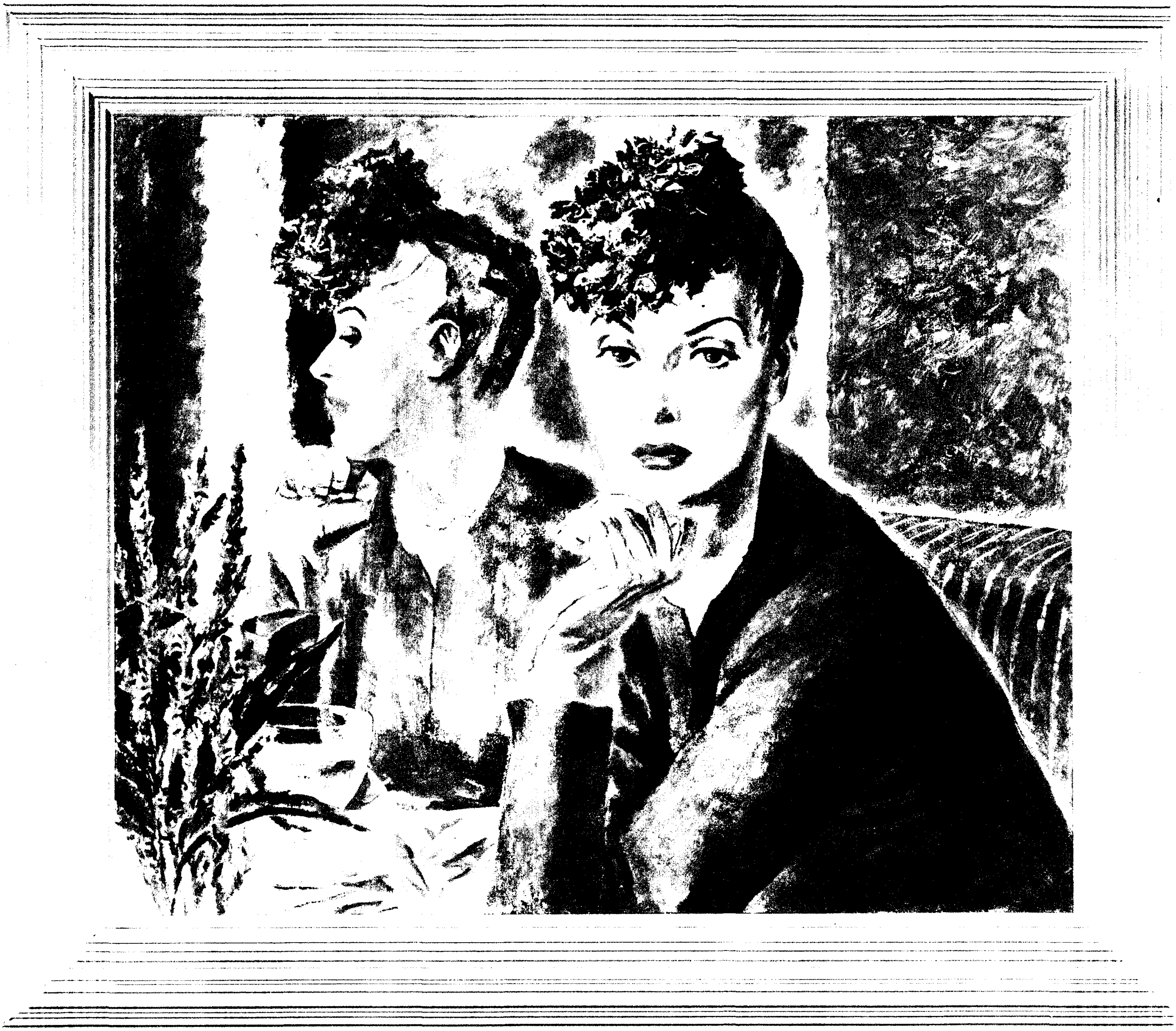
The big, dark fellow watched critically as Gibson walked quickly between the beds, wheeled abruptly and squatted on his heels. All the guys were watching Gibson intently, silently.

Harris nodded slowly. "I'd be all right."

"Sure you will!" Gibson told him.

(Continued on page 46)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON-PIX



She had not grown brittle in the manner of the majority of clever women

THE MIRROR

BY GLADYS SCHMITT

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

A distinguished story by the author of the prize-winning novel The Gates of Aulis

LONG afterward, when the incident had become a matter for quiet consideration and grave questioning, she asked herself why she had chosen to eat her lunch in that particular place. After the morning's cataclysm, she did not care whether she took her butter hard from a mound of cracked ice or melting from a greasy plate; in fact, she did not want any food at all. Yet something had drawn her, and she had a need to name it.

Now at last she did name it. It was the great mirror, the pitiless, sun-harshened looking-glass that stretched from the floor to the ceiling. She had come to the restaurant in search of an image of herself—not, certainly, to preen and admire. She had never in her life been less vain or had smaller cause for vanity. As the owner of a ruined merchantman might come down to the docks to see his ship after a night of fire, so she came to look at herself. As one might say to himself by way of consolation, "At least the hull is left," so she stared into the mirror and thought: I am still elegant.

Elegant she was—spare, gray and light—as inoffensive as a handful of ashes left in the glow when the wood is burned away. Nothing about her had spoiled; everything had dried and faded. Her ankles were thin; her figure was slight as a girl's; her hands were nimble and delicate upon the cloth. If he had chosen to put her still further away from him, if he had seen fit to marry a child half her age and less than half his own, it was because of certain inevitable lacks, and not because of any disagreeable qualities which she possessed.

She had not grown brittle in the manner of the majority of clever women. She had merely paled like a fresco that retreats from too much light, that sinks back into the peaceful grayness of the wall. She had served him less and less obtrusively through twenty years. As his need for her had increased, the degree to which she was in evidence had quietly declined.

In the days when she was his stenographer, she had merited his easy, offhanded gallantry. As his secretary, she had owned his affection. As his office manager, she had claimed his respect. And as his partner, she could be the first to know of his extraordinary good fortune—how a girl, mind you, an innocent, eager, half-awakened girl, had consented all too kindly to shut herself away in his autumnal world. She had been told as much on this same morning.

Now, with the conversation of strangers

(Continued on page 79)

THE ORDEAL OF LENINGRAD

BY VERA INBER

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

For thirty long, terror-filled months, Leningrad lay under the muzzles of the Nazi guns. What those months were like, and what freedom from siege is like is told here by a distinguished Soviet poet, who, according to the Russians, has "immortalized Leningrad"

ONLY a short while ago the Germans were so near Leningrad that two streetcars of Route 23, which were heading for a suburban resort called Strelna, found themselves stranded among the Germans, and there they stood throughout the thirty months of the siege of Leningrad. Naturally, all that is left of these two streetcars are gaunt skeletons. But bullet-riddled, half burned and wrecked as they are, they still stand like old war horses on the rails, and I saw them the other day, after Strelna was liberated. I am sure they will find a worthy place in a museum of Russia's war relics.

It is a pity that the Leningrad typewriter factory can't be placed in a museum, too. The Nazis had turned this into one of their gun emplacements from which they shelled the city. On retreating, they blew up the factory. Our own guns had opened fire on this factory.

One gun commander said, "I had to open fire on it. It couldn't be helped. But don't think it was easy for me. You see, I happen to be among those who built this factory."

On January 15th, at dawn of a late winter day, Leningraders were wakened by the incessant boom of gunfire which merged into an unending din. This was so unusual, so unlike the customary enemy barrages, or even the enemy bombings, that most citizens failed to guess what it all meant. But they soon understood. One 7-year-old boy listened.

His mother said, "Oh, please! No panic!"

The boy said, "It is our soldiers firing all their guns at once."

He was right. Our artillery had opened a solid barrage of fire which lasted over two hours. The whole horizon was belted with the flashes of guns. Later, the German prisoners testified that they could never have even imagined such an intensity of fire. Rifles of all classes and calibers, from the smallest to the gigantic, joined this fearsome artillery symphony, each one using its fullest powers. Naval rifles were used, too.

With hearts stormily beating, we listened to this thunder of guns—for it heralded the hour of our complete liberation. Natalia Maiorova, conductor of Streetcar No. 1987, Route 12, said on that January day: "As we approached the chief of staff building, we suddenly heard an announcer's voice from the street loud-speakers. 'Shhh!' I warned my passengers. 'Stalin's order is being read.' And, to tell the truth, I kept from ringing the start-off bell. Some of the passengers jumped off the streetcar, others hung on the outside platform, all with ears strained. Then we heard the news: Krasnoye Selo has been retaken! And Ropsha, too! The whole streetcar burst into cheers, and my passengers said: 'We will never forget this streetcar ride.'"

The tranquil small town of Ropsha—known before the war for its paper mill and its fish hatcheries for breeding silver carp—was the vital strong point of the German defense. Strategic roads branched out from here. Among many other things, our units which burst into Ropsha found a plate of macaroni in a room of one of the houses and the macaroni was still warm. Whoever was eating this macaroni won't ever be eating it again.

In another Leningrad suburb, Gatchina, on a ruined palace wall, the Germans had scrawled in indelible crayon: "We have been here, but must clear out now, otherwise Ivan will come, and then we will stand little chance of getting away with a whole skin." And beneath this, the signature—"Eric Wurf, Stettin Uhlandstrasse, telefon dee 28-10-43."

"Ivan," which means the Russian soldier, actually did show up at Gatchina, and very few Germans succeeded in escaping alive.

Facing the lovely entrance to Gatchina Park, which has been half demolished by the Nazis, stands a granite obelisk. The Germans removed the globe which capped it and replaced it with a huge Swastika. But when we arrived at Gatchina, we found the Swastika already destroyed and blackening snow at the front of the obelisk. And preparations were under way for re-erecting the granite globe on its former place. The Swastika couldn't keep its grip on Leningrad, either by air or on land or on the sea.

Long-range and self-propelled guns recently captured from the Germans were brought to Dvortsovy Square in Leningrad. For us, these guns weren't merely

(Continued on page 75)

SOVFOTO

"Drive slowly! Unexploded bomb! Danger!" says the notice behind the playing children of Leningrad

"We see German prisoners convoyed through the streets. Under the cross fire of our eyes, these Germans tremble with fear. If looks could kill . . . !"

She looks all right, but can she talk? It is Martha MacVicar's first interview with agent

The MacVicar gams pass inspection. "I've got something good," Shiffrin wires RKO casting director Ben Piazza

Piazza agrees, arranges screen test. The ubiquitous agent checks make-up, also helps select screen clothes

Ten-Percenter

SHE'S got a movie contract with RKO. And she's just finished playing second lead in the new picture The Marine Raiders. And now she's working on a better part in The Falcon in Mexico.

But whether Martha MacVicar develops into a movie star or not depends. . . . It depends a whole lot on her Ten-Percenter, an agent by the name of William Shiffrin. You won't see Shiffrin's passable pan in the MacVicar publicity photographs. You'll see MacVicar with tennis racket, MacVicar with mixing bowl, with collection of china cats, MacVicar with Army, with Navy, with Marine Corps, with new male star. Never MacVicar with Shiffrin.

Shiffrin will be there, all the same, hovering around solicitously while his client poses for stills. He'll see that she puts her best profile forward. He'll bawl her out, buck her up, fuss at her if she starts to gain weight. He'll speak for her when it's time to renew her contract—she's on the usual seven-year basis, with yearly options. He'll fight to up her beginner's salary. He'll worry about her health, her love affairs, her wardrobe.

For all of this—plus the fact that he steered her into her contract in the first place—he'll collect ten per cent of her salary.

"And still they call us leeches," mourns Shiffrin. "A flesh peddler," he continues, inadvertently using another term he hates, "must be a hard-working conscientious philosopher-psychologist with horse sense. In addition, the practical agent will own a strait jacket—for himself."

If an agent backs a winner, he hits the jackpot. If he backs a loser, he has to look around for more promising "flesh" to peddle—and no commission until the contract is signed. Shiffrin's shining achievement so far was launching the movie career of that beautiful hunk of man, Victor Mature. We wouldn't know whether that's good or bad.

Another client, George Sanders, brought Martha MacVicar to Shiffrin. She had been around Hollywood for several years, moved there from Texas with her family when her father took a job with Northrop Aircraft. She had movie ambitions. But they didn't get her anywhere until Sanders saw her—or as we say in Hollywood, discovered her—selling merchandise for the Naval Aid Auxiliary at one of the studios.

In these photographs you see the steps an agent takes to launch a discovery's career. You also see what inspired Zeppo Marx, one of the Marx Brothers turned agent, to say:

"Damn these actors! They keep 90 per cent of their salaries!" . . . AMY PORTER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE-PIX

The Ten-Percenter is a helpful kibitzer as the thousand-dollar test starts. It has to be good

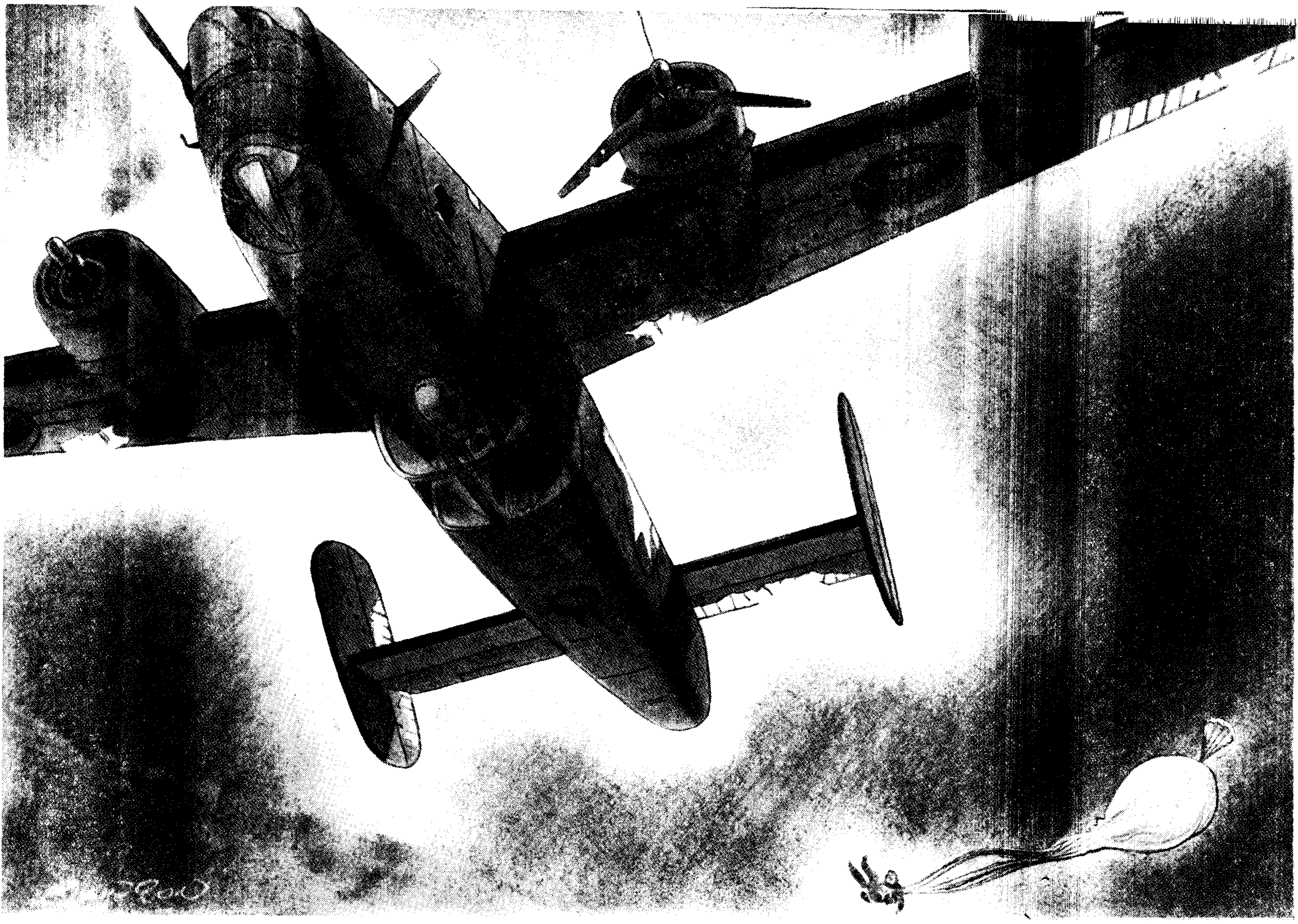
It is good. Shiffrin is tense as he and producer Bob Fellowes view rushes in projection room

Piazza says, "Sign here." Shiffrin beams. Fellowes wants Martha as second lead in The Marine Raiders

Publicity build-up is important, with Martha MacVicar posing for leg art (left) and for glamor art (above). Ten-Percenter checks glamorous details while the photographer, Ernest Bachrach, arranges Martha's skirt in graceful folds. A little smile, please

Martha has to be seen in the right places, with the right people. Shiffrin sends a photographer to snap her at Mocambo night club with the RKO player Russell Wade

a short short story complete on this page


The radio operator jumped, his body somersaulting once and straightening as his chute opened

NO SENTIMENT IN THE ARMY

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ WILKINSON

FIRST the bombardier jumped, and then the top-turret gunner, and as the battered plane came around again in a slow bank, Bennett could see their parachutes drifting down toward the green-and-brown checkerboard of the English countryside. Then the pilot motioned to the radio operator, who had been working in vain to free the jammed bomb, and the radio operator stepped to the open hatch and jumped, his body somersaulting once and straightening as his chute opened.

So that left just the pilot and Bennett. The pilot said: "Okay. Copilot."

Bennett did not answer.

"Copilot next," the pilot repeated.

"Sorry." Bennett's lower lip stuck out a little. "I'm sitting this one out."

He kept avoiding the pilot's eyes, and looking down through the cockpit window at the three descending chutes, and the geometry of fields and farms and villages, and directly under him, revolving slowly beneath the circling plane like the spokes of a wheel, the broad concrete runways of the base.

It was funny to be back safe from France, to be circling over their own base like this, and not be able to land. But their hydraulic system was shot out, they had been trying for half an hour to get their wheels down, and now their gas was almost gone. And the bomb that had jumped its shackles hung halfway through the bomb bay, below the level of the fuselage, making a belly landing impossible.

"Only thing is to nurse this crate back to the coast, and drop her over the Channel where she won't hurt anything," the pilot said. "No sense both of us sticking with her. One is enough."

Bennett shook his head. "I'm not quitting while you're not."

"Don't be a damn' hero!"

BENNETT'S face flushed. He opened his mouth to speak and shut it again. There was no use trying to explain how he felt to Captain Haines. Haines was Regular Army; he wouldn't understand sentiment. There was no room for sentiment in the Army, he always said. Bennett felt the pilot's eyes on him, cold and hard.

"I'm ordering you to jump, Lieutenant."

Bennett's lower lip protruded a little more. "The hell with orders!"

Maybe Haines was his superior officer, but they were the same when it came to risking their lives; he could risk his life as well as Haines could. The hell with it! The hell with discipline! All that Haines thought about was discipline; things like personal feelings and friendship and sacrifice were out.

For a year, since they had been flying together, they had argued it back and forth: Haines explaining in his icy efficient way that discipline was the backbone of the service, that the system was greater than any one individual, that Rover Boy stunts had no place in the Army.

"They've spent a lot of money on you, making you a pilot," Haines used to say. "You haven't any right to waste all that money just to satisfy some personal emotion."

But of course Haines was a professional soldier, and Bennett was only Reserve Army; a uniformed civilian, Haines called him. Probably Haines felt superior to him; probably that was why the older man had coddled and protected him for a year. Well, this was one time he wasn't going to be coddled. He looked up defiantly and met Haines' eyes, studying him curiously.

"You see, there's a message, Lieutenant. I want to get it back to the C.O." Haines took a notebook from the knee pocket of his flying suit, scribbled on it as he talked: "I want you to deliver this to him personally."

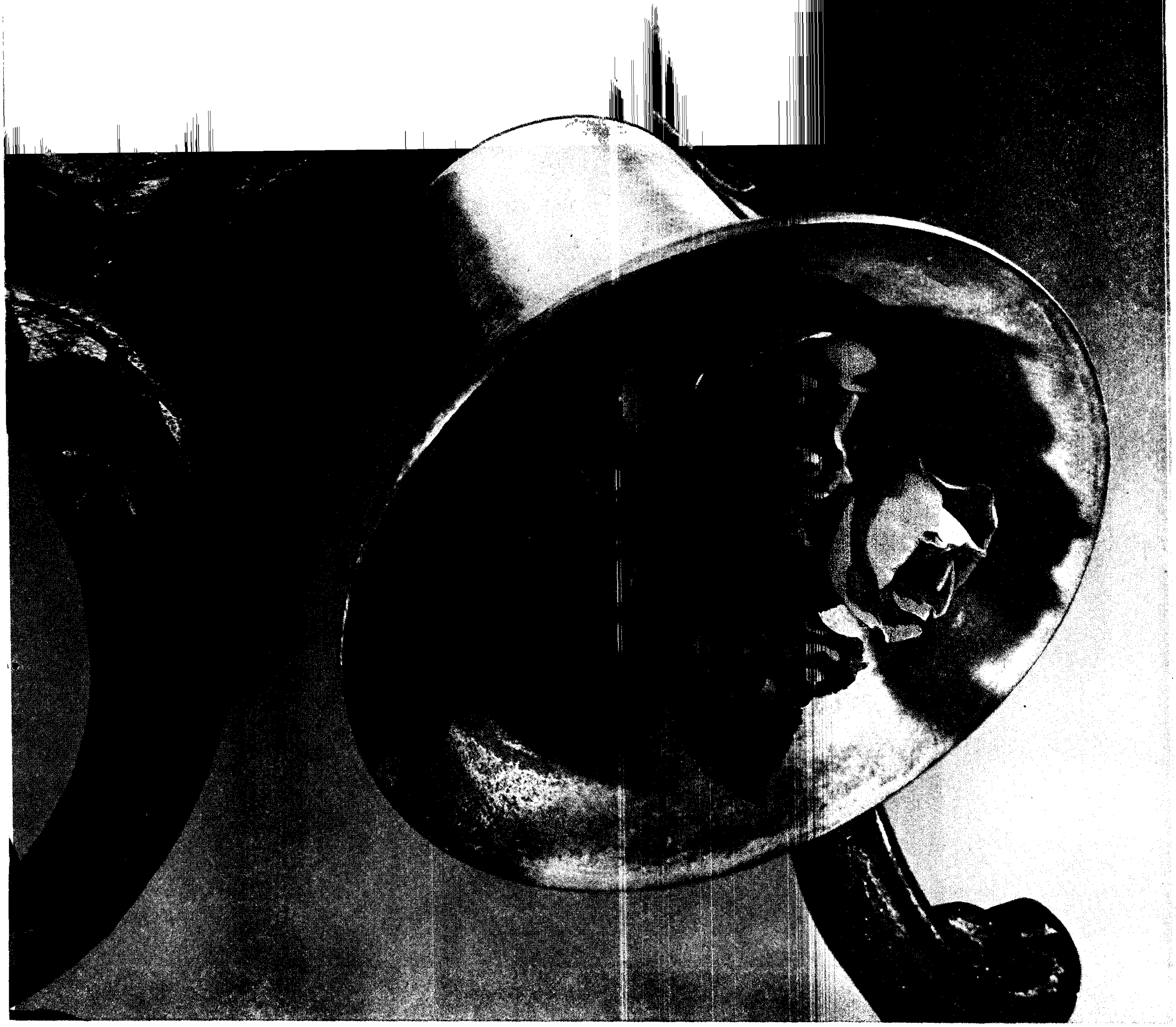
He ripped the page from the notebook and folded it. "You're the only one who can do it."

Bennett took the folded paper in silence. "I guess that doesn't give me much choice, does it?" he muttered. He unbuckled his safety belt, rose and stepped to the open hatch, and without a backward glance shouldered into space....

THE C.O., a telephone pressed to his ear, unfolded the paper as he talked. "Where? . . . About two miles off the coast. . . . Spun in. . . . You didn't see a chute? Thank you." The colonel replaced the phone heavily, read the paper, and after a moment looked up. "Maybe you'd like to read the message yourself, Lieutenant."

Bennett took the paper and stared at the single handwritten line. "Recommend Lieutenant Bennett be disciplined for refusal to obey orders of his superior officer."

He wanted to say something, but his throat was glued tight. That was what he hated about the Army, he told himself. No sentiment.



Bell-ringer

If ever a whiskey rang the bell on *every* count, that whiskey is Four Roses!

Its delicate aroma may be the first thing that tells you that you've found an unusually excellent whiskey.

Then, as you sip Four Roses, and savor its rich deep flavor, its mellow smoothness, we think you'll arrive at the same conclusion so many others share:

In a cocktail, highball, or straight, Four Roses is the one whiskey that simply can't be matched.

• • •

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

"Man, that's *fine* tobacco"

...that's **LUCKY STRIKE**
tobacco!

yes, LUCKY STRIKE means fine tobacco

L.S./M.F.T.

LUCKY STRIKE
IT'S TOASTED

Copyright 1944, The American Tobacco Company

Come and Be Hanged!

Continued from page 13

course, I've been happy, radiantly happy. But—"

Kay cut in: "*But*—that's it! There's always been a 'but' in this house. Some damn' creeping shadow about the place. Audrey's shadow."

Nevile stared at her. "You mean to say you're jealous of Audrey?"

"I'm not jealous of her. I'm afraid of her. Nevile, you don't know what Audrey's like."

"Not know what she's like when I was married to her for over eight years?"

"You don't know," Kay repeated, "what Audrey is like."

"PREPOSTEROUS!" said Lady Tressilian. She drew herself up on her pillow and glared fiercely round the room. "Absolutely preposterous! Nevile must be mad."

"It does seem rather odd," said Mary Aldin.

Lady Tressilian had a striking profile with a slender-bridged nose down which, when so inclined, she could look with telling effect. Though now over seventy and in frail health, her native vigor of mind was in no way impaired. Propped up by pillows in a large bed set across one corner of her room, she held her court like some French queen.

Mary Aldin, a distant cousin, lived with her and looked after her. Mary was thirty-eight but had one of those smooth, ageless faces that change little with passing years. She might have been thirty or forty-five. She had a good figure, an air of breeding, and dark hair to which a lock of white across the front gave a touch of individuality.

She looked down now reflectively at Nevile Strange's letter which Lady Tressilian had handed to her.

"Yes," she said. "It does seem rather odd."

"You can't tell me," said Lady Tressilian, "that this is Nevile's own idea! Somebody's put it into his head. Probably that new wife of his."

"Kay. You think it was Kay's idea?"

"It would be quite like her. New and vulgar! Nobody has any standards nowadays!"

"I suppose it is just the modern way," said Mary.

"It won't happen in my house," said Lady Tressilian. "I consider I've done all that could be asked of me, having that scarlet-toed creature here at all. I do *not* like her. She's quite the wrong wife for Nevile—no background, no roots!"

"She's quite well born," said Mary placatingly.

"Bad stock!" said Lady Tressilian. "Her father, as I've told you, had to resign from all his clubs after that card business. Luckily he died shortly after. And her mother was notorious on the Riviera. What a bringing-up for the girl. Nothing but hotel life—and that mother! Then she meets Nevile on the tennis courts, makes a dead set at him and never rests until she gets him to leave his wife—of whom he was extremely fond—and go off with her! I blame her for the whole thing!"

Mary smiled faintly. Lady Tressilian had the old-fashioned characteristic of always blaming the woman and being indulgent toward the man in the case.

"Oh, well," said Lady Tressilian, "Nevile can bring her here when he comes and I'm even willing to receive her friends—though I do not much care for that very theatrical-looking young man who is always hanging round her. What is his name?"

"Ted Latimer?"

"That is it. A friend of her Riviera days—and I should very much like to know how he manages to live as he does."

"By his wits," suggested Mary.

"One might pardon that. I rather fancy he lives by his looks. Not a pleasant friend for Nevile's wife! I disliked the way he came down here last summer and stayed at the Easterhead Bay Hotel while they were here."

Mary looked out of the open window. Lady Tressilian's house was situated on a steep cliff overhanging the River Tern. On the other side of the river was the newly created summer resort of Easterhead Bay, consisting of a big sandy bathing beach, a cluster of modern bungalows and a large hotel on the headland looking out to sea. Saltcreek itself was a straggling, picturesque fishing village set on the side of a hill. It was old-fashioned, conservative and deeply contemptuous of Easterhead Bay and its summer visitors.

The Easterhead Bay Hotel was nearly exactly opposite Lady Tressilian's house, and Mary looked across the narrow strip of water at it now, where it stood in its blatant white newness.

"I am glad," said Lady Tressilian, closing her eyes, "that Matthew never saw that vulgar building. The coast line was *quite* unspoiled in his time."

Sir Matthew and Lady Tressilian had come to Gull's Point thirty years ago. It was nine years since Sir Matthew, an enthusiastic sailing man, had capsized his dinghy and been drowned almost in front of his wife's eyes.

Everybody had expected her to sell Gull's Point and leave Saltcreek but Lady Tressilian had not done so. She had lived on in the house, and her only visible reaction had been to dispose of all the boats and do away with the boathouse. There were no boats available for guests at Gull's Point. They had to walk along to the ferry and hire a boat from one of the rival boatmen there.

Mary said, hesitating a little, "Shall I write, then, to Nevile and tell him that what he proposes does not fit in with your plans?"

"Yes, please. Audrey will come in September as usual. And Nevile and Kay in June. Thomas Royde will be home from Malaya this summer, and I have asked him to pay us a visit at the same time as Audrey. You remember Thomas, Mary?"

"Vaguely. I only met him once."

"He was always hopelessly in love with Audrey; they were practically brought up together. Unfortunately, like so many nice men, he was *slow*. Nevile carried Audrey off under his nose. Poor Thomas, he was very hard hit."

"I see," said Mary, with a faint smile. "You are doing some matchmaking."

Lady Tressilian declared robustly, "It's quite time Audrey got over Nevile and married again. Thomas is a dear, good fellow. Now go off and write that letter to Nevile, Mary, and tell him that what he suggests is out of the question."

MARY got up, then she stood hesitating. "You did see that in Nevile's letter he says that Audrey herself is quite willing to meet Kay—that, in fact, she welcomed the idea?"

"Nevile may say so. I don't believe it."

Still Mary Aldin hesitated.

The old lady looked up at her curiously. "What's the matter, Mary? Do you *want* to have them here together?"

Mary Aldin flushed. "No, of course not."

Lady Tressilian said sharply, "It's not *you* who have been suggesting all this to Nevile?"

"How can you be so absurd?"

"Well, I don't believe for a minute it's really *his* idea. It's not *like* Nevile." Lady Tressilian frowned perplexedly.

Mary Aldin said, "Audrey is staying with the Darlingtons, you know. We could get her on the telephone and find out how she really does feel about it?"

Lady Tressilian darted a sharp glance at her. Then she nodded. "Persistent creature, aren't you? Very well. I confess I'm curious."

Mary Aldin put through the call with her usual quiet efficiency. She brought the instrument over to Lady Tressilian.

The old lady said, "Is that you, Audrey, my dear? I'm ringing you up because I've had rather a curious letter from Nevile. He makes the preposterous suggestion that he and Kay should come at the same time as you in September, and that you and Kay should 'make friends.' He actually says *you* think it a good idea."

There was a pause before the voice spoke at the other end—a small, clear voice like a silver bell.

"Is it," said the voice, "so very preposterous?"

It took Lady Tressilian a moment or two to rally from the shock. "You really want to meet Kay?"

"I think, Camilla, that it might—simplify things." Audrey's voice was quite remote and impersonal. She went on, "If Nevile wants this—"

"A fig for what Nevile wants," Lady Tressilian interrupted robustly. "Do *you* want it? That's the question."

There was just a moment's silence. Then the small, bell-like voice spoke again. "Yes, Camilla. I do."

"Well!" said Lady Tressilian helplessly. "Well—"

"But, of course, it's entirely your choice. It's your house and—"

Lady Tressilian interrupted with decision: "I may be old—but I can adapt myself, I suppose, as well as anyone else! You'll come in September, and Nevile and Kay shall come, too. Not another word—that's settled." She put down the receiver with a bang, and leaned back with half-closed eyes. "I'm an old woman and I'm tired. The sooner I'm out of the world, the better. I don't understand anyone or anything in it." Then she gave a sudden chuckle. "Nevile's a fool to want to bring those two women together! He's the one who'll be sorry for it!"

KAY STRANGE, dressed in shorts and a canary-colored woolly was leaning forward, watching the tennis players. It was the semifinal of the St. Loo tournament, men's singles, and Nevile was playing young Merrick who was regarded as the coming star in the tennis firmament. Merrick's brilliance was undeniable. Some of his serves were quite unreturnable, but he occasionally struck a wild patch when the older man's experience and court craft won the day.

The score was 3-all in the final set.

Slipping onto a seat next to Kay, Ted Latimer observed in a lazy, ironic voice, "Devoted wife watches her husband slash his way to victory!"

Kay started. "How you startled me! I didn't know you were there."

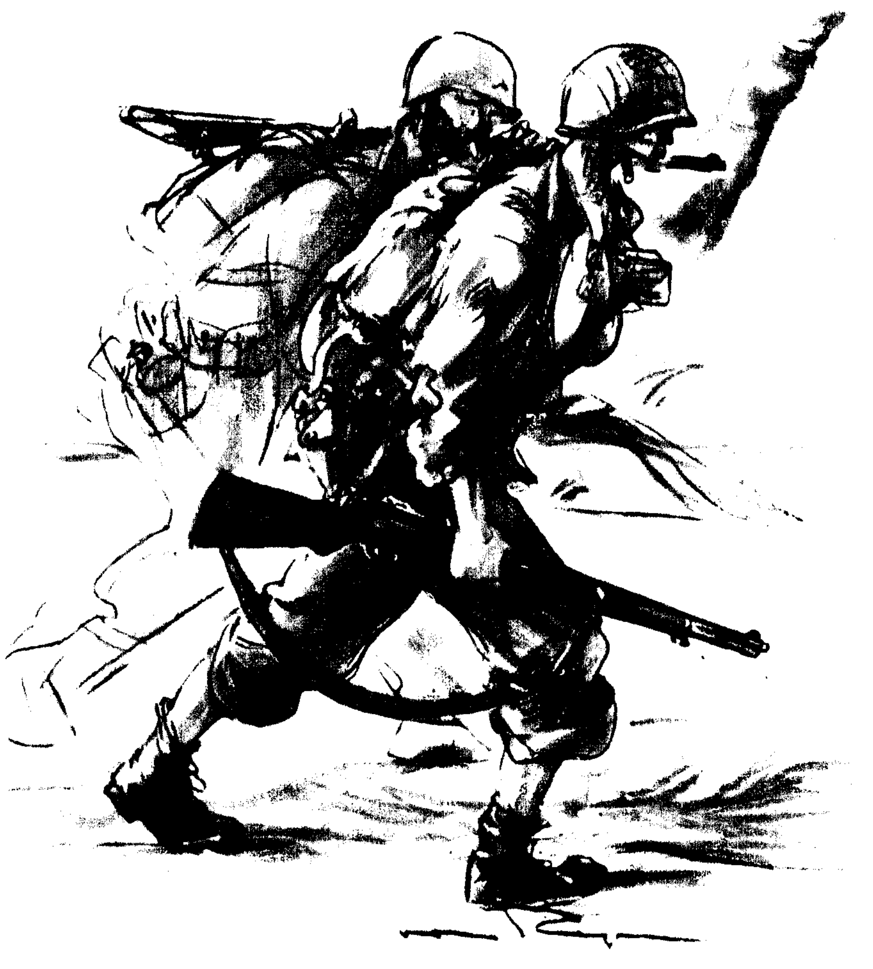
"I am always there. You should know that by this time."

Ted Latimer was twenty-five and extremely good-looking—even though unsympathetic old colonels were wont to say of him, "Touch of the Dago!" He was dark and beautifully sunburned and a wonderful dancer.

Kay had known him since she was fifteen. They had oiled and sunned themselves at Juan les Pins, had danced together and played tennis together. They had been not only friends but allies.

Young Merrick was serving from the left-hand court. Nevile's return was unplayable, a superb shot to the extreme corner.

"Nevile's backhand is good," said Ted. "It's better than his forehand. Merrick's



"Now that we have a soldier's ballot I suppose we'll be entertained by politicians instead of Bob Hope"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

For Half a Century . . . Master and Servant of Great Music!

• The hob-nail boots of war have driven him from three countries . . . but he has lived for fifty years in the realm of great music from which no man is ever exiled.

The great opera houses of Europe have rung with his praises . . . He made the Salzburg Festival the magnet of the musical world . . . Today we are doubly fortunate in having as conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, and guest conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Bruno Walter, who has been—for so long a time—one of the great conductors of the world!

He has the integrity to remain faithful to the composer's intentions . . . the art to achieve them! His Columbia Recordings with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York bring you fresh awareness of the infinite beauty of the masterpieces . . . Beethoven's blinding visions of man's unconquerable spirit in the immortal *Fifth,* the mighty *Eroica* . . . the vividly descriptive tone colors of Smetana's *Moldau* . . . the sunlit serenity of the *Rhenish Symphony*. . . .

Like so many world-famous conductors, Bruno Walter now records *exclusively* on Columbia Records—the *only* records with the Sensitone-Surface. These fine records are laminated—pressed in layers—with surfaces of highly sensitized materials, to bring you far richer, more lifelike tone and amazing freedom from needle noise. On Columbia Masterworks Records—*great music is more faithfully yours!*

COLUMBIA
Masterworks
RECORDS

Trade Marks "Columbia," "Masterworks" and ◐ Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Prices shown are exclusive of taxes

Columbia Recording Corporation ◐ A Subsidiary of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

Robert Casadesus, world-famous pianist, with orchestra conducted by Eugene Bigot: Carl Maria von Weber's *Concertstück in F Minor.* Set X-MX-59 $2.50

Mozart's Sonatas in D Major and F Major. Set M-MM-433 . . . . $3.50

Bidú Sayão, lovely Brazilian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, sings Verdi's *Ah! Fors' è lui,* from La Traviata. A triumph! 71451-D $1.00

Arias from Puccini's Madame Butterfly and La Bohême, 71320-D $1.00

Nathan Milstein (violin) with Arthur Balsam (piano): Wieniawski's *Scherzo Tarantelle,* Opus 16, and Suk's *Burleska,* Opus 17, 71498-D $1.00

Massenet's *Meditation;* Sarasate's *Romanza Andaluza.* 71400-D . . . $1.00

Lotte Lehmann (soprano), with Bruno Walter at the piano: Schumann's great song cycle, *Frauenliebe und Leben,* superbly performed. Set M-539 . . $3.50

And with the same artists, Schumann's *Dichterliebe,* Set M-486 . . . . . $4.00

Dimitri Mitropoulos & the Minneapolis Symph. Orch. bring you the brilliantly descriptive *Sorcerer's Apprentice* by Dukas. Set X-MX-212 . . . . . . $2.50

And — Prokofiev's great *Classical Symphony.* Set X-MX-166 . . . . . . $2.50

weak on the backhand, and Nevile knows it. He's going to pound at it all he knows how."

The game ended. "Four—three. Strange leads."

Nevile took the next game on his service. Young Merrick was hitting out wildly.

"Five—three."

"Good for Nevile!" said Latimer.

And then Merrick pulled himself together. Slowly he pulled up to 5—all. They went to 7—all, and Merrick finally won the match at 9—7.

NEVILE came up to the net, grinning and shaking his head ruefully, to shake hands.

"Youth tells," said Ted Latimer. "Nineteen against thirty-three. But I can tell you the reason, Kay, why Nevile has never been actual championship class. He's too good a loser."

"Nonsense."

"It isn't. Nevile, blast him, is always the complete good sportsman. I've never seen him lose his temper over losing a match."

"Of course not," said Kay. "People don't."

"Oh, yes, they do! We've all seen them. Tennis stars who give way to nerves—and who snatch every advantage. But old Nevile—he's always ready to take the count and grin. Let the best man win and all that. I hate the public-school spirit! Thank the Lord, I never went to one."

"I wish you wouldn't make it so clear you don't like Nevile."

"Why should I like him? He pinched my girl." His eyes lingered on her.

"I wasn't your girl. Circumstances forbade."

"Quite so. Not even the proverbial tuppence a year between us."

"Shut up. I fell in love with Nevile and married him—"

"And he's a jolly good fellow—and so say all of us!"

"Are you trying to annoy me?" She turned her head as she asked the question.

He smiled—and presently she returned his smile.

"I've booked my room at the Easterhead Bay Hotel," he said.

"It's going to be a lovely party," said Kay. "Nevile and I, and Nevile's ex-wife, and some Malayan planter who's home on leave."

"That does sound hilarious!"

"And the dowdy cousin, of course. Slaving away round that unpleasant old woman—and she won't get anything for it, either, since the money comes to Nevile and me."

"Perhaps," said Ted, "she doesn't know that."

"That would be rather funny," said Kay, but she spoke absently. She stared down at the racket she was twiddling in her hands. She caught her breath suddenly. "Oh, Ted!"

"What's the matter, Sugar?"

"I don't know. It's just sometimes I get—I get cold feet! I get scared and feel queer."

"That doesn't sound like you, Kay."

"It doesn't, does it? Anyway"—she smiled rather uncertainly—"you'll be at the Easterhead Bay Hotel."

"All according to plan."

When Kay met Nevile outside the changing rooms, he said, "I see the boy-friend's arrived."

"Ted?"

"Yes, the faithful dog—or faithful lizard might be more apt."

"You don't like him, do you?"

"Oh, I don't mind him. If it amuses you to pull him around on a string—" He shrugged his shoulders.

Kay said, "I believe you're jealous."

"Of Latimer?" His surprise was genuine.

Kay said, "Ted's supposed to be very attractive."

"I'm sure he is. He has that lithe South American charm."

"You *are* jealous."

Nevile gave her arm a friendly squeeze. "No, I'm not, Gorgeous. You can have your tame adorers—a whole court of them if you like. I'm the man in possession, and possession is nine points of the law."

"You're very sure of yourself," said Kay, with a slight pout.

"Of course. You and I are Fate. Fate let us meet. Fate brought us together. Do you remember when we met at Cannes, and I was going on to Estorel, and suddenly, when I got there, the first person I saw was lovely Kay! I knew then that it was Fate—and that I couldn't escape."

"It wasn't exactly Fate," said Kay. "It was me!"

"What do you mean by 'It was me'?"

"Because it was! You see, I heard you say in the hotel you were going to Estorel, so I set to work on Mums and got her all worked up—and that's why the first person you saw when you got there was Kay."

Nevile looked at her with a rather curious expression. He said slowly, "You never told me that before."

"No, because it wouldn't have been good for you. It might have made you conceited! But I always *have* been good at planning. Things don't happen unless you make them! You call me a nitwit sometimes, but in my own way I'm quite clever. I make things happen. Sometimes I have to plan a long way beforehand."

"The brainwork must be intense."

"It's all very well to laugh."

Nevile said with a sudden curious bitterness, "Am I just beginning to understand the woman I've married? For Fate—read Kay!"

Kay said, "You're not cross, are you, Nevile?"

He said rather absently, "No—no, of course not. I was just thinking. . . ."

THOMAS ROYDE, pipe in mouth, looked vaguely up and down the platform of Saltington Station. A rather thickset figure, with a straight, solemn face and observant, thoughtful eyes. Thomas Royde was a man singularly economical of words. His friends had learned to gauge his reactions correctly from the quality of his silences. He walked a little sideways, crablike, the result of being jammed in a door during an earthquake. This had led to his being given the nickname of the Hermit Crab. His right arm and shoulder were partially helpless, which gave his gait an artificial stiffness.

He had only a dim recollection of Mary Aldin, but he looked at her with distinct pleasure as she came up and greeted him in a friendly fashion by his Christian name.

"Hullo, Thomas. How nice to see you after all these years. Is that your porter? Tell him to bring the things out this way. I've got the car right at the end."

The bags were stowed in the car. Mary took the wheel, and Royde got in beside her. They drove off, and Thomas noticed that she was a good driver, careful in traffic and with a nice judgment of distance and spacing. Saltington was seven miles distant from Saltcreek.

Mary said, "You know, Thomas, your visit is going to be a godsend. Things are rather difficult. Audrey is here, as you probably know?"

She paused questioningly, and Thomas Royde nodded.

"And Nevile and his wife, too," she added.

Thomas Royde's eyebrows went up. He said after a minute or two, "Bit awkward—what?"

"Yes, it is. It was all Nevile's idea." She paused. Royde did not speak, but as though aware of some current of disbelief issuing from him, she repeated assertively, "It *was* Nevile's idea."

"Why?"

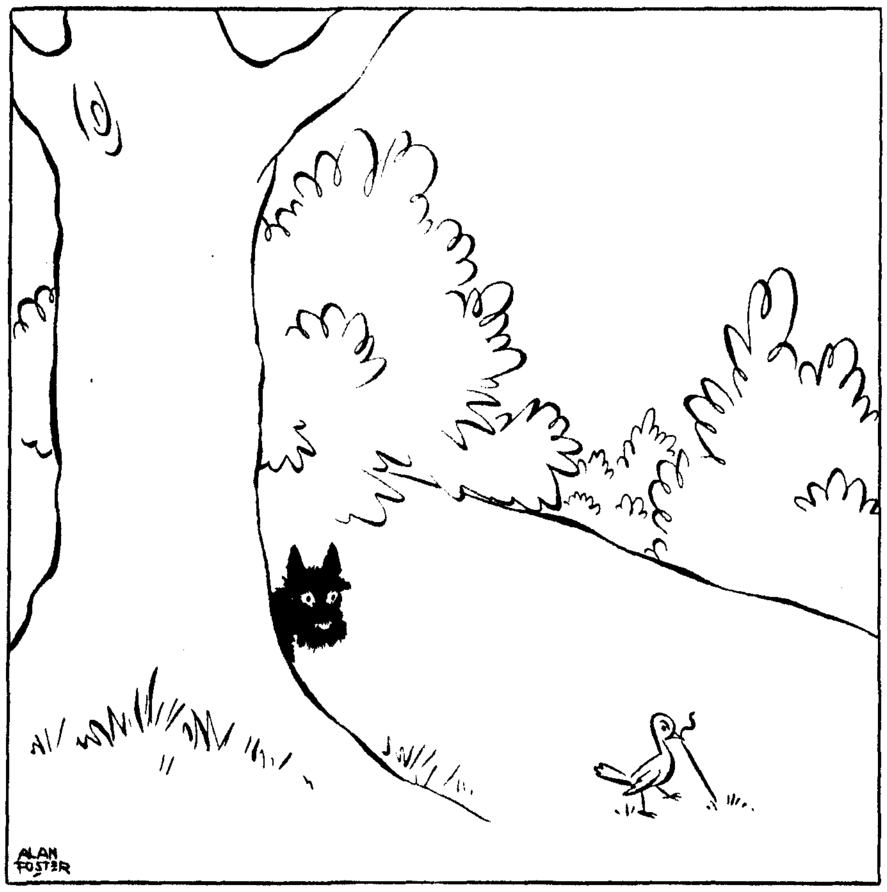
She raised her hands for a moment from the steering wheel. "Oh, some modern reaction! All sensible and friends together. That idea. But I don't think, you know, it's working very well."

"What's the trouble?"

"I don't quite know. It's not Audrey's fault. No one could have been nicer. Her manner to them both is perfect. She's very reserved, as you know, and one never has any idea of what she is really thinking or feeling. But, honestly, I don't believe she minds *at all.*"

"No reason why she should," said

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE **by ALAN FOSTER**



COLLIER'S "I wonder if it'll be hard to get out the vote this fall"

YELLO-BOLE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

$1.50
IMPERIAL
"Full Bent"

the honey-cured smoke

There's real honey in the yellow bowl of this Yello-Bole Pipe! When you smoke it, you'll be pleasantly surprised at how unusually mild and fragrant it tastes. "No breaking-in"? you'll ask. None whatever! The honey keeps curing the pipe-bowl, as you smoke, so your Yello-Bole is always mild, agreeable and fragrant. If you don't find Yello-Bole immediately at your dealer's, remember Yello-Boles are going out every day to the men who're fighting. Your dealer will have your Yello-Bole any day now.

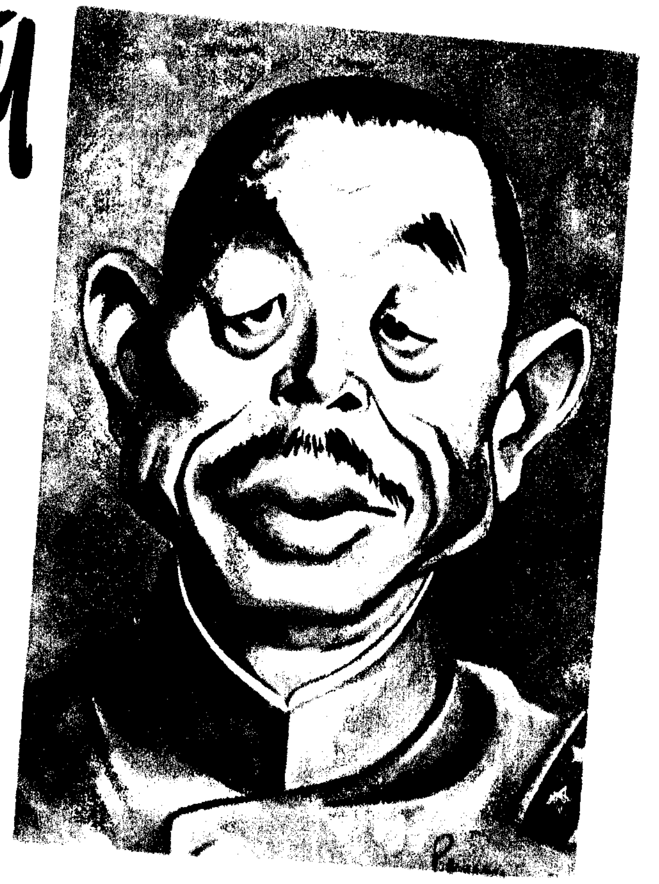
YELLO-BOLE ◎ IMPERIAL $1.50

YELLO-BOLE ∞ PREMIER $2.50

YELLO-BOLE ◎ STANDARD $1

YELLO-BOLE....A NAME TO REMEMBER,
WHEREVER YOU ARE and WHEN YOU COME HOME

THE *Guilty*



IWANE MATSUI

XL

THE Japanese, until recently, have massacred, raped and tortured behind a wall of secrecy. Now our own High Command has released stories of barbarity in the Philippines and elsewhere, and the Chinese are taking time from their desperate resistance to make detailed reports of atrocities, along with the names of officers held responsible. The sack of cities, wholesale slaughter and revolting cruelties are being recorded and filed with the Commission for the Investigation of War Crimes, giving assurance that Hirohito's beasts will stand eventually in the prisoners' dock together with the Hitlers, Goerings, Himmlers and Lavals.

When horror vies with horror, it is difficult to make distinction, but the Chinese themselves emphasize Nanking as the prize example of Japanese bestiality, and rate General Iwane Matsui as an archfiend second only to Tojo. For long weeks, under his orders, the conquering army burned, looted, ravished and killed until the air was foul with the stench of rotting corpses, and the water supply ran dark with blood and offal. When fury had spent itself, General Matsui revived traffic in dope for the degradation of those still left alive, bringing in opium and heroin, even while forbidding the import of food.

Hoping to save the city and its population of 1,000,000, Chiang Kai-shek evacuated Nanking in December, 1937. Notwithstanding this lack of resistance the Japanese began to lay waste from the moment of entry. After pillage, homes and buildings were set on fire, and by the light of the flames, a drunken soldiery, supplied with liquor by official order, ran amuck. "Blood your swords" was a Matsui command, following the Tojo policy of brutalization, and men and boys were either hacked as they knelt or else tied to trees for bayonet practice. As if death could not satisfy insensate rage, Japanese soldiers cut off hands, ears and noses.

Old women met a similar fate, but rape was the doom of the young—even little children; not in thickets or dark corners, but in the open streets under the sun. Sadism supplemented lust, for ravishment was generally followed by obscene mutilations and savage beatings. As for the officers, young women were gathered up by cruising trucks and delivered every evening like milk or papers.

At the outset, an International Committee, composed of neutrals, established a Safety Zone, and gained Matsui's guarantee that its boundaries would be respected. When some 250,000 hunted Chinese sought refuge in the Zone, the agreement suffered instant repudiation. On the pretext that the civilians were ex-soldiers, thousands were brought out and shot. Worse still, Japanese bands made daily raids on the American University, the Bible Teachers' Training School, the Theological Seminary and the hospitals, violating women and not even sparing nurses at bedsides.

Mark this testimony from Doctor O. Wilson, an American: "Cases of rape in the Zone are put at 20,000. You can scarcely imagine the anguish and the terror. Girls as young as eleven and women as old as fifty-three have been raped on university property alone. On December 20, a 17-year-old married girl, nine months pregnant, was raped by two Japanese soldiers. Labor pains began, and the baby was born five hours later."

Even Nazis were horrified, for here are protests to General Matsui from John H. D. Rabe, a German: "We hope you will find some way to prevent soldiers from robbing, raping and killing the civilian population. Searches of both refugee camps and private houses have been carried out many times, and each time means robbery and rape.

"It should be borne in mind that some of these women who have been raped daily in the Zone are the wives of pastors, Y.M.C.A. workers and college instructors. The International Committee has funds for foodstuffs and fuel but cannot secure permission to purchase. With only two foreign doctors, the health situation has dangerous possibilities. Requests for two doctors and two nurses to come to Nanking have been refused."

No plea from any source availed, for with their thin veneer of civilization scaled off, General Matsui and his officers were as much the jungle beasts as the men they command. Not until lusts and savageries were sated, and with Nanking a desolation of charred homes and fouled temples, was order restored in any degree. And then, for the subsistence of a starving people—for rice shipments were forbidden—Matsui flooded the city with opium and heroin.

And there are still those who fear that the Chinese may come to terms with their Nipponese "brothers!". . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Thomas Royde. He added rather belatedly, "After all, it's three years ago."

"Do people like Audrey forget? She was very fond of Nevile."

Thomas Royde shifted in his seat. "She's only thirty-two. Got her life in front of her."

"Oh, I know. But she *did* take it hard. She had quite a bad nervous breakdown, you know."

"I know. The mater wrote me."

"In a way," said Mary, "I think it was good for your mother to have Audrey to look after. It took her mind off her own grief—about your brother's death in that car accident. We were so sorry about that."

"Yes. Poor old Adrian! Always did drive too fast."

There was a pause. Presently, as they were slipping down the narrow, twisting road to Saltcreek, Mary said, "Thomas, you know Audrey very well?"

"So-so. Haven't seen much of her for the last ten years."

"No, but you knew her as a child. She was like a sister to you and Adrian?"

He nodded.

"Was she—was she at all unbalanced in any way? Oh, I don't mean that quite the way it sounds. But I've a feeling that there is something very wrong with her now. Her poise is perfect, but I wonder sometimes what is going on behind the façade. I've a feeling, now and then, of some really powerful emotion. And I don't quite know what it is! It worries me. There's an atmosphere in the house that affects everybody. We're all nervous and jumpy. Sometimes, Thomas, it frightens me."

"Frightens you?" His slow, wondering tone made her pull herself together with a little nervous laugh.

"It does sound absurd. But that's what I meant just now. Your arrival will be good for us—create a diversion. Ah, here we are."

They had slipped round the last corner. Gull's Point was built on a plateau of rock overlooking the river. On two sides it had sheer cliff going down to the water. The gardens and tennis court were on the left of the house. The garage—a modern afterthought—was actually farther along the road, on the other side of it.

Mary said, "I'll put the car away now and come back. Hurstall will look after you."

Hurstall, the aged butler, was greeting Thomas with the pleasure of an old friend.

"Very glad to see you, Mr. Royde, after all these years. And so will her ladyship be. You're in the east room, sir. I think you'll find everyone in the garden, unless you want to go to your room first."

THOMAS shook his head. He went through the drawing room to the window which opened onto the terrace. He stood there a moment, watching, unobserved himself.

Two women were the only occupants of the terrace. One was sitting on the corner of the balustrade looking out over the water. The other woman was watching her.

The first was Audrey; the other, he knew, must be Kay Strange. Kay did not know she could be seen and she took no pains to disguise her expression. Thomas Royde was not, perhaps, a very observant man where women were concerned, but he could not fail to notice that Kay Strange disliked Audrey Strange very much.

There was a quality of intangibility about Audrey Strange. She was of medium height with very small hands and feet. Her hair was ash blond, and there was very little color in her face. Her eyes were set wide apart and were a clear pale gray. She was like a silverpoint etching. There was a quality about her that drew your eyes to her again and again.

Thomas' eyes went to the other woman—the girl who was now Nevile Strange's wife. Beautiful, yes. Glowing flesh and blood. She made Audrey look a little like a ghost. Why did one get so strongly the impression that a ghost might be possessed of more reality than a live human being?

All the same, there was a change in Audrey, he decided—something he could not quite define. It was as though she were holding herself tightly in leash—watchful—and yet at the same time intensely aware. He knew something of the events that had befallen her in the last few years. He had been prepared for lines of sorrow and loss, but this was something else. She was on edge—tense. She looked—that was the best way he could express it—as though she were waiting for something.

And Kay Strange hated her. Why?

Footsteps rang out on the terrace, as Nevile came around the corner of the house. He looked warm and was carrying a picture paper.

"Here's the Illustrated Review," he said.

THEN two things happened at precisely the same minute:

Kay said, "Oh, good, give it to me," and Audrey, without moving her head, held out her hand almost absent-mindedly.

Nevile had stopped halfway between the two women. A dawn of embarrassment showed in his face. Before he could speak, Kay said, her voice rising with a slight note of hysteria, "I want it. Give it to me! Give it to me, Nevile!"

Audrey Strange started, turned her head, withdrew her hand and murmured with just the slightest air of confusion, "Oh, sorry. I thought you were speaking to me, Nevile."

Thomas Royde saw the color come up brick-red in Nevile Strange's neck. He took three quick steps forward and held out the picture paper to Audrey.

She said, hesitating, her air of embarrassment growing, "Oh, but—"

Kay pushed back her chair with a rough movement. She stood up, then, turning, she made for the drawing-room window. Royde had no time to move before she had charged into him blindly.

The shock made her recoil; she looked at him as he apologized. He saw then why she had not seen him, her eyes were brimming with tears—tears, he fancied of anger.

"Hullo," she said. "Who are you? Oh! Of course, the man from Malaya!"

"Yes," said Thomas, "I'm the man from Malaya."

"I wish to heaven I was in Malaya," said Kay. "Anywhere but here! I loathe this beastly, lousy house! I loathe everyone in it!"

Emotional scenes always alarmed Thomas. He regarded Kay warily and murmured nervously, "Ah-hum."

"Unless they're careful," said Kay, "I shall kill someone! Either Nevile or that whey-faced cat out there!"

She brushed past him and went out of the room banging the door.

Thomas Royde stood stock-still. He was not quite sure what to do next, but he was glad that Kay had gone. He stood and looked at the door that she had slammed so vigorously. Something of a tiger cat, the new Mrs. Strange.

The window was darkened as Nevile Strange paused in the space between the French doors. He was breathing rather fast.

He greeted Thomas vaguely: "Oh—er—hullo, Royde. Didn't know you'd arrived. I say, have you seen my wife?"

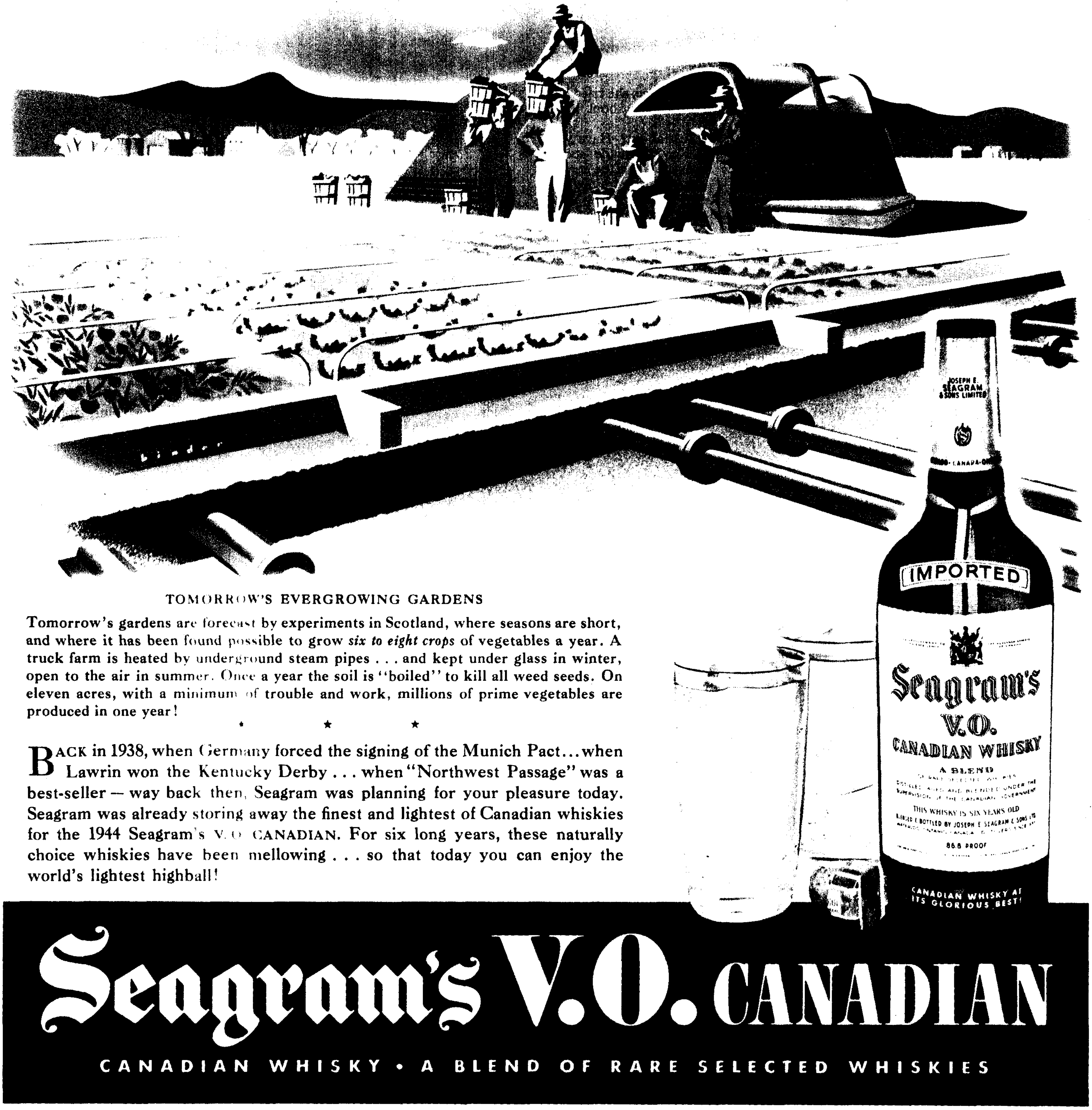
"She passed through about a minute ago," said the other.

Nevile, in his turn, went out through the drawing-room door. He was looking annoyed.

Thomas Royde went slowly through the open window. He was not a heavy walker. Not until he was a couple of yards away did Audrey turn her head.

Then he saw those wide-apart eyes open

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like the Lightness of Seagram's V.O.


JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED
CANADA
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

TOMORROW'S EVERGROWING GARDENS

Tomorrow's gardens are forecast by experiments in Scotland, where seasons are short, and where it has been found possible to grow *six to eight crops* of vegetables a year. A truck farm is heated by underground steam pipes . . . and kept under glass in winter, open to the air in summer. Once a year the soil is "boiled" to kill all weed seeds. On eleven acres, with a minimum of trouble and work, millions of prime vegetables are produced in one year!

* * *

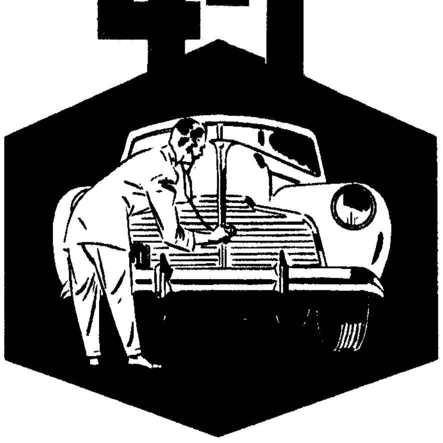
BACK in 1938, when Germany forced the signing of the Munich Pact...when Lawrin won the Kentucky Derby . . . when "Northwest Passage" was a best-seller — way back then, Seagram was planning for your pleasure today. Seagram was already storing away the finest and lightest of Canadian whiskies for the 1944 Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN. For six long years, these naturally choice whiskies have been mellowing . . . so that today you can enjoy the world's lightest highball!

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Six Years Old — 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

If your car is 4-F



. . . don't jump to conclusions . . . don't blame the carburetor . . . lubrication or ignition system for trouble due to a choked cooling system. The signs of serious mechanical disorders and the signs of a clogged cooling system are the same . . . overheating . . . loss of power . . . gas and oil wastage.

Avoid needless trouble and expense by first giving the cooling system a thorough cleaning to remove rust, scale and muck. This might be all your car needs. Your service man will tell you how easy it is to restore your cooling system to new-car efficiency with WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER. He'll do it for you or you can do it yourself . . . quickly . . . safely.

To prevent further trouble, add WARNER COOLING SYSTEM PROTECTOR to the fresh water after cleaning. This will prevent further rusting, and keep your cooling system in prime condition. Remember . . . every car is needed in wartime . . . keep *your* car fit.

FOR LEAKS . . . WARNER LIQUID SOLDER
added to the water, after cleaning,
will effect a quick, permanent repair
. . . even in cracked cylinder blocks.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 920 S. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO 5

WARNER
PREVENTS RUST
ACID
NEUTRALIZER

WARNER
COOLING SYSTEM
COMPOUNDS
STANDARD OF PROTECTION

wider, saw her lips part. She slipped down from the wall and came toward him, hands outstretched.

"Oh, Thomas," she said. "Dear Thomas! How glad I am you've come!"

As he took the two small white hands in his and bent down to her, Mary Aldin in her turn arrived at the French windows. Seeing the two on the terrace, she checked herself, watched them for a moment or two, then slowly turned away and went back into the house.

UPSTAIRS, Nevile had found Kay in her bedroom. The only large double bedroom in the house was Lady Tressilian's. A married couple was always given the two rooms with communicating door and a small bathroom beyond on the west side of the house. It was a small, isolated suite.

Nevile passed through his own room and on into his wife's. Kay had flung herself down on her bed.

Raising a tear-stained face, she cried out angrily, "So you've come! About time, too!"

"What *is* all this fuss about? Have you gone quite crazy, Kay?" Nevile spoke quietly, but there was a dent at the corner of his nostril that registered restrained anger.

"Why did you give that Illustrated Review to her and not to me?"

"Really, Kay, you are a child! All this fuss about a wretched little picture paper," said Nevile.

"You gave it to her and not to me," repeated Kay obstinately.

"Well, why not? What does it matter?"

"It matters to me."

"I don't know what's wrong with you. You can't behave in this hysterical fashion when you're staying in other peoples' houses. Don't you know how to behave in public?"

"Why did you give it to Audrey?"

"Because she wanted it."

"So did I, and I'm your wife."

"All the more reason, in that case, for giving it to an older woman and one who, technically, is no relation."

"She scored off me! She wanted to and she did. You were on her side!"

"You're talking like an idiotic, jealous child. For goodness' sake, control yourself, and try to behave properly in public!"

"Like she does, I suppose?"

Nevile said coldly, "At any rate, Audrey can behave like a lady. She doesn't make an exhibition of herself."

"She's turning you against me! She hates me and she's getting her revenge," said Kay.

"Look here, Kay, will you stop being melodramatic and completely foolish? You've no more self-control than a child," Nevile said.

KAY'S face went white. "You never lose your temper, do you? Always the self-controlled, charming-mannered little gentleman! I don't believe you've got any feelings. You're just a fish—a cold-blooded fish!"

Nevile sighed. His shoulders sagged. "Oh, Lord!" he said.

Turning on his heel, he left the room. . . .

"You look exactly as you did at seventeen, Thomas Royde," said Lady Tressilian. "Just the same owlish look. And no more conversation now than you had then. Why not?"

Thomas said vaguely, "I dunno. Never had the gift of the gab."

"Not like Adrian. Adrian was a very clever and witty talker."

"Perhaps that's why. Always left the talking to him."

"Poor Adrian! So much promise."

Thomas nodded.

Lady Tressilian changed the subject. She was granting an audience to Thomas. She usually preferred her visitors one at a time. It did not tire her, and she was able to concentrate her attention on them

"Well, you must try to exert yourself tonight. We've got a distinguished guest coming—old Mr. Treves."

"Who's he?"

Lady Tressilian laughed. "His fame doesn't get into the newspapers. He is over eighty and he has retired. He was a member of one of the most famous firms of solicitors in England, and he himself was the most famous member of that firm.

★

THE COVER

OUR cover girl this week, Tamara Toumanova, is wearing the official Russian sniper's uniform, lieutenant's rank. Her rifle is a .30-caliber Remington, equipped with a telescopic sight.

One of the breath-taking "baby ballerinas" of Russian ballet, Miss Toumanova's comparatively short life—she is only 23—is long on color. She was born in a boxcar in Siberia when her aristocratic parents fled the Bolsheviks. Beginning her dancing instruction in Paris at the age of 5, at 7 she made her professional debut with the great Pavlova; at 10 she was guest ballerina at the Paris Opera, and two years later—a star—dazzled the notoriously hard-to-please English. By pretending to be 16, and getting away with it, she first came to America with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo when she was 13. For ten years she has been the darling of the critics, royalty and the gallery. Now she is commencing a new career, as an actress, co-starring with Gregory Peck in RKO's forthcoming Days of Glory. . . . I. M.

★

Matthew always said that Mr. Treves knew more of the backstairs history of this country than anyone living. He's an ardent criminologist and a great student of human nature."

Thomas Royde gave a sudden grin. "Then it doesn't seem to me that I shall need to exert myself."

"Yes, you will. It can hardly have escaped your notice that things are being difficult. You know, although I do not like her, I have really felt quite sorry for that unfortunate young woman, Kay, lately. She is blundering about like a daddy longlegs in lamplight. She has no idea of the weapons civilized women use. She displays bad manners, bad temper, childish rudeness—all things which have a most unfortunate effect upon a man like Nevile."

Thomas said, a slight flush rising in his face, "I think Audrey is the one who is to be pitied for being in a difficult position."

Lady Tressilian gave him a sharp glance. "You've always been in love with Audrey, haven't you, Thomas?"

Thomas mumbled, "Er—suppose I have."

"And you let Nevile come along and carry her off under your nose?"

"Oh, well—I always knew I hadn't a chance."

"Defeatist," said Lady Tressilian.

"I always have been a dull dog."

"Dobbin!"

"Good old Thomas! That's what Audrey feels about me."

" 'True Thomas,' " said Lady Tressilian. "That was your nickname, wasn't it?"

He smiled as the words brought back memories of childish days. "Funny! I haven't heard that for years."

"It might stand you in good stead now," said Lady Tressilian. She met his glance clearly and deliberately.

"Fidelity," she went on, "is a quality that anyone who has been through Audrey's experience might appreciate. The doglike devotion of a lifetime, Thomas, does sometimes get its reward."

Thomas Royde looked down, his fingers fumbled with a pipe. "That," he said, "is what I came home hoping." . . .

They were all in the drawing room before dinner. Ted Latimer had come over from the Easterhead Bay Hotel and was looking very handsome and slightly un-English.

"Who is this Mr. Treves?" demanded Kay Strange.

Mary Aldin replied to Kay's question: "A delightful old gentleman. He is staying at the Balmoral Court Hotel. He's got a weak heart and looks very frail, but his faculties are perfect, and he has known a lot of interesting people. He was a solicitor or barrister. I forget which."

"Everybody down here is terribly old," said Kay discontentedly.

KAY was standing just under a tall lamp. Thomas was looking that way and he gave her that same slow, interested attention that he gave to anything that was immediately occupying his line of vision.

He was struck suddenly with her intense and passionate beauty—a beauty of vivid coloring, of abundant and triumphant vitality. He looked across from her to Audrey, pale and mothlike in a silvery gray dress.

He smiled to himself and murmured, "Rose Red and Snow White."

"What?" It was Mary Aldin at his elbow.

He repeated the words. "Like the old fairy story, you know."

Mary Aldin said, "It's a very good description."

Thomas transferred his slow, thoughtful attention to the woman by his side. He wondered about her life, here in this house. Always in attendance on an old woman. Always calm, tactful and efficient. Was she satisfied with this existence?

Mary Aldin, feeling that somber, thoughtful gaze which seemed to be fastened on her hair, put up a hand to the white lock.

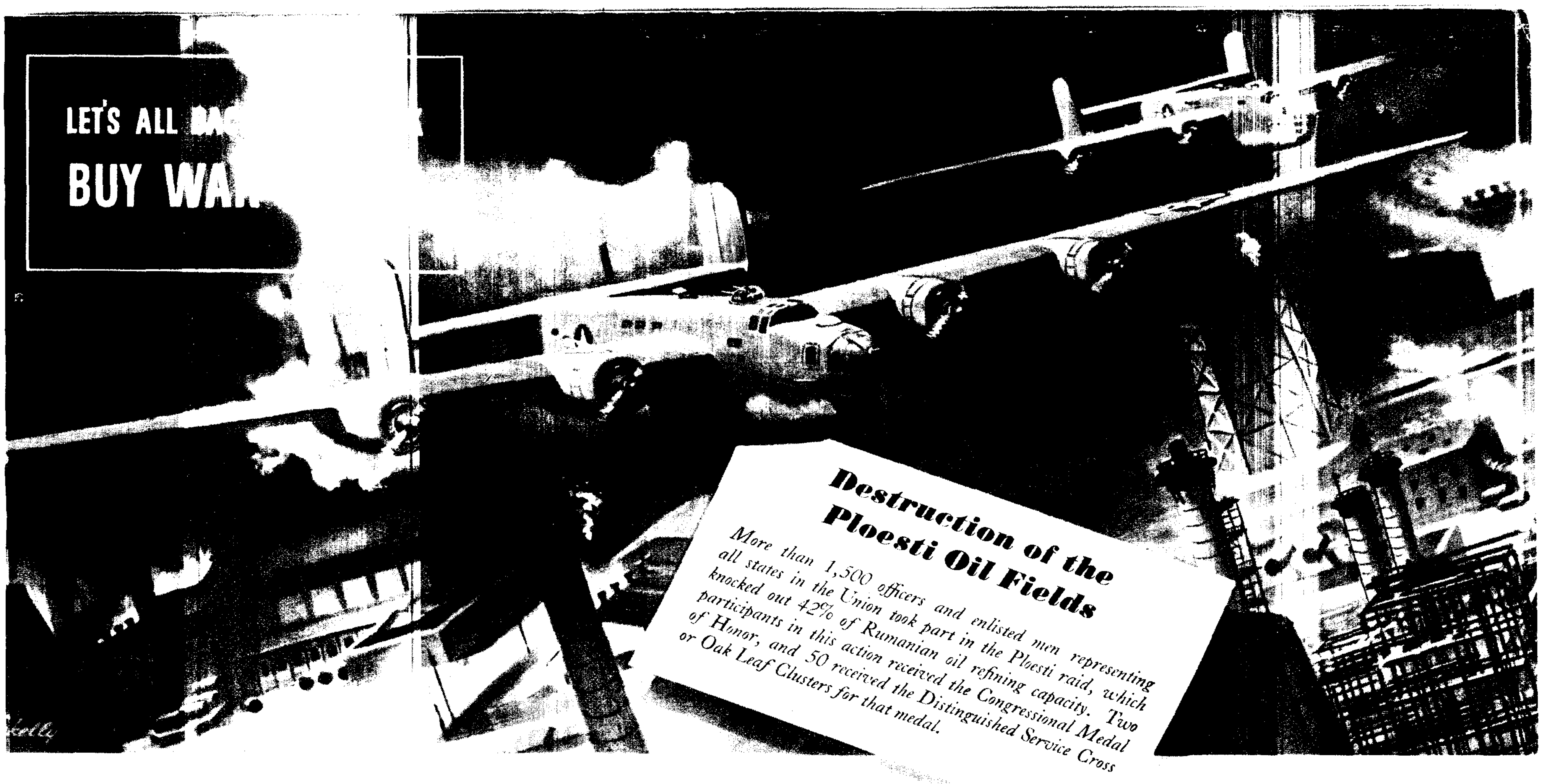
"I've had that," she said, "since I was very young."

"I like it," said Thomas Royde simply. Then he reddened slightly under his tan. "I suppose I was staring. Rude of me. I was wondering about you—what you are really like."

"Oh, please!" She flushed and turned away abruptly.

The door opened, and Hurstall announced: "Mr. Treves."

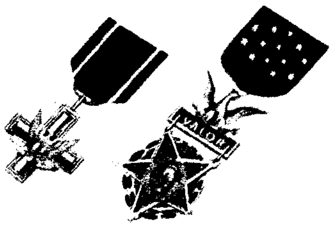
Mr. Treves sipped his glass of port ap-



Destruction of the Ploesti Oil Fields

More than 1,500 officers and enlisted men representing all states in the Union took part in the Ploesti raid, which knocked out 42% of Rumanian oil refining capacity. Two participants in this action received the Congressional Medal of Honor, and 50 received the Distinguished Service Cross or Oak Leaf Clusters for that medal.

They've got a lot more coming than medals



THEY came in at 250 feet, bombs set for delayed action lest the blast rip the tails off their chimney-skimming Liberators . . .

They came out so low that when they got home, some of their bomb bay doors still carried wisps of hay picked up in passing . . .

But behind them, fire-cored pillars of smoke said that Ploesti, once-vital source of enemy oil and fuel, had been ruined. That was what they had set out to do.

The medals waiting for them are the least these men of our Air Forces have coming to them.

They deserve more than our cheers, our praise, the gratitude of a nation; they deserve also the very best we can give them to work with.

That is why Buick engineers have pooled their brains, sharpened their wits, whetted still keener their well-tempered minds.

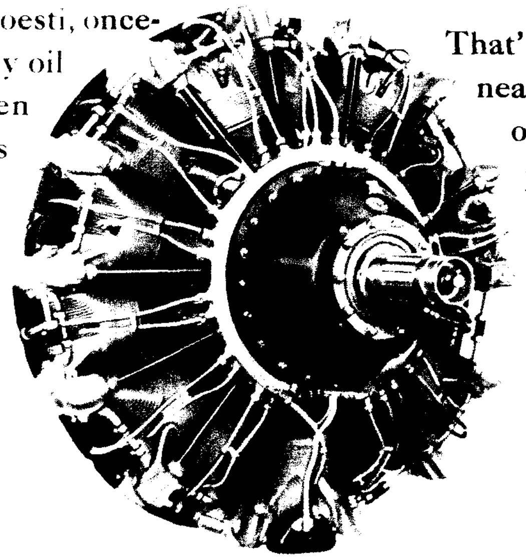
That's why Buick people—nearly tripled in numbers over any previous peace-time peak—have been taught new skills, schooled in fresh exactness, given new standards of meticulous precision in their work.

We know that every shining Pratt & Whitney aircraft engine that rolls from our plant marches straight to its place in a brand-new Liberator bomber.

We never know when any bomber or any engine may be chosen to help strike a blow as crucial as over Ploesti.

So we build every one to measure up in character and faithfulness to the men who will look to them to carry them through.

We aim to give that bunch the very best there is.



BUICK POWERS THE LIBERATOR

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

Nobody Writes to ME!
U.S. NAVY
EVEN MY BOYFRIENDS HAVE LET ME DOWN! HONESTLY, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK I MUST HAVE BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
THEN YOU'RE BEGINNING TO THINK STRAIGHT, JULIE! A VISIT TO YOUR DENTIST—NEXT TIME YOU'RE HOME ON LIBERTY—MIGHT BRIGHTEN UP THE MALE SITUATION MORE THAN YOU THINK!
JULIE SEES HER DENTIST!
TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
SO NOBODY WRITES TO YOU! SA-AY! IF YOU ASK ME, JULIE, I'D SAY EVERYBODY WRITES TO YOU!
WELL, NOT QUITE! BUT THANKS TO YOU — MAIL-CALL IS MALE-CALL THESE DAYS!
COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE—GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

preciatively. A very nice wine. And an excellently cooked and well-served dinner. Clearly, Lady Tressilian had no difficulties with her servants.

The house was well managed, too, in spite of the mistress of it being an invalid.

A pity, perhaps, that the ladies did not leave the dining room when the port went round. He preferred the old-fashioned routine. But these young people had their own ways.

His eyes rested thoughtfully on that brilliant and beautiful young woman who was the wife of Nevile Strange.

It was Kay's night tonight. Her vivid beauty glowed and shone in the candle-lighted room. Beside her, Ted Latimer's sleek dark head bent to hers. He was playing up to her. She felt triumphant and sure of herself.

The mere sight of such radiant vitality warmed Mr. Treves' old bones. Youth—there was really nothing like youth!

No wonder the husband had lost his head and left his first wife. Audrey was sitting next to him. A charming creature and a lady—but then that was the kind of woman who invariably did get left, in Mr. Treves' experience.

Something in the complete immobility of her attitude struck Mr. Treves. He looked at her more keenly. He wondered what she was thinking about. Charming the way the hair sprang up from that small shell-like ear. . . .

WITH a little start, Mr. Treves came to himself as he realized that a move was being made. He got hurriedly to his feet.

In the drawing room, Kay Strange put on a record of dance music.

She said, "Just take that table out of the way, Nevile."

Her voice was autocratic, assured. Her eyes were shining, her lips parted.

Nevile obediently moved the table. Then he took a step toward her, but she turned deliberately toward Ted Latimer.

"Come on, Ted, let's dance."

Ted's arm went round her immediately. They danced, swaying, bending, their steps perfectly together.

Nevile stood hesitating a minute, then he walked to where Audrey was standing by the window.

"Dance, Audrey?"

His tone was formal, almost cold. Mere politeness, you might have said, inspired his request. Audrey Strange hesitated a minute before nodding her head and taking a step toward him.

Mary Aldin made some commonplace remarks to which Mr. Treves did not reply. He had so far shown no signs of deafness, and his courtesy was punctilious. She realized it was absorption that held him aloof. She could not quite make out if he was watching the dancers, or was staring across the room at Thomas Royde standing alone at the other end.

With a little start, Mr. Treves said, "Excuse me, my dear lady, you were saying?"

"Nothing. Only that it was an unusually fine September."

"Yes, indeed. Rain is badly needed locally, so they tell me at my hotel."

"You are comfortable there, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, though I must say I was vexed when I arrived to find—" Mr. Treves broke off.

Audrey had disengaged herself from Nevile. She said with an apologetic little laugh, "It's really too hot to dance."

She went toward the open window and out onto the terrace.

"Oh! Go after her, you fool," murmured Mary. She meant the remark to be under her breath, but it was loud enough for Mr. Treves to turn and stare at her in astonishment. She reddened and gave an embarrassed laugh. "I'm speaking my thoughts aloud," she said. "But really he does irritate me so. He's so *slow.*"

"Mr. Strange?"

"Oh, no, not Nevile. Thomas Royde."

Thomas Royde was just preparing to move forward, but by now, Nevile, after a moment's pause, had followed Audrey out of the window.

For a moment, Mr. Treves' eye, interestedly speculative, rested on the window, then his attention returned to the dancers.

"A beautiful dancer, young Mr.—Latimer, did you say the name was?"

"Yes. Edward Latimer."

"Ah, yes, Edward Latimer. An old friend, I gather, of Mrs. Strange?"

"Yes."

"And what does this very—er—decorative young gentleman do for a living?"

"Well, really, I don't quite know."

"In-deed," said Mr. Treves, managing to put a good deal of comprehension into one harmless word.

Mary went on: "He is staying at the Easterhead Bay Hotel."

"A very pleasant situation," said Mr. Treves.

He added dreamily after a moment or two, "Rather an interesting shaped head—a curious angle from the crown to the neck—rendered less noticeable by the way he has his hair cut, but distinctly unusual." After another pause, he went on, still more dreamily, "The last man I saw with a head like that got ten years penal servitude for a brutal assault on an elderly jeweler."

"Surely," exclaimed Mary, "you don't mean—"

"Not at all, not at all," said Mr. Treves. "You mistake me entirely. I am suggesting no disparagement of a guest of yours. I was merely pointing out that a hardened and brutal criminal can be in appearance a most charming and personable young man. Odd, but so it is."

Hurstall entered bearing the coffee tray. After taking it to Mary and the old lawyer, he went down the room to Thomas Royde. Then, by Mary's directions, he put the tray down on a low table and left the room.

Kay called over Ted's shoulder, "We'll finish out this tune."

Mary said, "I'll take Audrey's out to her."

SHE went to the French windows, cup in hand. Mr. Treves accompanied her. As she paused on the threshold, he looked out over her shoulder.

Audrey was sitting on the corner of the balustrade. In the bright moonlight, her beauty came to life—a beauty born of line rather than color. The exquisite line from jaw to ear, the tender modeling of chin and mouth, and the really lovely bones of the head, and the small straight nose. She sat very still, and Nevile Strange stood and looked at her.

Nevile took a step toward her. "Audrey," he said, "you—"

She shifted her position, then sprang lightly to her feet and clapped a hand to her ear: "Oh! my earring—I must have dropped it!"

"Where? Let me look."

They both bent down, awkward and embarrassed—and collided in doing so. Audrey sprang away.

Nevile exclaimed, "Wait a sec. My cuff button—it's caught in your hair. Stand still."

She stood quite still as he fumbled with the button.

"Oo—you're pulling it out by the roots. How clumsy you are, Nevile; do be quick."

"Sorry. I—I seem to be all thumbs."

The moonlight was bright enough for the two onlookers to see what Audrey could not see, the trembling of Nevile's hands as he strove to free the strand of fair silvery hair.

But Audrey herself was trembling, too, as though suddenly cold.

Mary Aldin jumped as a quiet voice said behind her, "Excuse me—"

Thomas Royde passed between them and out. "Shall I do that, Strange?" he asked.

Nevile straightened up, and he and Audrey moved apart.

"It's all right," Nevile said. "I've done it." His face was white.

"You're cold," said Thomas to Audrey. "Come in and have coffee."

"I was bringing it out to you," said Mary. "But perhaps you'd better come in."

"Yes," said Audrey. "I think I'd better come in."

They all went back into the drawing room. Ted and Kay had stopped dancing.

The door opened, and a tall gaunt woman dressed in black came in. It was Barrett—Lady Tressilian's maid. She said respectfully: "Her ladyship's compliments and she would be glad to see Mr. Treves up in her room."

LADY TRESSILIAN received Mr. Treves with evident pleasure. He and she were soon deep in an agreeable flood of reminiscences and a recalling of mutual acquaintances.

At the end of half an hour, Lady Tressilian gave a deep sigh of satisfaction.

"Ah," she said, "I've enjoyed myself! There's nothing like exchanging gossip and remembering old scandals."

"A little malice," agreed Mr. Treves, "adds a certain savor to life."

"By the way," said Lady Tressilian, "what do you think of our example of the eternal triangle?"

Mr. Treves looked discreetly blank. "Er—what triangle?"

"Don't tell me you haven't noticed it! Nevile and his wives."

"Oh, that! The present Mrs. Strange is definitely an attractive young woman."

"Possibly. Certainly Nevile lost his head about her. But if I were a man, I should soon grow tired of Kay."

"Ah, yes. These sudden passionate infatuations," said Mr. Treves, looking very passionless and precise, "are seldom of long duration."

"And then what happens?" demanded Lady Tressilian.

Mr. Treves shrugged legal shoulders. "Adjustment. Sometimes a second divorce and a third marriage to someone of plainer appearance but more sympathetic disposition."

"Nevile isn't a Mormon—whatever your clients may be."

Mr. Treves smiled. "Occasionally—remarriage of the original parties."

"That, no! Audrey has too much pride."

"And yet—excuse me, dear lady—she is here, in this house."

"You mean that you think she is still hankering after Nevile and that—oh, no, I won't believe such a thing! Her behavior has been perfect. Courteous but aloof. Quite irreproachable."

"Oh, quite," said Mr. Treves. "Quite. But it's having a most marked effect on young Nevile Strange, all the same."

"Nevile," said Lady Tressilian, "is *not* behaving well. It worries me." She sighed. "Everything is a worry when one is old and ill. I always hoped that when my time came, I should meet Death face to face—not feel him creeping along behind me. I hate illness and this complete dependence on other people."

"But very devoted people. You have a faithful maid—and Miss Aldin seems both intelligent and charming. A relation?"

"A distant cousin. Yes, Mary has been a great comfort."

Mr. Treves nodded. Lady Tressilian, watching him through half-closed lids, said sharply, "What's the matter? You are worried about something."

"A trifle," said Mr. Treves. "A mere trifle. Your eyes are too sharp, dear Lady Tressilian." He got up. "You are tired. I will say good night."

"I tire very quickly these days. Come and see me again soon. It is a pleasure talking over old times. Ring my bell before you go, will you?"

Mr. Treves pulled gingerly at a large old-fashioned bellpull that ended on the pillow in a huge tassel.

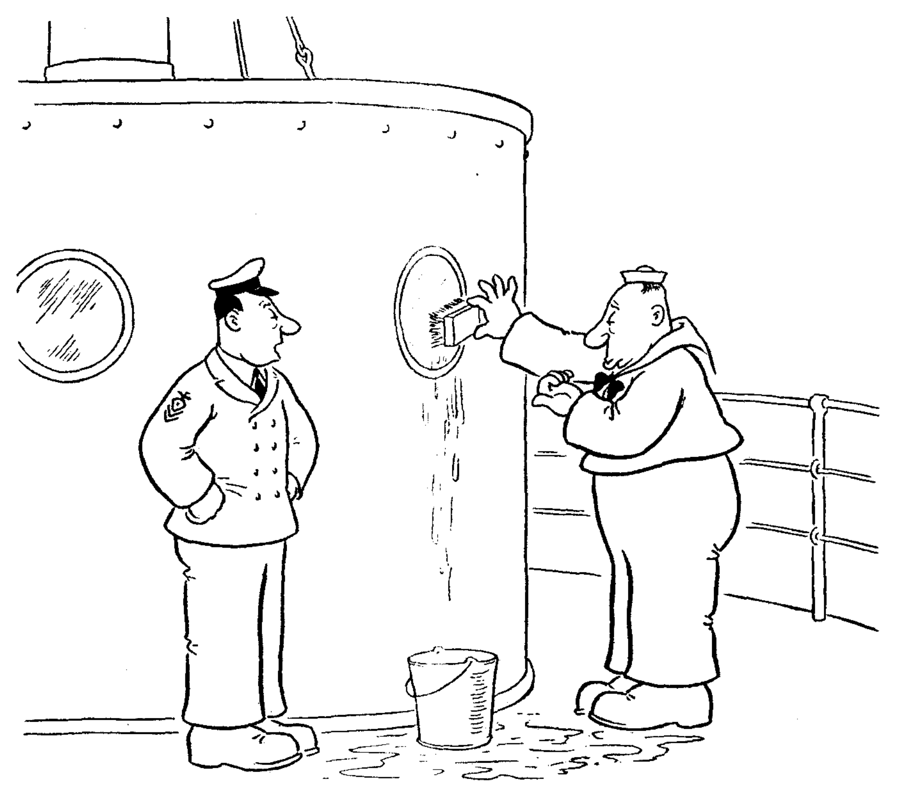
"Quite a survival," he remarked.

"Yes. No newfangled electric bells for me. Out of order half the time. This rings upstairs in Barrett's room, the bell hangs over her bed. So there's never any delay in answering it. If there is, I pull it again pretty quickly."

As Mr. Treves went out of the room, he heard the bell pulled a second time and heard the tinkle of it somewhere upstairs. He looked up and noticed the wires that ran along the ceiling. Barrett came hurriedly down a flight of stairs and passed him going to her mistress.

Mr. Treves went slowly downstairs, not

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred, I'm beginning to wish you had gotten a tattoo instead of a manicure"

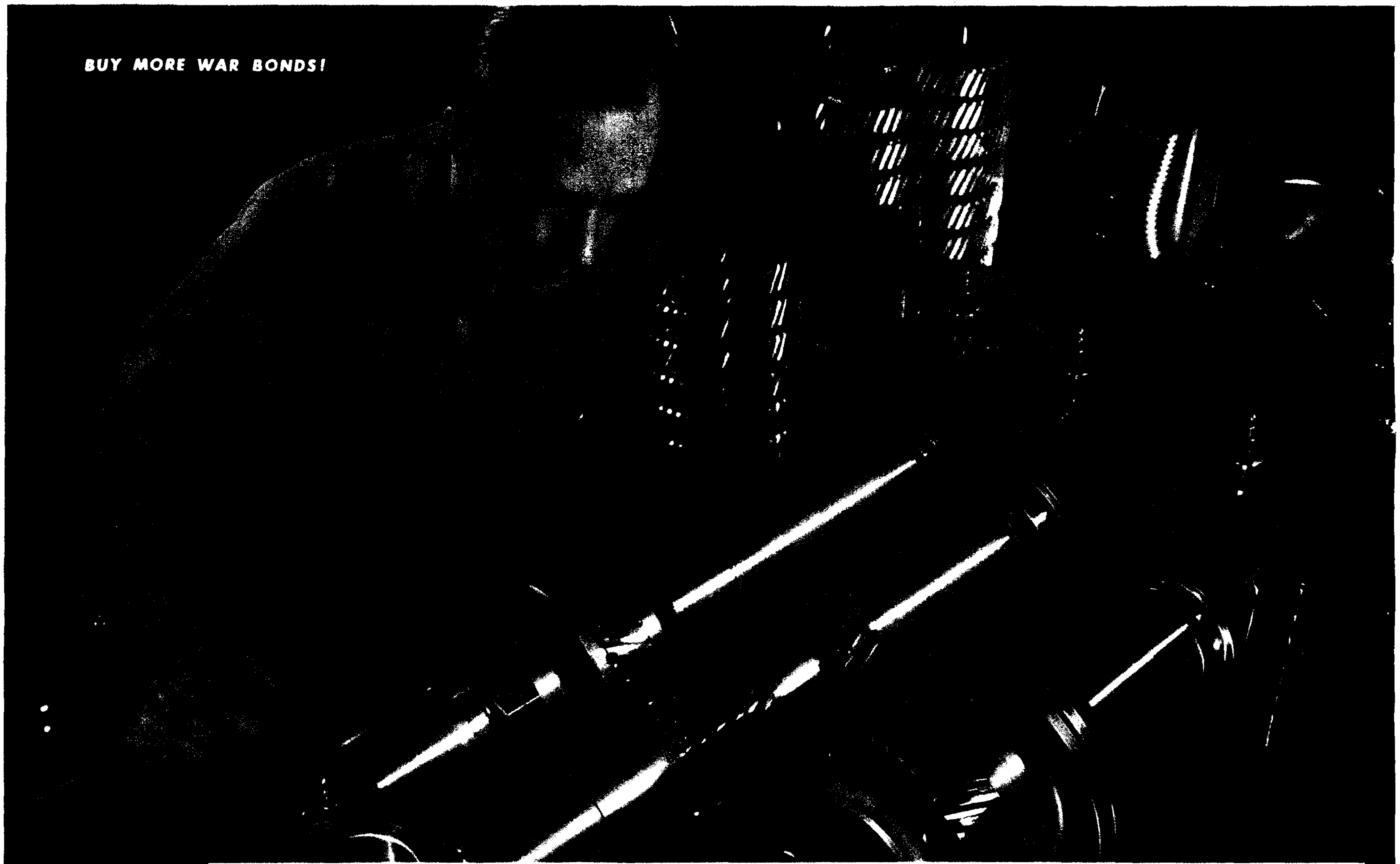
COLLIER'S

At a jive joint, a slick chick caught a cold
(Her throat felt simply icky)
So her Dream Boy made with the KOOLS
("Strictly from heaven," she sighed)
They felt so super then that she said:
"Why not stay on the beam and smoke 'em all the time?"
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
TIPPED
UNION MADE
Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS
—for good!

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION IN ENGINEERING

HOW IT WORKS FOR YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE


BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

**Imagination turns the calendar inside out . . .
it's the answer before the question,
knowing how before the product is made.**

**You can't build a fence around imagination,
or time it with a stop-watch . . .
it travels trails never used before.**

**Imagination is the daring, unrestricted
force in engineering that gives special character
to all Chrysler Corporation products —
for war or peace.**

Engineers at Chrysler Corporation turn ideas into machines and methods that produce cars and trucks in peacetime, military weapons today.

The engineers work closely with research men and experts in manufacturing to apply imagination through Chrysler Corporation's entire producing and operating organization . . . and they use the experience and talents of *all* divisions to help *each* deliver better products.

This practical use of imagination brought you 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, high-compression engines, all-steel bodies, floating power, fluid drive and other car improvements which owners of Chrysler Corporation cars now enjoy.

Today, Chrysler Corporation produces large quantities of tanks, anti-aircraft guns, aircraft assemblies and engines, ammunition, army trucks, harbor tugs, gyro-compasses and other vital weapons. When the war is over, Chrysler resources again can be devoted to the production of quality automobiles and trucks for you.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

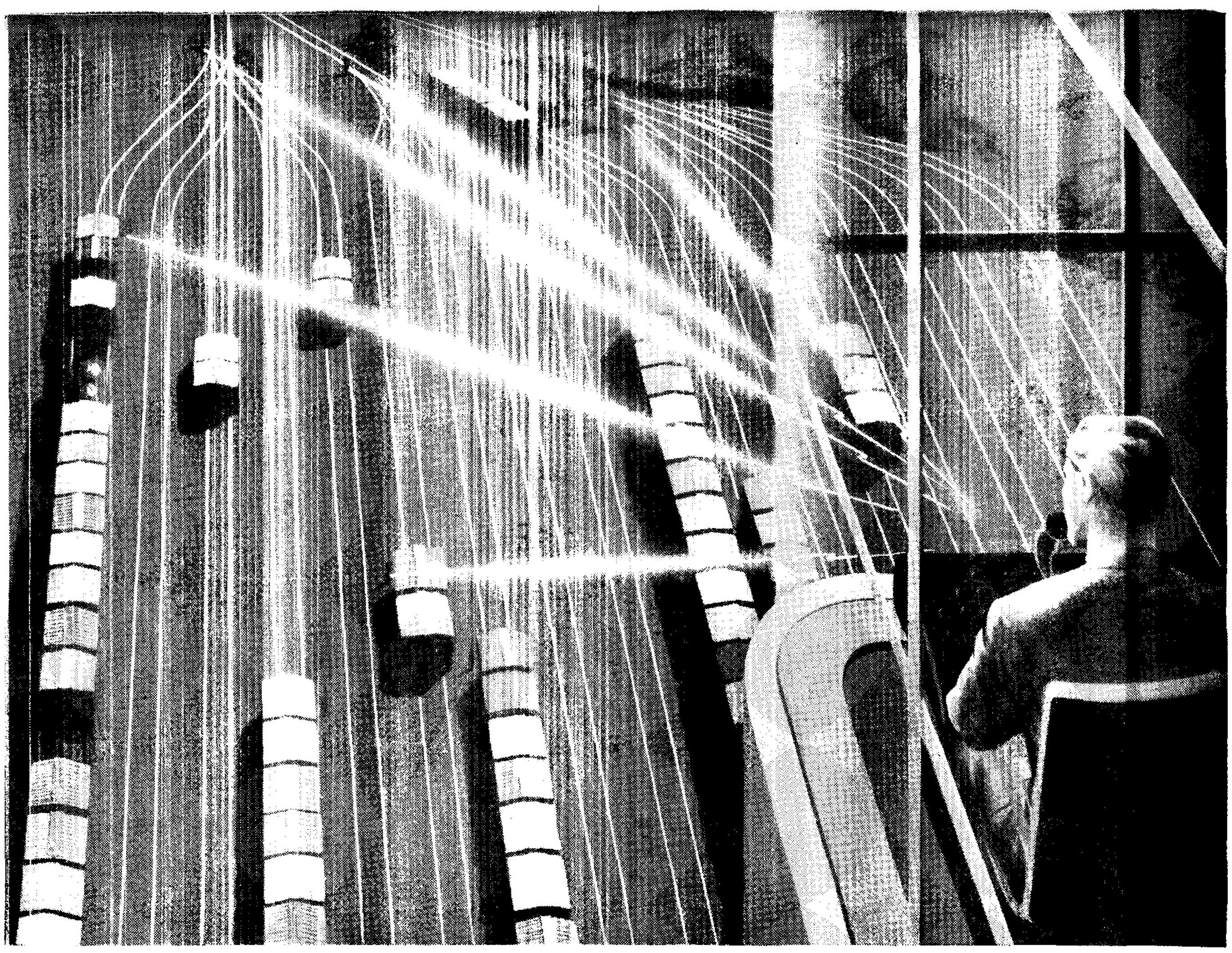
PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DESOTO • CHRYSLER

AIRTEMP Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration   CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines   OILITE Powdered Metal Products

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

Your Life Tomorrow

By David O. Woodbury



KENNETH W. THOMPSON

Radio Safety for the Railroads

Crack trains of the future will probably travel "on the beam," much the same as planes do now, guided by radio all the way. When they do, accident rates, due to the overloading of standard signal systems and human endurance, will drop sharply.

Track signals of the future will show in red and green lights inside the cab of every locomotive within the block. They will be operated by short-wave radio, beamed along the tracks by the frequency-modulation system. FM will be reliable because it is unaffected by electrical interference or stray signals. Thus the safety of the track ahead will be known to every engine man at all times, regardless of weather. In combination with automatic train control, the system will make it impossible for a train to proceed into a danger zone at all.

FM radio will have several other important uses in future railroading, among them rapid communication between switch towers, dispatchers, yardmasters and train crews in the huge classification yards that handle freight. At present, innumerable messages must be carried by hand or telephoned from boxes set at intervals through the yard. Radio will save thousands of hours in the moving of the nation's burdens.

Radio to and from speeding trains is also slated as an important advance in passenger convenience. Standard telephone and telegraph services will eventually be possible in the club car and perhaps even in sleepers, too.

Mud to Be Licked at Last

An end is in sight for the gluey seas of mud that bog down country traffic many months every year. The farmer who wallows across his barnyard every spring, the country doctor and grocer who tear out the rear ends of their cars and trucks in bad wet spells, the millions of baseball fans who are disappointed because the diamond is too wet for the game—all these and many more will benefit when a simple new treatment for waterproofing soil is adopted at the war's end.

After twelve years of research, a group of chemists has developed a resinous powder which can be mixed with soil anywhere to make it as unwettable as concrete. Early tests have shown that any stretch of ground treated with this product, known as Stabinol because it stabilizes the earth, will shed water, actually remain dusty in a downpour. The chemical treatment is quick and cheap. A quantity equal to one per cent of the volume of soil to be treated is simply harrowed in to a depth of six inches and rolled, and the job is done. Just how it works is not yet understood. But resin-treated ground becomes so impervious to water that even grass and weeds die off in it.

What this means to country roads is incalculable, for the treatment costs only a tiny fraction of the expense of laying macadam or cement, and the surface will stay hard and firm indefinitely, though covered with water or snow. Where tar-surfaced roads are to be built anyway, resin treatment of the foundation soil will stop ground water working up from below and so preserve the road much longer.

Equally valuable is the discovery for baseball diamonds, schoolyards, dooryards, private driveways. More valuable still will it be for construction projects where temporary roads and parking spaces are often swamped completely by impassable mud. Already the scheme is being used with great effect on "quickie" military airfields.

Because it is derived from pine-tree resins, Stabinol will always be cheap and abundant for its many postwar uses.

Whirling Dervish

The nearly human machines of our future world must be put together with extraordinary precision to tame the giant forces we plan to use. Accuracy down to hundred thousandths or even millionths of an inch will be needed. Such perfection in metal parts was unheard of till war forced out a new technique of polishing surfaces with grinding wheels spinning at terrific speeds. But no electric motor could be built to whirl at such speeds. The miniature polishing wheels had to be driven by belts and pulleys, which often exploded from the sheer bursting forces of centrifugal action.

Emergency research into the electric and magnetic properties of copper and iron are solving the problem today. Peacetime industry will thus inherit a tiny new electric motor that will "roll" at 60,000 revolutions a minute, driving the grinding wheels direct, without the dangerous intermediary of belts. At this speed the wheels travel so fast that metals are cut as smooth as glass.

But this is only the beginning, engineers hope. Still finer workmanship will be demanded of our postwar world. By solving still more problems of electrical materials, a whirling dervish can be built to spin at 120,000 revolutions every minute, to make still smoother metal surfaces.

The why of all this? The more perfectly machine parts fit, the less they will wear; the more power, then, will be produced from smaller and smaller engines. And so we shall travel faster and farther and higher at less and less expense. ★★★

---

troubling with the little lift on the downward journey. His face was drawn into a frown of uncertainty.

He found the whole party assembled in the drawing room, and Mary Aldin at once suggested bridge, but Mr. Treves refused politely on the plea that he must very shortly be starting home.

"My hotel," he said, "is old-fashioned. They do not expect anyone to be out after midnight."

"They don't lock you out, I hope?" said Nevile.

"Oh, no. The door is shut at nine o'clock, but one has only to turn the handle and walk in."

"What's the Balmoral Court like?" asked Ted Latimer.

"It lives up to its name," said Mr. Treves. "And has good solid Victorian comfort. Good beds, good cooking, roomy Victorian wardrobes, immense baths with mahogany surrounds."

"Weren't you saying that you were annoyed about something at first?" asked Mary.

"Ah, yes. I had carefully reserved by letter two rooms on the ground floor. I have a weak heart, you know, and stairs are forbidden me. When I arrived, I was vexed to find the rooms were not available. Instead, I was allotted two rooms (very pleasant rooms, I must admit) on the top floor. I protested, but it seems that an old resident, who had been going to Scotland this month, was ill and had been unable to vacate the rooms. Under the circumstances, I had to make the best of things. Fortunately there is a good automatic lift—so that I have really suffered no inconvenience."

KAY said, "Ted, why don't you stay at the Balmoral Court? You'd be much more accessible."

"Oh, I don't think it looks my kind of place."

"Quite right, Mr. Latimer," said Mr. Treves. "It would not be at all in your line of country."

For some reason or other Ted Latimer flushed. "I don't know what you mean by that," he said.

Mary Aldin, sensing constraint, hurriedly made a remark about a case in the paper.

"I see they've detained a man in the Kentish Town trunk case," she said.

"It's the second man they've detained," said Nevile. "I hope they've got the right one this time."

"They may not be able to hold him even if he is," said Mr. Treves.

"Insufficient evidence?" asked Royde.

"Yes."

"Still," said Kay, "I suppose they always get the evidence in the end."

"Not always, Mrs. Strange. You'd be surprised if you knew how many of the people who have committed crimes are walking about the country free and unmolested."

"Because they've never been found out, you mean?"

"The police may know who committed a crime, but they may not be able to *prove* it."

Thomas Royde knocked out his pipe and said in his quiet, reflective voice, "That confirms what I have always thought: that there are times when one is justified in taking the law into one's own hands."

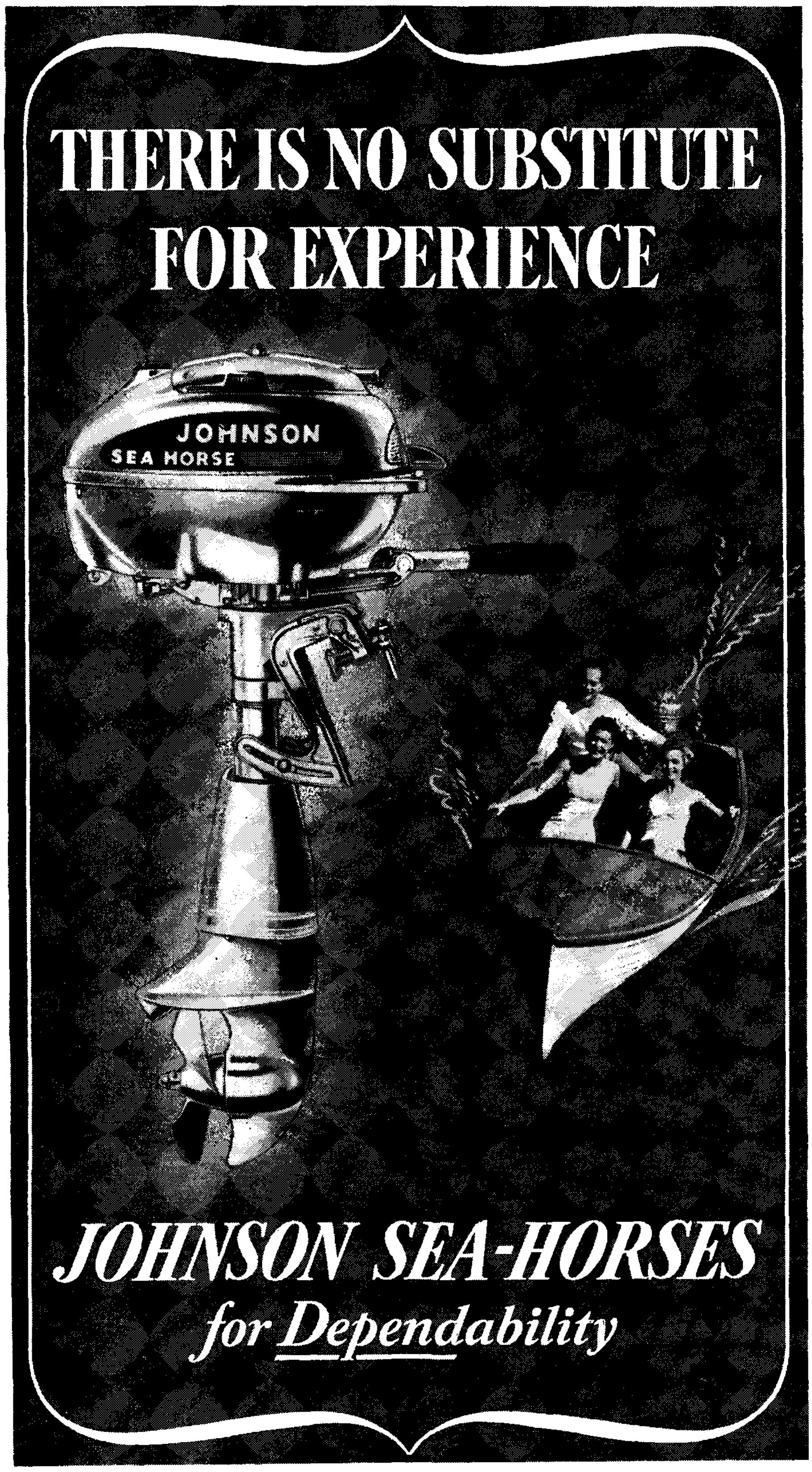
"What do you mean, Mr. Royde?"

Thomas began to refill his pipe. He looked thoughtfully down at his hands, as he spoke in jerky, disconnected sentences.

"Suppose you knew—of a dirty piece of work—knew that the man who did it isn't accountable to existing laws—that he's immune from punishment. Then I hold—that one is justified in executing sentence oneself."

Mr. Treves said warmly, "A most pernicious doctrine, Mr. Royde! Such

Millions of man-hours of experience, from over a score of years, go into every Sea-Horse outboard motor built.



DEALERSHIPS

All Sea-Horse outboard motors manufactured today are for the armed services and essential needs. But if you are interested in handling *and servicing* outboard motors after the war, write us now — no matter where you are located.

JOHNSON MOTORS, 300 PERSHING ROAD
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

ARMY (E) NAVY

DO YOUR DUTY — BUY WAR BONDS

an action would be quite unjustifiable!"

"Don't see it. I'm assuming, you know, that the *facts* are proved. It's just that the *law* is powerless!"

"Private action is still not to be excused."

Thomas smiled—a very gentle smile. "I don't agree," he said. "If a man ought to have his neck wrung, I wouldn't mind taking the responsibility of wringing it for him!"

"And in turn would render yourself liable to the law's penalties!"

Still smiling, Thomas said, "I'd have to be careful, of course. In fact, one would have to go in for a certain amount of low cunning."

Audrey said in her clear voice, "You'd be found out, Thomas."

"Matter of fact," said Thomas, "I don't think I should."

"I knew a case once—" began Mr. Treves, and stopped. He said apologetically, "Criminology is rather a hobby of mine, you know."

"Oh, do tell us," said Kay. "I like murders!"

MR. TREVES spoke slowly, apparently choosing his words with great deliberation and care:

"The case concerned a child. I will not mention that child's age or sex. The facts were as follows: Two children were playing with bows and arrows. One child sent an arrow through the other child in a vital spot and death resulted. There was an inquest, the surviving child was completely distraught; the accident was commiserated and sympathy expressed for the unhappy author of the deed." He paused.

"Was that all?" asked Ted Latimer.

"That was all. A regrettable accident. But there is, you see, another side to the story. A farmer, sometime previously, happened to have passed up a certain path in a wood near by. There, in a little clearing, he had noticed a child practicing with a bow and arrow." He paused—to let his meaning sink in.

"You mean," said Mary Aldin incredulously, "that it was *not* an accident—that it was intentional?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Treves. "I have never known. But it was stated at the inquest that the children were unused to bows and arrows and, in consequence, shot wildly and ignorantly."

"And that was not so?"

"That, in the case of *one* of the children, was certainly not so!"

"What did the farmer do?" said Audrey breathlessly.

"He did nothing. Whether he acted rightly or not, I have never been sure. It was the future of a child that was at stake. A child, he felt, ought to be given the benefit of a doubt."

Audrey said, "But you yourself have no doubt about what really happened?"

Mr. Treves said gravely, "Personally, I am of the opinion that it was a particularly ingenious murder—a murder committed by a child and planned down to every detail beforehand."

Ted Latimer asked, "Was there a reason?"

"Oh, yes, there was a motive. Childish teasings, unkind words—enough to foment hatred. Children hate easily—"

Mary exclaimed, "But the deliberation of it!"

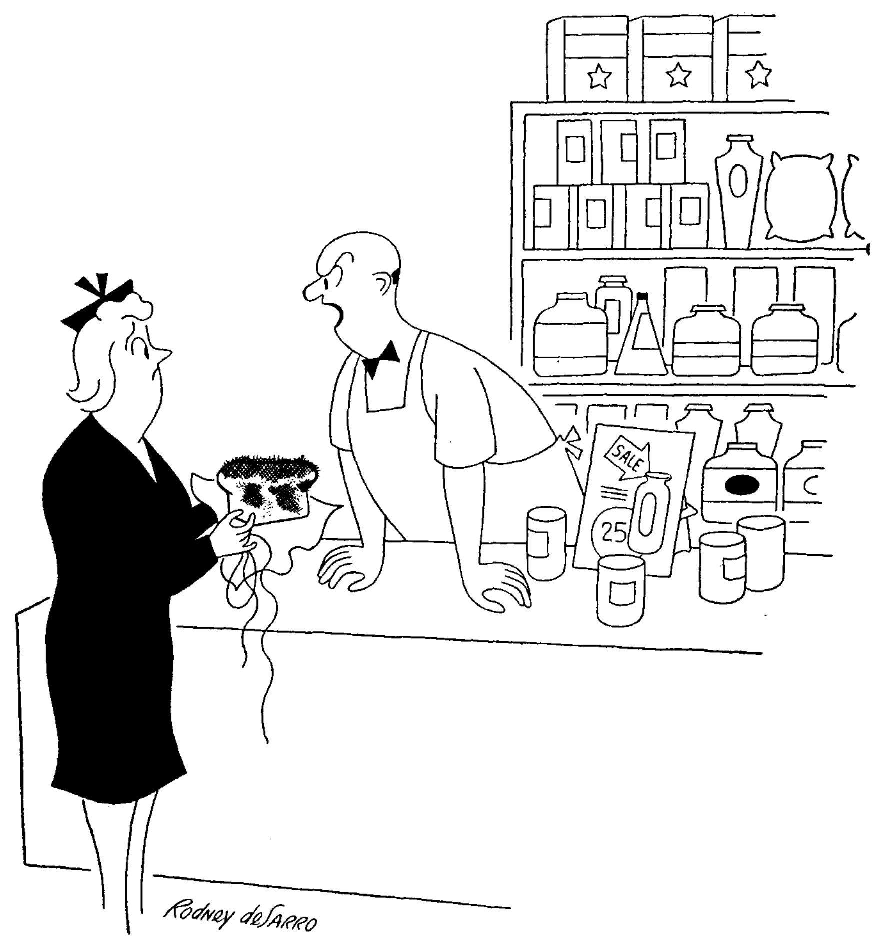
Mr. Treves nodded. "Yes, the deliberation of it was bad. A child, keeping that murderous intention in its heart, quietly practicing day after day, and then the final piece of acting—the awkward shooting, the catastrophe, the pretense of grief and despair. It was all incredible—so incredible that probably it would not have been believed in court."

"What happened to—to the child?" asked Kay curiously.

"Its name was changed, I believe," said Mr. Treves. "After the publicity of the inquest, that was deemed advisable. That child is a grown-up person today—somewhere in the world. The question is: Has it still got a murderer's heart?" He added thoughtfully, "It is a long time ago, but I would recognize my little murderer anywhere."

"Surely not," objected Royde.

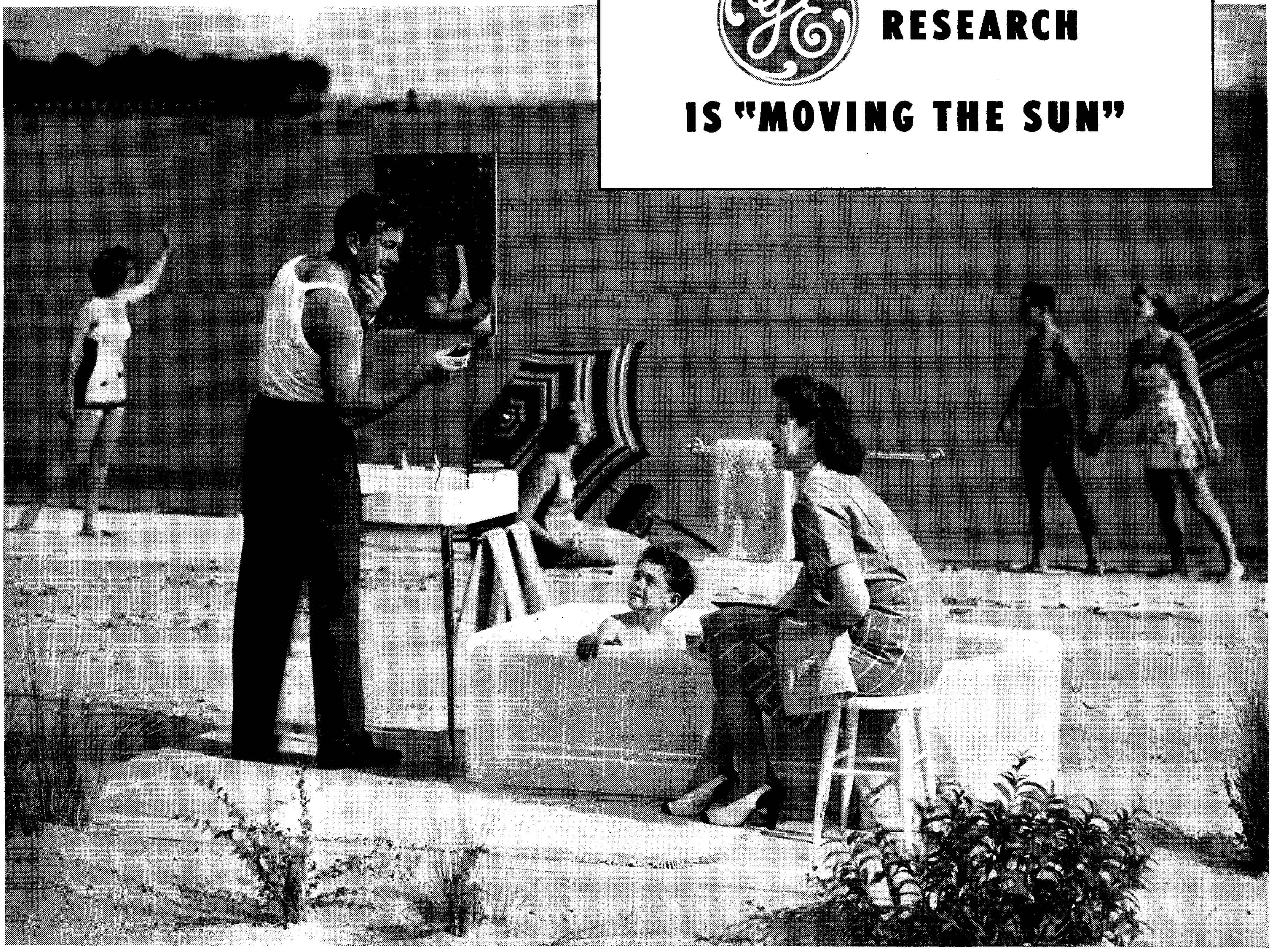
"Oh, yes, there was a certain physical peculiarity— Well, I will not dwell on the subject. It is not a very pleasant one. I



"So it's moldy. Maybe it has priceless penicillin on it!"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

RESEARCH IS "MOVING THE SUN"



THIS isn't as daffy as it looks. It's a true picture of what General Electric Research is already planning for your postwar home . . . except for one important detail:

Instead of moving your bathroom to the beach, *you'll do your sunbathing in the privacy of your bathroom*... with a combination of healthful ultraviolet and soft indoor "daylight"!

Research looks at tomorrow

Today General Electric Lamp Research is still at war. But looking toward the future, G-E scientists see the possibility of bringing all the healthful qualities of sunshine into your home. Light for easier seeing. Fluorescent for the kitchen, laundry and bathroom. A sunlamp and a heat lamp over the bathtub. A germ-killing Uviarc in the nursery. New and better lighting all through your home... thanks to the research tradition that began with Edison's invention of the incandescent lamp back in 1879.

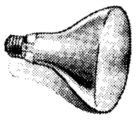
More light for your money

Ever since, G-E scientists have been "moving the sun indoors"... working to give you more and more light for your money. It is this *continuing* research that holds such bright promise for the future.

The initials G-E on a lamp . . . now or in the future . . . mean *made to stay brighter longer.*

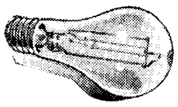
These G-E lamps will help bring the sun indoors

G-E MAZDA FLUORESCENT LAMPS PROVIDE COOL INDOOR "DAYLIGHT"

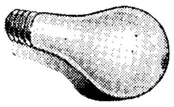


A GENERAL ELECTRIC HEAT LAMP GIVES PENETRATING, SOOTHING HEAT

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC UVIARC KILLS GERMS



THE 100-WATT G-E MAZDA SUNLAMP GIVES HEALTHFUL ULTRAVIOLET



INSIDE-FROST G-E MAZDA LAMP BULBS FOR GENERAL USE

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

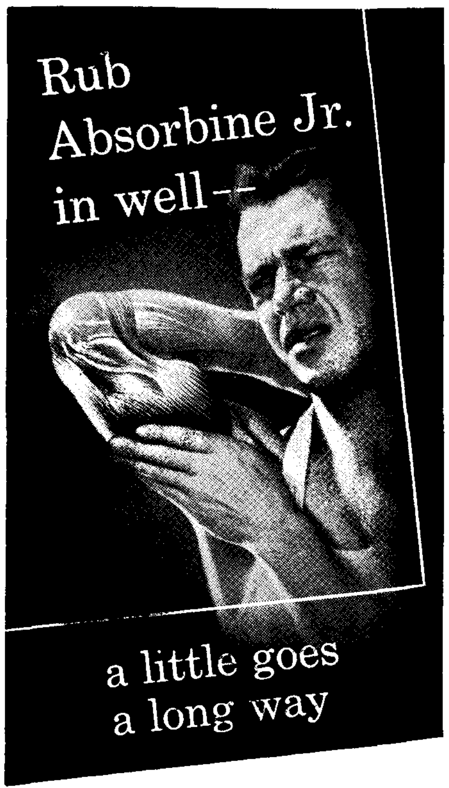
"TO MAKE LAMPS STAY BRIGHTER LONGER"—The Creed of G-E Lamp Research

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news every weekday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.


Rub Absorbine Jr. in well—

a little goes a long way

Arm muscles lame?

Apply a few drops of Absorbine Jr., *rubbing* it in. This helps to increase the circulation in the affected areas so that fresh blood can carry fatigue acids away! You'll get real relief—soon! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy $1.25 a bottle at drugstores.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE Jr.

AT HOME
after Victory

A war is on—and we're working hard doing our share. But we have something else up our sleeves! Bold new conceptions of furniture that will literally win your at-home greeting. These new items are now on paper . . . they have an inspired flair for style and quality workmanship. Look for these accents for smart living after victory.

Remember the name Caswell-Runyan!

CR

FURNITURE ACCENTS
FOR MODERN LIVING

CASWELL-RUNYAN
HUNTINGTON, INDIANA

must really be on my way home." He rose.

Mary said, "You will have a drink first?"

The drinks were on a table at the other end of the room. Thomas Royde, who was near them, stepped forward and took the stopper out of the whisky decanter.

"A whisky and soda, Mr. Treves? Latimer, what about you?"

Nevile said to Audrey in a low voice, "It's a lovely evening. Come out for a little."

She had been standing by the window, looking out at the moonlit terrace. He stepped past her and stood outside, waiting. She turned back into the room, shaking her head quickly.

"No, I'm tired. I—I think I'll go to bed." She crossed the room and went out.

Kay gave a wide yawn. "I'm sleepy too. What about you, Mary?"

"Yes, I think so. Good night, Mr. Treves. Look after Mr. Treves, Thomas."

"Good night, Miss Aldin. Good night, Mrs. Strange."

"We'll be over for lunch tomorrow, Ted," said Kay. "We could bathe if it's still like this."

"Right. I'll be looking out for you. Good night, Miss Aldin."

The two women left the room.

Ted Latimer said agreeably to Mr. Treves, "I'm coming your way, sir. Down to the ferry, so I pass the hotel."

"Thank you, Mr. Latimer. I shall be glad of your escort."

MR. TREVES, although he had declared his intention of departing, seemed in no hurry. He sipped his drink with pleasant deliberation and devoted himself to the task of extracting information from Thomas Royde as to the conditions of life in Malaya.

Royde was monosyllabic in his answers. He seemed to be lost in some abstraction of his own, out of which he roused himself with difficulty to reply to his questioner.

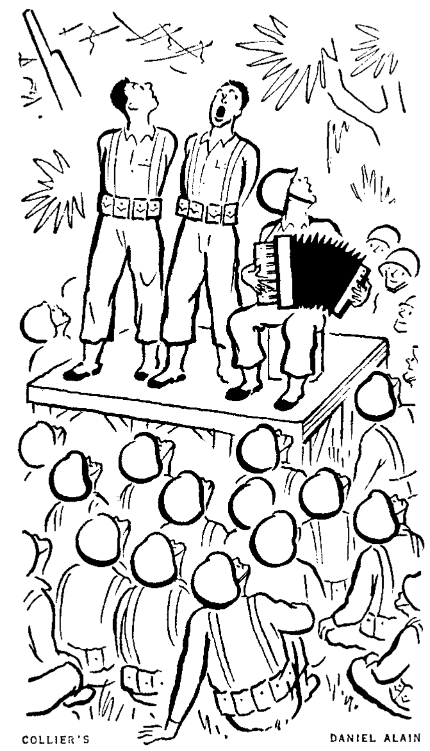
Ted Latimer fidgeted. He looked bored, impatient, anxious to be gone. Suddenly interrupting, he exclaimed, "I nearly forgot. I brought Kay over some records she wanted. They're in the hall. I'll get them. Will you tell her about them tomorrow, Royde?"

The other man nodded. Ted left the room.

"That young man has a restless nature," murmured Mr. Treves.

Royde grunted without replying.

"A friend, I think, of Mrs. Strange's?" pursued the old lawyer.


COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

"Of Kay Strange's," said Thomas.

Mr. Treves smiled. "Yes," he said. "I meant that. He would hardly be a friend of the first Mrs. Strange."

Royde said emphatically, "No, he wouldn't." Then, catching the other's quizzical eye, he said, flushing a little, "What I mean is—"

"Oh, I quite understood what you meant, Mr. Royde. You yourself are a friend of Mrs. Audrey Strange, are you not?"

Thomas Royde slowly filled his pipe from his tobacco pouch. His eyes bent to his task as he mumbled, "Mm—yes. More or less brought up together."

"She must have been a very charming young girl?"

Thomas Royde said something that sounded like "Um—yum."

"A little awkward having two Mrs. Stranges in the house?"

"Oh, yes—yes, rather."

"A difficult position for the original Mrs. Strange."

Thomas Royde's face flushed. "Extremely difficult."

Mr. Treves leaned forward. His question popped out sharply: *"Why did she come, Mr. Royde?"*

"Well, I suppose"—the other's voice was indistinct—"she didn't like to refuse."

"To refuse whom?"

Royde shifted awkwardly. "Well, as a matter of fact, I believe she always comes this time of year—beginning of September."

"And Lady Tressilian asked Nevile Strange and his new wife at the same time?" The old gentleman's voice held a nice note of polite incredulity.

"As to that, I believe Nevile asked himself."

"He was anxious then, for this—reunion?"

Royde shifted uneasily. He replied, avoiding the other's eye, "I suppose so."

"Curious," said Mr. Treves.

"Stupid thing to do," said Thomas Royde, goaded into longer speech.

"Somewhat embarrassing, one would have thought," said Mr. Treves.

"Oh, well—people do that sort of thing nowadays," said Thomas Royde vaguely.

"I wondered," said Mr. Treves, "if it had been anybody else's idea?"

Royde stared. "Whose else's could it have been?"

Mr. Treves sighed: "There are so many kind friends about in the world—always anxious to arrange other people's lives for them, to suggest courses of action that are not in harmony—" He broke off as Nevile Strange strolled back through the French windows. At the same moment, Ted Latimer entered by the door from the hall.

"Hullo, Ted, what have you got there?" asked Nevile.

"Some records for Kay. She asked me to bring them over."

"Oh, did she? She didn't tell me." There was just a moment of constraint between the two, then Nevile strolled over to the drink tray and helped himself to a whisky and soda. His face looked excited and unhappy, and he was breathing deeply.

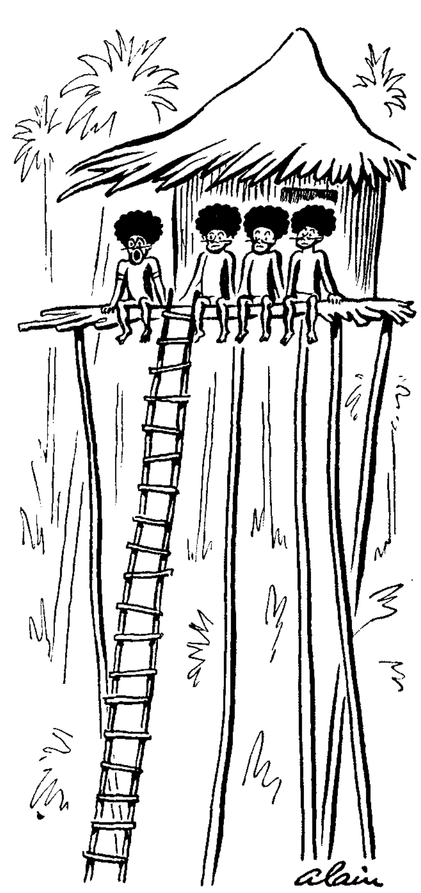
Someone in Mr. Treves' hearing had referred to Nevile as "that lucky beggar Strange—got everything in the world anyone could wish for." Yet he did not look, at this moment, at all a happy man.

Thomas Royde, with Nevile's re-entry, seemed to feel that his duties as host were over. He left the room without attempting to say good night, and his walk was slightly more hurried than usual. It was almost an escape.

"A delightful evening," said Mr. Treves politely, as he set down his glass. "Most—oh—instructive."

"Instructive?" Nevile raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Information re the Malay States," suggested Ted, smiling. "Hard work dragging answers out of Taciturn Thomas."



"Louder!"

"Extraordinary fellow, Royde," said Nevile. "I believe he's always been the same. Just smokes that awful old pipe of his and listens and says 'Um' and 'Ah' occasionally and looks wise like an owl."

"Perhaps he thinks the more," said Mr. Treves. "And now I really must take my leave."

"Come and see Lady Tressilian again soon," said Nevile, as he accompanied the two men to the hall. "You cheer her up enormously. She has so few contacts now with the outside world. She's wonderful, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed. A most stimulating conversationalist."

Mr. Treves dressed himself carefully with overcoat and muffler, and after renewed good nights he and Ted Latimer set out together.

The Balmoral Court was actually only about a hundred yards away, around one curve of the road. It looked up, prim and forbidding, the first outpost of the straggling village street.

The ferry, where Ted Latimer was bound, was two or three hundred yards farther down, at a point where the river was at its narrowest

MR. TREVES stopped at the door of the Balmoral Court and held out his hand. "Good night, Mr. Latimer," he said. "You are staying down here much longer?"

Ted smiled with a flash of white teeth. "That depends, Mr. Treves. I haven't had time to be bored—yet."

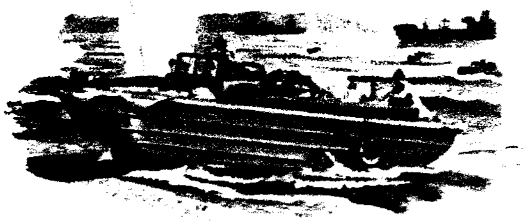
"No—no, so I should imagine. I suppose, like most young people nowadays, boredom is what you dread most in the world, and yet, I can assure you, there are worse things."

"Such as?" Ted Latimer's voice was soft and pleasant, but it held an undercurrent of something else—something not quite so easy to define.

"Oh, I leave it to your imagination, Mr. Latimer. I would not presume to give you advice, you know. The advice of such elderly fogies as myself is invariably treated with scorn. Rightly, perhaps, who knows? But we old buffers like to think that experience has taught us something. We have noticed a good deal, you know, in the course of a lifetime."

A cloud had come over the face of the

The truck that took to water



"JOHNNY," Big Ed Gormley used to say, polishing away at the shining radiator — "Johnny, this baby'll do everything but *swim!"*

And Johnny, thinking of the power in that big engine and the strength of the sturdy frame, wouldn't put even *that* past Big Ed's husky GMC truck.

"Gosh!" he'd dream, picturing himself behind the wheel on a long, thrilling night run. *"When I grow up I'm gonna drive a truck like that!"*

When Johnny grew up, bugles were blowing. And one day he found himself on a loaded transport, just off an enemy shore.

"Hey, guys!" someone yelled. "Look what's comin' to take us off. *Ducks!"*

And up to the landing nets moved a stream of strange craft that were, in actual fact, trucks like Big Ed's — now taught how to swim!

For one of General Motors' many war jobs has been the development of an amphibious vehicle from its standard 2½-ton 6-wheel-drive truck. The DUKW — "Duck" in GI language — is basically the same GMC truck as many now on the road, with front-wheel drive, hull, propeller, rudders and a few special controls added.

The heart of the "Duck" thus comes from the peacetime ability of General Motors truck engineers to plan and build well.

The "know-how" acquired in many years of working for more and better things for more people equipped them so well that, in record time, they could *and did* produce a "truck that took to water."

Urged on in peacetime by the traditional American practice of a just reward for good and useful work, they were prepared to help their country when war struck.

The same urge to accomplish great results, that has already brought America so far, will carry our country still further, in the coming days of Peace, along the road of more and better things for more people.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC
BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK AND COACH

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

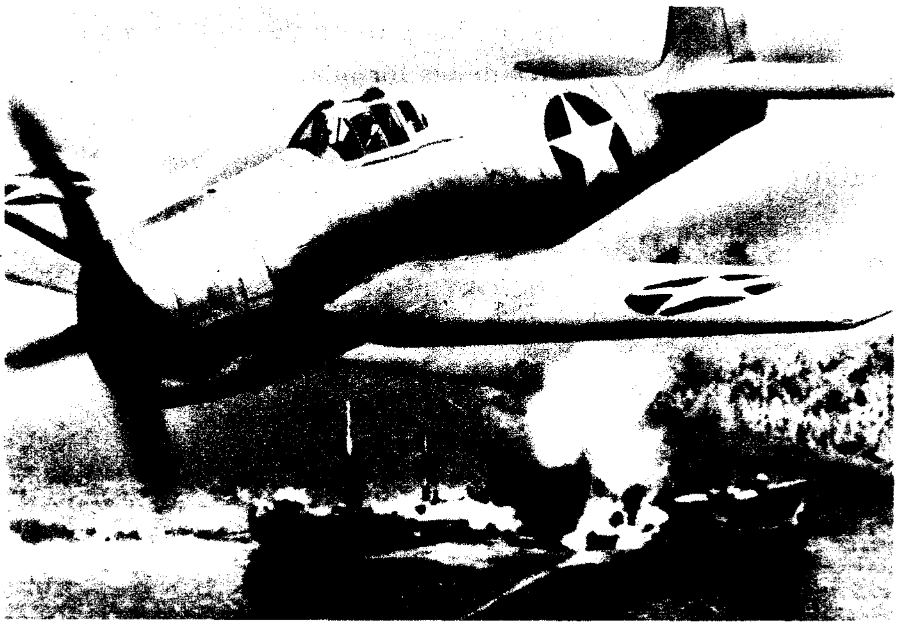
KEEP AMERICA STRONG

Buy War Bonds

Here's A New CASTLE War Movie Every 8mm. and 16mm. Projector Owner will want

YANKS SMASH TRUK!

Jap "Pearl Harbor" Blasted!



SAIL WITH dare-devil cameramen on ships of a mighty task force! Fly from a Flattop with an avenging armada of American airmen and see 200 Jap planes blasted from the skies... on your own screen! Pour deadly streams of explosive shells into scores of enemy cruisers, destroyers, tankers, transports and watch them burst into flames as they are destroyed! Bomb into wreckage the great naval bastion of Truk, the Jap "Pearl Harbor," and thrill to a smashing American victory every time you show this epic home movie!

FREE! Castle Films' De Luxe Catalog describing 98 home movies you can own! Send coupon below . . . Now.

SEE YOUR PHOTO DEALER OR SEND HANDY ORDER FORM TODAY!

CASTLE FILMS INC.

30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK 20

FIELD BLDG.
CHICAGO 3

RUSS BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO 4

ORDER FORM

8 mm.
☐ 50 feet . . . $1.75
☐ 180 feet . . . 5.50
16 mm.
☐ 100 feet . . . 2.75
☐ 360 feet . . . 8.75
☐ Sound, 350 feet 17.50

Send Castle Films' "YANKS SMASH TRUK!" in the size and length indicated.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________ State____________

C-5

Remittance enclosed ☐ Ship C.O.D. ☐

Send Castle Films' FREE Catalog ☐

moon. The street was very dark. Out of the darkness, a man's figure came toward them, walking up the hill.

It was Thomas Royde.

"Just been down to the ferry for a bit of a walk," he said indistinctly, because of the pipe clenched between his teeth. "This your pub?" he asked Mr. Treves. "Looks as though you were locked out."

"Oh, I don't think so," said Mr. Treves.

He turned the big brass doorknob, and the door swung back.

"We'll see you safely in," said Royde.

The three of them entered the hall. It was dimly lighted with only one electric bulb. There was no one to be seen, and an odor of bygone dinner, rather dusty velvet, and good furniture polish met their nostrils.

Suddenly Mr. Treves gave an exclamation of annoyance.

On the lift in front of them hung a notice: "Lift Out Of Order."

"Dear me," said Mr. Treves. "How extremely vexing. I shall have to walk up all those stairs."

"Too bad," said Royde. "Isn't there a service lift—luggage—and all that?"

"I'm afraid not. This one is used for all purposes. Well, I must take it slowly, that is all. Good night to you both."

He started slowly up the wide staircase. Royde and Latimer wished him good night, then let themselves out into the dark street.

There was a moment's pause, then Royde said abruptly, "Well, good night."

"Good night. See you tomorrow."

"Yes."

Ted Latimer strode lightly down the hill toward the ferry. Thomas Royde stood looking after him for a moment, then he walked slowly in the opposite direction toward Gull's Point.

The moon came out from behind the cloud, and Saltcreek was once more bathed in silvery radiance.

THEY had all lunched at the Easterhead Bay Hotel and after lunch had gone down on the beach.

Kay and Ted Latimer were stretched out on the sands, sun-bathing. Nevile had been swimming. Mary sat in the shade of the cliff. Audrey and Thomas Royde had gone out along a jutting point of rocks exactly opposite Gull's Point which stood white and serene on the opposite side of the river.

Thomas was smoking his pipe, and Audrey sat beside him without speaking. They were silent with the comfortable silence of two people who know each other very well indeed.

"How near it looks!" said Audrey at last, breaking the silence.

Thomas looked across at Gull's Point. "Yes, we could swim home."

"Not at this tide. There was a housemaid Camilla had once. She was an enthusiastic bather, used to swim across and back whenever the tide was right. It has to be low or high; but when it's running out, it sweeps you right down to the mouth of the river. It did that to her one day. Luckily she kept her head and came ashore all right on Easter Point—only very exhausted."

"It doesn't say anything about it being dangerous here."

"It isn't this side. The current is the other side. It's deep there under the cliffs. There was a would-be suicide last year—threw himself off Stark Head—but he got caught by a tree halfway down the cliff and the coast guards got to him all right."

Thomas puffed away at his pipe. By turning his head very slightly, he could look at Audrey. He noted her grave, absorbed face as she stared across the water, the long brown lashes that rested on the pure line of the cheek, the small shell-like ear.

That reminded him of something. "Oh, by the way, I've got your earring—the one you lost last night." His fingers delved into his pocket.

Audrey stretched out a hand. "Oh, good! Where did you find it? On the terrace?"

"No. . . . It was near the stairs. You must have lost it as you came down to dinner. I noticed you hadn't got it at dinner."

"I'm glad to have it back."

She took it. Thomas reflected that it was rather a large, barbaric earring for so small an ear. The ones she had on today were large, too.

He remarked, "You wear your earrings even when you bathe. Aren't you afraid of losing them?"

"Oh, these are very cheap things. I hate being without earrings because of this." She touched her left ear.

Thomas remembered. "Oh, yes, that time old Bouncer bit you?"

Audrey nodded.

They were silent, reliving a childish memory. Audrey Standish (as she then was), a long spindle-legged child, putting her face down on old Bouncer who had

HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—No. 6

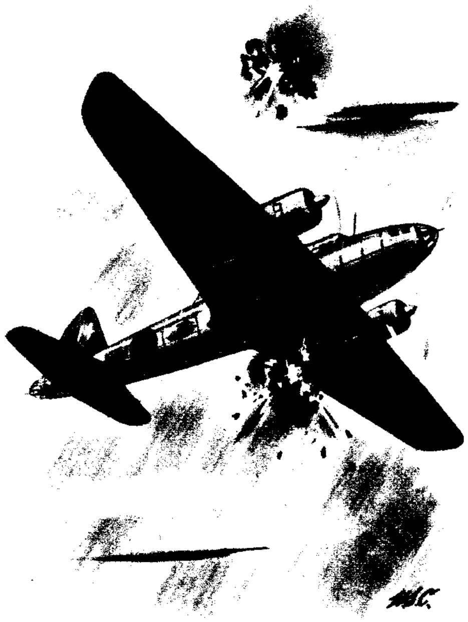
Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with list on page 84.

1. **After consulting with Willa Cather, it was decided to send the daughter, Candide, to the Sorbonne, and her brother to Groton School for boys.**
2. **After the Poughkeepsie regatta the carrousel at West Point ended in a carousal at Sans Souci.**
3. **The Indian Chieftain, Powhatan, stood beside his tepee and viewed the adobe pueblos.**
4. **The brigands hid in the mesquite swamp and were surrounded by a posse of vigilantes.**
5. **The debacle ended in a duel between the leaders of the dual government.**
6. **The chargé d'affaires preferred deprivation of office to the aggrandizement offered by the advocates of Realpolitik.**
7. **The hussar's attack of epizooty was complicated with laryngitis which responded to diathermy.**
8. **The choleric misanthrope declared that he was not a misogynist but a misogamist.**
9. **The hors d'oeuvres included a canapé of salmon salad and spiced Seckel pear.**
10. **Having been indicted for selling marijuana to addicts, the Nipponese committed hara-kiri.**

(Words having more than one pronunciation are checked with seven leading dictionaries for the consensus of authority.)

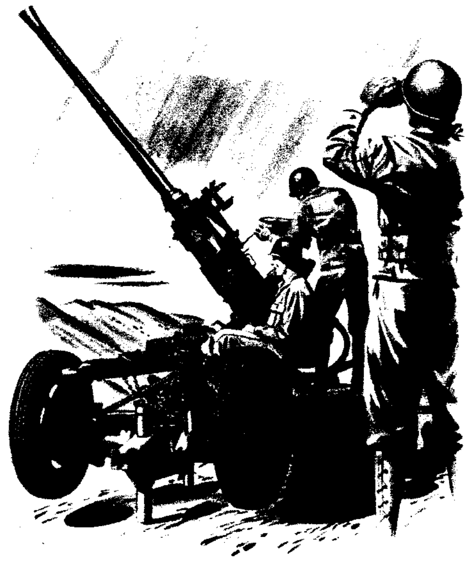
Charles H. Hall

This is a Jap bomber. It is more than three miles above the earth. But we can hit it.



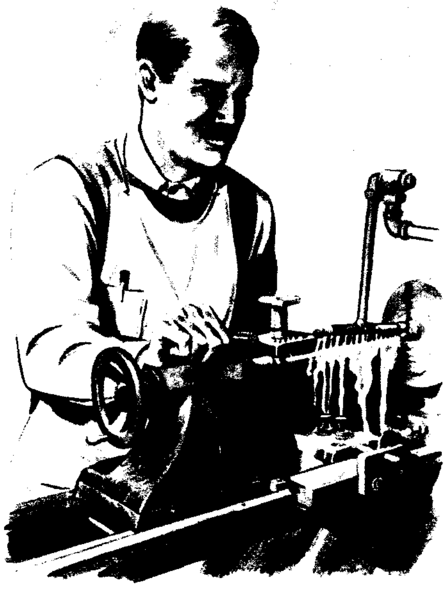
1

This Bofors gun does it. Of foreign design—it was extremely complicated and required so much hand work only a few guns a year could be produced.



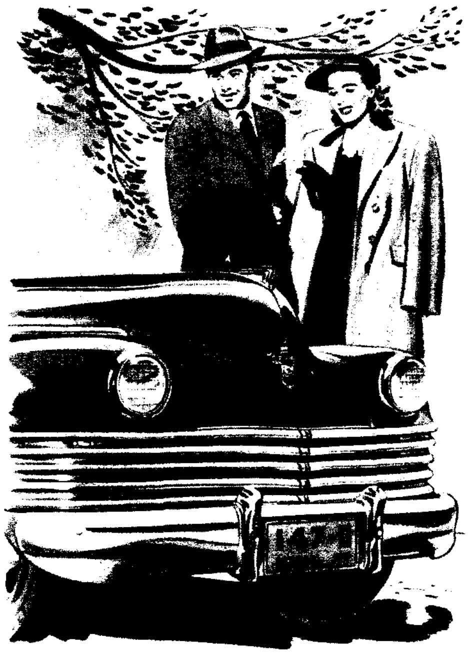
2

Today certain precision parts for Bofors guns are Superfinished which greatly adds to their efficiency.



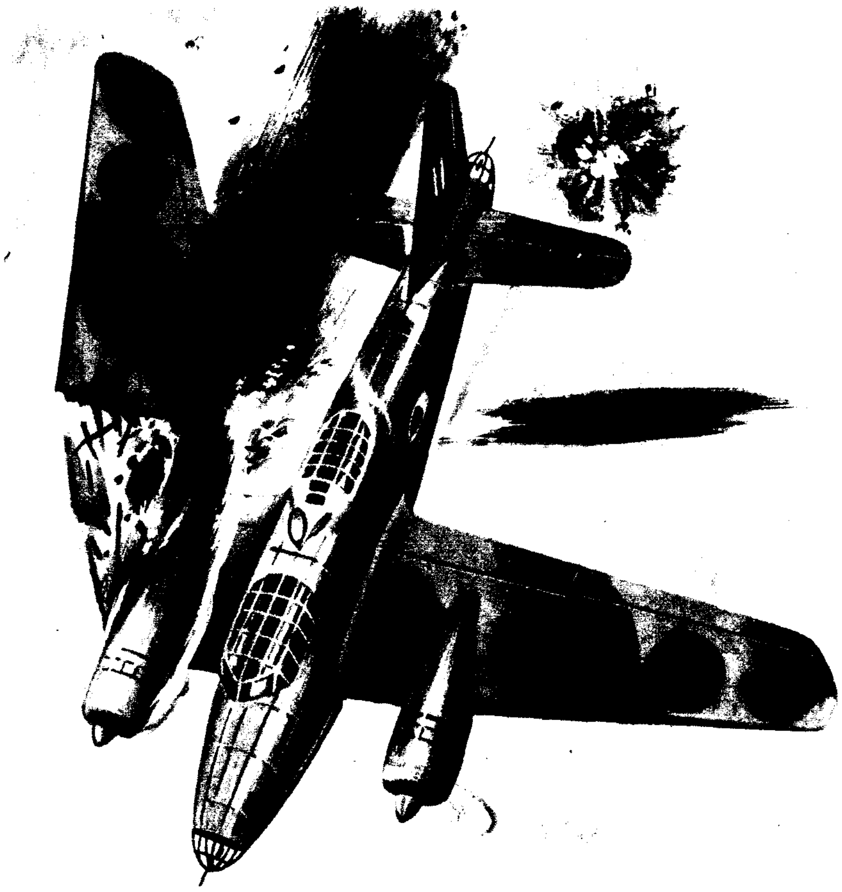
3

This same Superfinish process gives Chrysler engines the smoothest moving parts in the world.



4

Thanks to Superfinish and other automotive-production methods our armed Forces now have the guns to blast the enemy from the sky.



5

Superfinish was developed eight years ago by Chrysler Division and is applied to—

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors

CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

The nation-wide Chrysler Dealer Organization offers owners complete service facilities to meet their wartime transportation needs.

•

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

BITE SIZE

Give me Shredded Ralston

I've got a job to do!

What better way to get whole wheat energy than in this crisp, bite size cereal that's so delicious the flavor secret's patented! A no-point food that's always ready—no waiting—no fixing. And always good! Try it today! At home, at restaurants ask for Shredded Ralston.

Shredded Ralston
BITE SIZE WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS

had a sore paw. A nasty bite he had given her. She had had to have a stitch put in it. Not that there was much to show now—just the tiniest scar.

"My dear girl," he said, "you can hardly see the mark. Why do you mind?"

Audrey paused before answering with evident sincerity, "It's because—because I just can't bear a *blemish.*"

Thomas nodded. It fitted in with his knowledge of Audrey—of her instinct for perfection. She was in herself so perfectly finished an article.

They were silent for quite five minutes, but Thomas glanced at Audrey more than once, though he did it so unobtrusively that she was unaware of it.

HE SAID at last, quietly, "What's wrong, Audrey?"

"Wrong? What do you mean by wrong?"

"Wrong with you. There's something."

"No, there's nothing. Nothing at all."

"But there is."

She shook her head.

"Won't you tell me?"

"There's nothing to tell."

"I suppose I'm being a chump, but I've got to say it." He paused. "Audrey, can't you forget about it? Can't you let it all go?"

She dug her small hands convulsively into the rock. "You don't understand—you can't begin to understand."

"But, Audrey, my dear, I do. That's just it. I know."

She turned a small doubtful face to him.

"I know just exactly what you've been through. And—and what it must have meant to you."

She was very white now—white to the lips.

"I see," she said. "I didn't think—anyone knew."

"Well, I do. I—I'm not going to talk about it. But what I want to impress upon you is that it's all over. It's past and done with."

She said in a low voice, "Some things don't pass."

"Look here, Audrey, it's no good brooding and remembering. Granted you've been through hell. It does no good to go over and over a thing in your mind. Look forward—not back. You're quite young. You've got your life to live, and most of that life is in front of you. Think of tomorrow, not of yesterday."

She looked at him with a steady wide-eyed gaze that was singularly unrevealing of her real thoughts.

"And supposing," she said, "that I can't do that?"

"But you must."

Audrey said gently, "I thought you didn't understand. I'm—I'm not quite normal about—some things, I suppose."

"Why did you marry Nevile?"

Audrey smiled. "Because I fell in love with him."

"Yes, yes, I know that. But why did you fall in love with him? What attracted you to him so much?"

She crinkled her eyes as though trying to see through the eyes of a girl now dead.

"I think," she said, "it was because he was so 'positive.' He was so much the opposite of what I was, myself. I always felt shadowy—not quite real. Nevile was very real—and so happy and sure of himself and so—everything that I was not." She added with a smile, "And very good-looking."

Thomas Royde said bitterly, "Yes, the ideal Englishman—good at sports, modest, good-looking, always the little gentleman—getting everything he wanted all along the line."

Audrey sat very upright and stared at him. "You hate him," she said slowly. "You hate him very much, don't you?"

He avoided her eyes, turning away to cup a match in his hands as he relighted the pipe that had gone out.

"Wouldn't be surprising if I did, would it?" he said indistinctly. "He's got everything that I haven't. He can play games, and swim and dance and talk. And I'm a tongue-tied oaf with a crippled arm. He's always been brilliant and successful, and I've always been a dull dog. And he married the only girl I ever cared for."

She made a faint sound.

He said savagely, "You've always known that, haven't you? You knew I cared about you ever since you were fifteen. You know that I still care—"

She stopped him: "No. Not now."

"What do you mean—not now?"

Audrey got up. She said in a quiet reflective voice, "Because—now—I am different."

"Different in what way?" He got up, too, and stood facing her.

Audrey said in a quick rather breathless voice, "If you don't know, I can't tell you. I'm not always sure myself. I only know—"

She broke off and, turning abruptly away, she walked quickly back over the rocks toward the hotel.

Turning a corner of the cliff, she came across Nevile. He was lying full length peering into a rock pool. He looked up and grinned. "Hullo, Audrey."

"Hullo, Nevile."

"I'm watching a crab. Awfully active little beggar. Look, there he is."

She knelt down and stared where he pointed.

"See him?"

"Yes."

"Have a cigarette?"

She accepted one and he lighted it for her. After a moment or two, during which she did not look at him, he said nervously, "I say, Audrey?"

"Yes?"

"It's all right, isn't it? I mean—between us."

"Yes. Yes, of course."

"I mean—we're friends and all that."

"Oh, yes—yes, of course."

"I—I do want us to be friends."

There was a pause.

"Audrey—"

She got up. "Your wife wants you. She's waving to you."

"Who—oh, Kay."

"I said your wife."

He scrambled to his feet and stood looking at her.

He said in a very low voice, "You're my wife, Audrey. . . ."

She turned away. Nevile ran down onto the beach and across the sand to join Kay.

ON THEIR arrival back at Gull's Point, Hurstall came out into the hall and spoke to Mary:

"Would you go up at once to her ladyship, miss? She is feeling very upset and wanted to see you as soon as you got in."

Mary hurried up the stairs. She found Lady Tressilian looking white and shaken.

"Dear Mary, I am so glad you have come. I am feeling most distressed. Poor Mr. Treves is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, isn't it terrible? So sudden. Apparently he must have collapsed as soon as he got home."

"Oh, dear, I am sorry."

"I am really very distressed. I wish, Mary, that you would go to the Balmoral Court and make a few inquiries of Mrs. Rogers. Ask her if there is anything we can do. And then the funeral. For Matthew's sake, I would like to do anything we could. These things are so awkward at a hotel."

Mary spoke firmly: "Dear Camilla, you really must not worry. This has been a shock to you. I will go to the Balmoral Court at once and then come back and tell you all about 'things.'"

"Thank you, Mary dear, you are always so practical and understanding."

"Please try and rest now. A shock of this kind is so bad for you."

Mary Aldin left the room and came downstairs. Entering the drawing room, she exclaimed, "Old Mr. Treves is dead. He died last night after returning home."

"Poor old boy!" exclaimed Nevile. "What was it?"

"Heart, apparently. He collapsed as soon as he got in."

Thomas Royde said thoughtfully, "I wonder if the stairs did him in."

"Stairs?" Mary looked at him inquiringly.

"Yes. When Latimer and I left him, he was just starting up. We told him to take it slow."

Mary exclaimed, "But how very foolish of him not to take the lift!"

"The lift was out of order."

"Oh, I see. How very unfortunate! Poor old man!" Then she added, "I am going around there now. Camilla wants to know if there is anything we can do."

Thomas said, "I'll come with you."

THEY walked together down the road and around the corner to the Balmoral Court.

Mrs. Rogers, the proprietress, was talking to a tall middle-aged man, who raised a friendly hand in greeting to Mary.

"Good afternoon, Miss Aldin."

"Good afternoon, Doctor Lazenby. This is Mr. Royde. We came around with a message from Lady Tressilian to know if there is anything we can do."

"That's very kind of you, Miss Aldin," said the hotel proprietress. "Come into my room, won't you?"

They all went into the small comfortable sitting room, and Doctor Lazenby said, "Mr. Treves was dining at your place last night, wasn't he, Miss Aldin?"

"Yes."

"How did he seem? Did he show any signs of distress?"

"No, he seemed very well and cheerful."

The doctor nodded. "Yes, that's the worst of these heart cases. The end is nearly always sudden. I had a look at his prescriptions upstairs and it seems quite clear that he was in a very precarious state of health. I shall communicate with his London doctor, of course."

"He was very careful of himself always," said Mrs. Rogers. "And I'm sure he had every care here we could give him."

"I'm sure of that, Mrs. Rogers," said the doctor tactfully. "It was just some tiny additional strain, no doubt."

"Such as walking upstairs," said Mary.

"Yes, that might do it. In fact, almost certainly would—that is, if he ever walked up those three flights. But surely he never did do anything of that kind?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Rogers. "He always used the lift. Always. He was most particular."

"I mean," said Mary, "that with the lift being out of order last night—"

Mrs. Rogers was staring at her in surprise. "But the lift wasn't out of order at all yesterday, Miss Aldin."

Thomas Royde coughed. "Excuse me," he said. "I came home with Mr. Treves last night. There was a placard on the lift saying, 'Out of order.'"

Mrs. Rogers stared. "Well, that's an odd thing. I'd have declared there was nothing wrong with the lift. In fact, I'm sure there wasn't. I'd have heard about it if there was. We haven't had anything go wrong with the lift since—oh, not for a good eighteen months. Very reliable it is."

"Perhaps," suggested the doctor, "some porter or hall boy put that notice up when he was off duty."

"It's an automatic lift, Doctor, it doesn't need anyone to work it."

"Ah, yes, so it is. I was forgetting."

"I'll have a word with Joe," said Mrs. Rogers. She bustled out of the room calling, "Joe—Joe."

Doctor Lazenby looked curiously at Thomas. "Excuse me, you're quite sure, Mr.—er—"

"Royde," put in Mary.

"Quite sure," said Thomas.

Mrs. Rogers came back with the porter. Joe was emphatic that nothing whatever had been wrong with the lift on the preceding night. There was such a placard as Thomas had described, but it was tucked away under the desk and hadn't been used for over a year.

They all looked at one another and agreed it was a most mysterious thing. The doctor suggested some practical joke on the part of one of the hotel visitors, and perforce they left it at that.

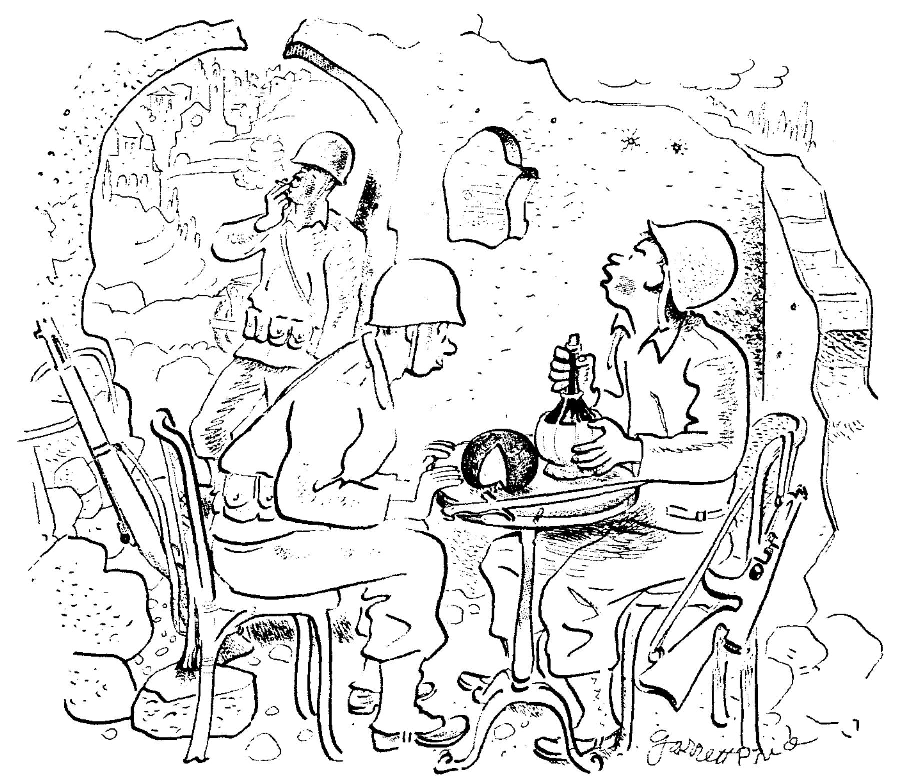
Then the busy, cheerful doctor hurried off, and Mary and Thomas walked slowly back to Gull's Point.

Mary said, "You're quite sure you saw that notice, Thomas?"

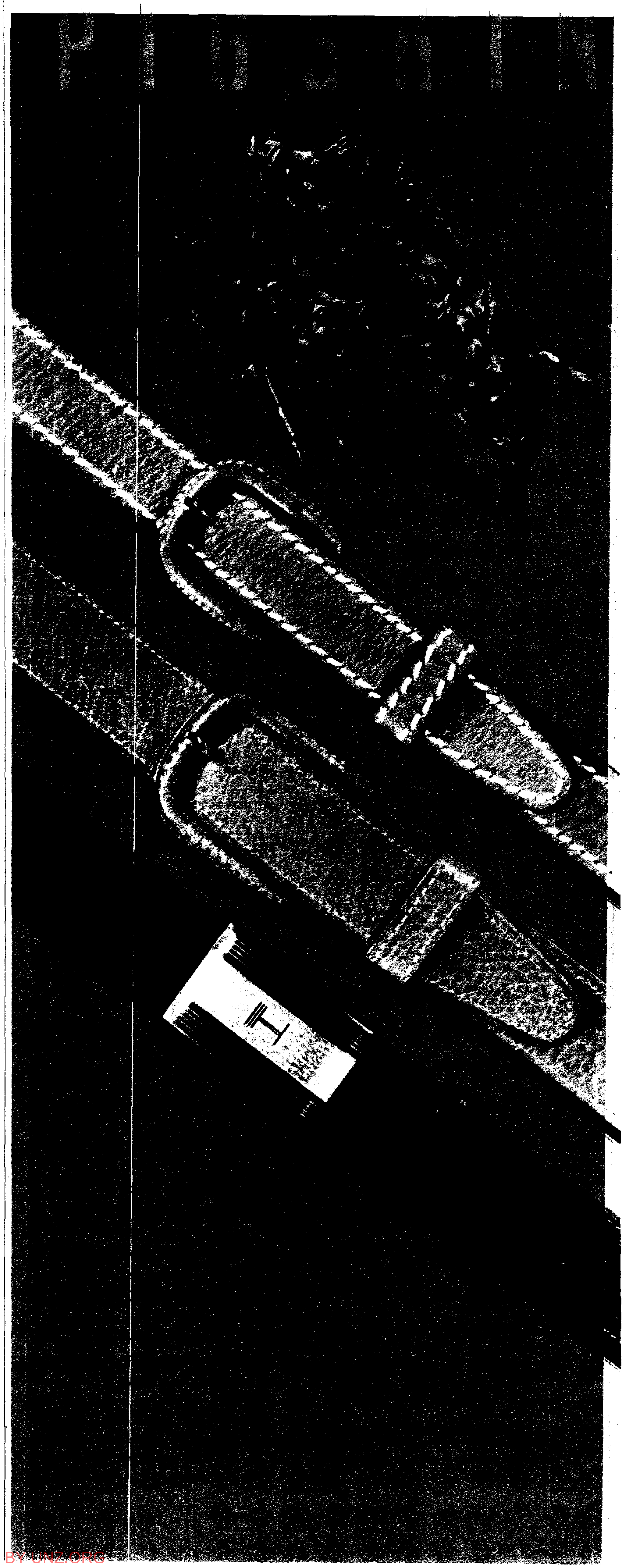
"Both Latimer and I saw it."

"What an extraordinary thing!" said Mary.

(To be continued next week)

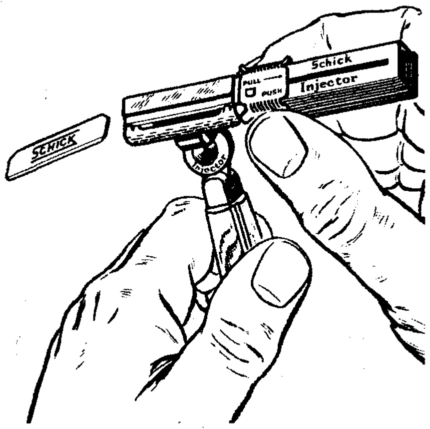


COLLIER'S "All right, Reed, either come in or stay out" GARRETT PRICE



DID YOU KNOW

You Can Do This Again?



Schick Blades Are Back

How long since you've enjoyed the ease and comfort of a Schick Injector shave?

Stop figuring right now. Your Schick Blades are back . . . back in force at your dealer's. We're now able to meet all demands . . . civilian as well as military . . . for these smooth-shaving, keen-edged blades.

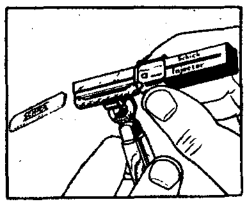
So put your Schick Injector Razor back to work tomorrow morning. Enjoy again the revolutionary Schick Injector features that make shaving a pleasure instead of a chore!

Here are the only basic safety razor improvements in over 40 years.

Each is a revolutionary Schick Injector improvement . . . designed to take the pull, discomfort and inconvenience out of shaving. Yours to enjoy once more . . .

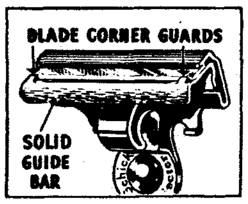
AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

. . . an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.



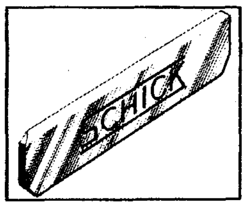
SOLID GUIDE BAR

. . . has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

. . . just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

Helping Hands and Feet

Continued from page 19

"You've got the most important things in the world going for you. Guts and youth."

"I know this sounds screwy," Class said, with a crooked smile, "but I get the funniest feeling down there—"

"An itching in what you think are your toes?" Gibson cut in. "Yeah, I know. The severed nerves that connected with your toes jump occasionally. It will go away in a couple of years."

Class frowned. "There's one more thing that worries me."

"Yes?"

"Do your shoes pinch?" the kid in the bed asked, with a broad, exaggerated wink.

Gibson laughed as though it was the first time he'd heard the ageless gag. "That kid is going to make it," he whispered as he turned away. "He's got the spirit to lick this thing and live a normal life with himself. He's going to be all right."

All servicemen who have suffered amputations feel very much better after they have seen and spoken with Gibson, the only man in the country performing his unique and priceless benefits for those who have been left with ineradicable scars of war. Gibson is an expert on prosthetics—artificial appliances—but his peculiar value to the Army and Navy extends far beyond the fitting of helping hands and legs. He has no equal in lifting amputees out of the terrible mental depression that seizes them and holds them in a vise after their operations.

Wounds of the Mind

Military authorities are unanimous in agreeing that healing the minds of these men and convincing them that they have a place in civilian society is the most important aspect of the problem. After all, an amputated limb is a final thing; a man is acutely aware of his handicap for the rest of his life and he must learn to live with it. Gibson gives that man an initial charge of genuine encouragement. By example, he routs a maimed man's agonized fear that he will be a burden to his family. For that reason, he is one of the few civilians permitted to visit at will Halloran Hospital, on Staten Island, and St. Albans Naval Hospital on Long Island.

Gibson knows of the bleak despair that grips these men. He fought through the experience himself and, although the loss of an arm or a leg is a profound personal tragedy to everyone, the impact struck him harder than most young men.

Thirty years ago, Gibson, now 54, was the highest paid juvenile dancer on the American stage. A native of Philadelphia, he broke into show business in 1902, playing bits in Charles E. Blaney's ten-twenty-thirty mellerdrammers. Two years later he went into Little Johnny Jones, featuring George M. Cohan, and for the next dozen years was the song-and-dance man's shadow. Cohan taught Gibson his famous dance routines, coached him to play the lead when the productions went on tour. Gibson earned as much as $500 a week.

In 1916, at the height of his career, he enlisted in the Marines, and landed in France with the Fifth Battalion in '17. On June 10, 1918, at Belleau Wood, he suffered the shrapnel wounds that cost him his right leg. Evacuated to the Fox Hills Hospital on Staten Island six months later, Gibson sought to relieve the monotony that was a deadly disease among the wounded men.

During the last war, there were no USO troupes entertaining the men, and there weren't even radios to divert them. Gibson got a one-day pass and went back on his new wooden leg to the Broadway he knew so well. He barged into the office of Lee Shubert, the producer, and told him he wanted to bring sixty wounded men to a Saturday matinee of a musical comedy. The hit of the moment was Al Jolson in Bombo, and Gibson got his seats for it.

Transporting the men to the theater was the next problem; at that time the Red Cross had no facilities for conveying wounded men to amusements. Miss Gross, Sam Harris' secretary, came to the rescue with a list of first nighters who owned private cars, and every one gave Gibson a limousine and chauffeur for the day. Waiting attendants helped the men into the Winter Garden, and when everyone was seated, a basket case, a Negro with an infectious smile that illuminated the entire house, was rolled down the center aisle to the orchestra pit.

(The usual rumors of basket cases are being circulated in this war by people, mostly women, who swear they have seen such casualties. Colonel Ralph G. DeVoe, the commandant at Halloran, brands these rumors as barefaced lies; says he has not seen or heard of a single basket case anywhere, as of March, 1944.)

Jolson knew the wounded men were in the audience, but he broke down when he came on the stage and saw the Negro smiling from the basket. He had to retire from the wings to repair his make-up. During the intermission, Jolson had the Negro brought backstage and slipped five hundred-dollar bills into the man's tunic when no one but Gibson was looking.

"I don't suppose you get much time to dance when you're at sea"

COLLIER'S LOUIS PRISCILLA

Once his buddies were in the theater, Gibson suddenly remembered that he had made no arrangements for the men's dinner. He hurried to the Lambs Club, the famous actors' organization, and casually ordered sixty full-course dinners. After the show, the cars were driven to the Lambs, and Gene Buck, Ziegfeld's right bower in the production of the Follies, was on the doorstep when the soldiers were unloaded.

"You'll have to go to bat for me with the house committee, Gene," Gibson said. "I don't know how good my credit is any more and I haven't got the dough right now to pay for these dinners."

"Are you trying to impugn the patriotism or the feeble generosity of the Lambs?" Buck thundered. "There's enough money on Broadway to feed the whole Army, if they'll let us."

As there weren't enough waiters, Buck pressed into service the most distinguished array of food-bearers in history. Aprons were clapped on George M. Cohan, John J. McGraw, Flo Ziegfeld, John McCormack and his manager, Dennis McSweeney, William Courtney, Lee Shubert, Sam Harris, William Collier, Irvin S. Cobb, Lewis Stone and Augustus Thomas.

Gibson went back to vaudeville, doing a single act written for him by Cohan. He never exploited his artificial leg, and the audience never suspected he had one. In 1928, he left show business to go with the C. A. Frees Company (an old firm manufacturing prosthetics) and began to absorb the technical knowledge that has made him invaluable to Army and Navy surgeons as a consulting expert.

The rehabilitation of veterans with amputations is commanding the most careful thought and study of military authorities and legislators. Congress probably will grant these men more liberal pensions than ever before—and they cannot be too liberal. Governor Dewey has recommended that a good part of New York State's surplus of $140,000,000 be earmarked for this specific purpose. New crafts and trades will be taught the men who are unable to return to their prewar occupations, but, in the final analysis, the success of any program, no matter how comprehensive, is the responsibility of civilians.

"The definition of their economic status in postwar society is the fundamental problem disturbing these men," Halloran's Colonel DeVoe asserts. "They must be given the chance to take a man's part in the world, but they must have the assurance that they are wanted for their merit alone. They don't want coddling or maudlin sympathy. We have told them that a handicap can be a fillip to ambition.

A Challenge to Society

"This is not G.I. hokum; we believe it sincerely and we succeed in convincing most of the men. Industry and society must see to it that they are not betrayed if we are to avert the national disgrace of wounded veterans selling apples on street corners. All the men want is a job and the right to keep their self-respect. God knows it's little to ask!"

The other question that torments amputees is: Who will marry me? or, What effect will this thing have on my wife? Most of the men are not worried about seeing their parents for the first time after their operations, a profound emotional experience for everyone concerned. They do dread, though, the reflection of the initial shock upon the faces of the girls they left behind. Quite often, a man returns to the base hospital from that first meeting terribly despondent.

Army and Navy psychiatrists, who are familiar with the pattern of human behavior, can guess pretty accurately what happened. There was a heart-to-heart talk. The girl—or wife—said it was unfair to expect her to be burdened with a permanently disabled husband, and the man, trying desperately to be realistic, assured her he understood perfectly. The psychiatrists also know that in the overwhelming majority of cases, the girl will turn up within the week, horribly ashamed of herself and more in love with her man than she ever was. But something inside the wounded veteran withers and dies until the reunion is made.

The Army's policy of making amputees self-sufficient as quickly as possible is recommended for civilian guidance. Immediately after convalescence, the Army assigns the men to barracks on the hospital grounds under modified, but strict, military discipline. They must shave and stand inspection every day; they are given limited drilling and organized athletics;

America's cars and trucks are "war workers" too, and registrations show

MORE CHEVROLETS ON THE JOB TODAY THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

More than ever

NEEDED

Serving War Workers • Doctors • Farmers • Red Cross Activities • Public Utilities • Civilian Defense • Vital War Supplies • Food Suppliers

More than ever

DOING THE JOB

ONE

out of every

FOUR

cars and trucks now running is a Chevrolet

More than ever

THE LEADER

You'll say

"FIRST IN SERVICE"

Serving America on the working front with

ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Serving America on the fighting fronts with

VOLUME FOR VICTORY

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BUY MORE BONDS . . . SPEED THE VICTORY

Every Sunday Afternoon, GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR, NBC Network

PRECISION PAYS OFF IN PERFORMANCE

More than 50,000 Allison liquid-cooled aircraft engines have gone to the United Nations fighting forces.

Into each of these engines have gone the precision and skill amassed by Allison and General Motors during the past quarter of a century.

Therein lies the secret of the power of Allison engines and their reliable performance in every major engagement of our Army Air Forces.

POWERED BY ALLISON:

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51—Mustang

KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY WAR BONDS

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—*NBC Network*

they are required to police the grounds and take turns at light K.P. Men on crutches are dispatched on errands which could be completed by the officer in one tenth the time, but the idea is to accustom the wounded man to the realization that he is capable of doing things on his own.

Some psychiatrists suggest that the wife or mother of the amputee feign sickness and make him wait on her the day after he returns home. This sounds callous, but it is consistent with the all-over purpose of giving the man the feeling of self-sufficiency he needs so urgently. Incidentally, it is taboo to ask a man how he was injured unless he volunteers the information. He won't.

A film made by the Army is another great help in raising a depressed man's morale. It teaches fellows who have lost arms and legs how they can lead normal lives by showing them little tips and tricks that will save them embarrassment. A featured player in the film is Lieutenant Victor A. Snyder, the registrar at Halloran and rated by Colonel DeVoe the most valuable member of the staff. Lieutenant Snyder, formerly a hospital administrator in Little Rock, is offered as clinching proof to all comers that adjustments can be made to a permanent disability. Lieutenant Snyder lost his left hand in a hunting accident five years ago.

"I had only one reminder of the accident six months after it happened, and it hit me in the face every morning," he relates. "I couldn't button the right cuff on my shirt. Nothing is more deflating to a handicapped man than to have to ask for aid in a little thing like buttoning a shirt. I had to steel myself before I'd ask my wife or the maid to do up that button, until I hit upon an absurdly simple solution. I got a long-handled buttonhook and, by holding it in the palm of my right hand, I managed the cuff very easily.

"Mental, not physical, obstacles are the biggest bugaboos confronting a handicapped man. He quickly acquires a veneer of false pride and he resents well-meaning attempts to help him. Sympathy is the worst service you can do for him. If he needs your assistance, let him ask for it."

Testimony to Success

All this talk of rehabilitation is not just idle dreams or pretty theories to be forgotten after the war. It already is working for wounded men who have been discharged in recent months. Privates Clarence Gregory and Reno Yaden, who lost arms at Kasserine Pass, have returned to the jobs they held before they enlisted. Gregory is a mechanic with the General Electric Company in Boston, and Yaden is pulling his own weight on the family farm at Crab Orchard, Kentucky. Private Ellis A. Baunds, the first man to be supplied with an artificial limb at Halloran, is working his farm at Sumrall, Mississippi. Private Vernon A. Eagle, who went through the holocaust at Dieppe without a scratch, then lost his leg in the African invasion, has a good job in the foreign exchange department of the Central Hanover Bank in New York. Technical Sergeant Charles E. Mattingly, who gave his leg at Oran, is in the post office at Louisville. Sergeant Joe Bass found the absence of a leg no deterrent in getting a wife and a job. He married Lieutenant Helen Strong, his nurse at Halloran, and was placed with the Bethlehem Steel Company on Staten Island.

More than 300,000 civilians in the United States are equipped with prosthetics, and many have pursued successful careers in spite of their handicaps. Among them are Congressman James H. Fay of New York; Herbert Marshall, the actor; Laurence Stallings, the author; Thomas J. C. Martyn, famous aeronautical engineer; Judge John Flood, of the New York bench; and Bill Stern, the well-known sports broadcaster.

Despite the wide use of land mines and booby traps which inflict crippling wounds, there are—and will be—fewer amputations in this war than the last one. Only six tenths of one per cent of the wounded men in our Army and Navy have lost limbs to date. In the first World War, 40 per cent of the men wounded in certain Canadian regiments suffered amputations. The deadly Bacillus welchii, which results in gas gangrene, the major cause of amputation, is under better control now. Front-line surgery, sulfa drugs, better physical condition of the troops and the virtual elimination of trench warfare are other factors in the sharp reduction of amputations.

An important improvement in artificial limbs (the only one in the last thirty years) is the contribution of our man Gibson, and it has revolutionized the business. Virtually all prosthetics were made of willow wood until four years ago. Willow, however, requires seven years of aging before it is seasoned properly, and Gibson foresaw a serious shortage of suitable wood when the war erupted in Europe. Some artificial limbs were made of duralumin, a metal, but the supply was restricted by priorities.

A Plastic for Prosthetics

Gibson and Walter Hamilton, a technician with the Frees Company, went to work on a plastic substitute and got what they wanted after a year of experimentation. The new material is thirty per cent lighter than willow and duralumin, and five times stronger.

It takes one technician—there are no more than 150 qualified experts in the country—two weeks of steady labor to fashion a willow arm or leg, and there is no mass production. Each appliance must be designed especially for the patient. An unlimited number can be turned out in the same period with Gibson's plastic. Six coats of the stuff are applied to a canvas form which then is put away for a week to dry. When the plastic is solidified, the canvas is ripped out, and the prosthetic is ready for use. With proper fitting, a man can be taught to walk on an artificial limb in ten minutes. Amputations of the leg are much more common than those of the arm. Among civilians, the ratio is about 80 to 1, and during war it is 25 to 1. The reason for this disparity is that infection of the foot and leg is more difficult to control than that of the arm.

Advances in surgery and improved hospital facilities are saving thousands of our fighting men from the shock of amputation, yet it is inevitable that many will come back to their families with the one wound that never can be cured. The mental scar can be healed, however, with intelligent understanding of the problems confronting these men. They will suffer discomfort and inconvenience and embarrassment for the remainder of their lives, but it has been demonstrated that it is possible for a man to lead a normal, useful life in spite of his handicap.

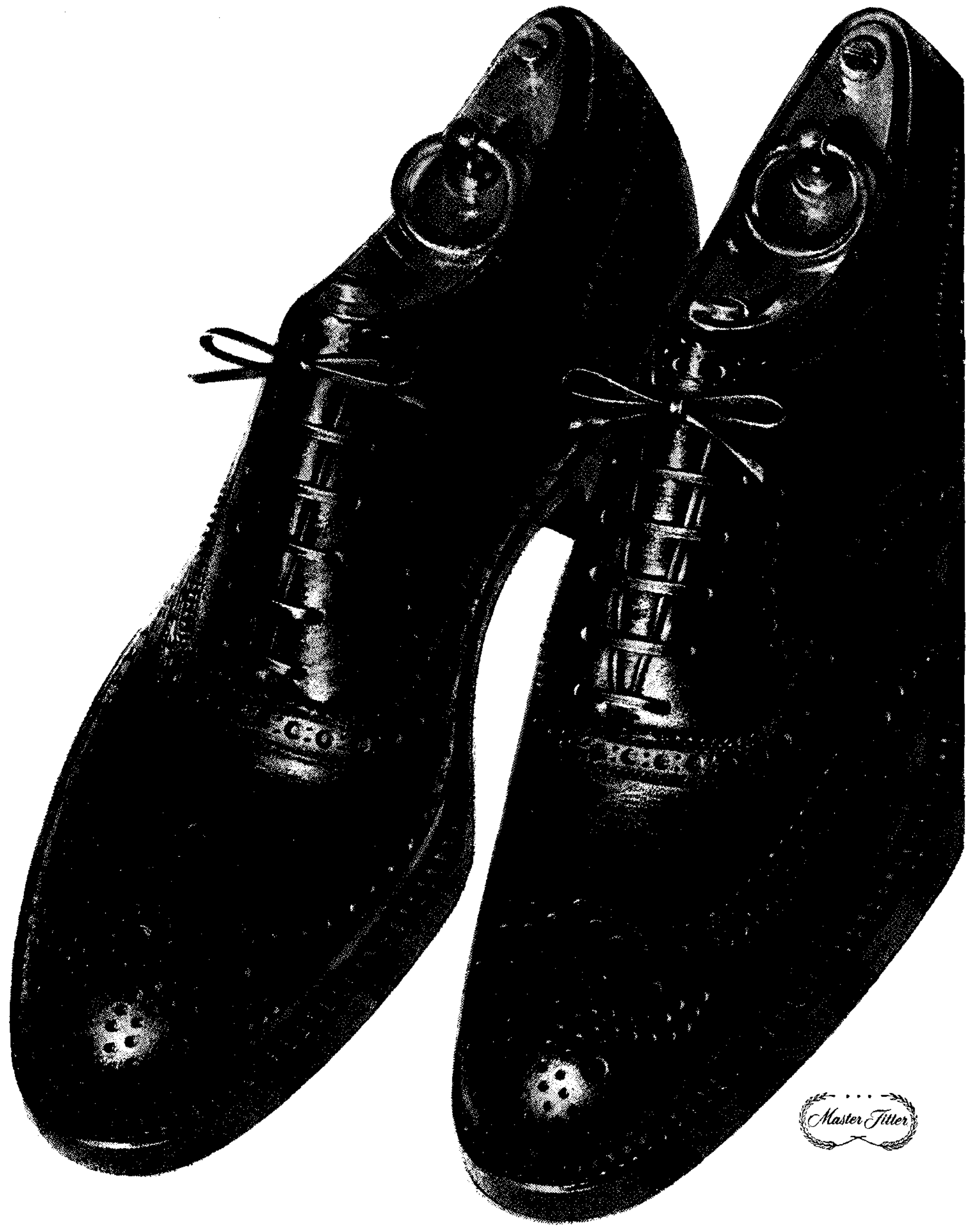
It may be an old gag, but it always is thrilling to hear it pulled for the first time. Corporal Floyd McElreath, of Hobart, Oklahoma, who lost his right leg at Oran, went out with Gibson seven days after he was equipped with his new leg. He watched Gibson dancing with his wife, and suddenly felt the urge to cut a few capers himself. McElreath grabbed a girl, went out on the floor and knocked off a snappy fox trot. A doctor familiar with the case told McElreath it was remarkable that he could dance a week after getting his artificial limb.

"Hell, Doc, remarkable isn't the word for it," the corporal retorted. "I couldn't dance before I lost my leg."

THE END

"He's crazy about walking since he got Freeman Master Fitters"

You'll like them, too! Because they've got *everything*—good looks, easy comfort, fine leathers. And they're built by shoe-making perfectionists to wear and wear. For a better fit in a better shoe see our dealer. Write Freeman Shoe Corporation, Beloit, Wisconsin for his name.



ASK FOR A *Master Fitter* $8.75 (MOST STYLES)

it's a FREEMAN *shoe*

Locked in the studio, Reverend Walter A. Maier cuts loose during his Lutheran Hour broadcast

Old-Time Religion Goes Global

By William F. McDermott

The Reverend Walter A. Maier blasts the sins and helps solve the problems of 15,000,000 people in twenty-six countries

EVERY Sunday afternoon fifteen million people, from Chile to Alaska, and from Occupied China to East Africa, listen to the fiery sermons of America's "Billy Sunday of the Air," the Reverend Walter A. Maier of St. Louis. During the week they write him more than 25,000 letters, enclose an average of $10,000 to pay for the broadcast, and ask advice on everything from marriage to missions.

Starting in 1935 on a Detroit station, with the backing of Lieutenant General William S. Knudsen, then a motor magnate, Doctor Maier—he's a Ph.D. from Harvard—has built up a religious radio service that goes out over nearly 600 stations in 26 countries, including 42 outlets in Australia and 26 in Canada. Africa, South America and part of Asia, as well as North America, are blanketed by the preacher's broadcasts in English, Spanish and Portuguese. Sermons in German are being prepared and will be beamed by the OWI directly to the Nazi population with the aim of keeping alive the Christian faith in Hitler's own land.

The program, called the International Lutheran Hour, is carried by 224 U. S. radio stations on a Mutual Broadcasting System hookup; more than 350 others, scattered over the world, release the program by transcription. The time is paid for at regular rates, and though the appeal for funds is limited to a single sentence, enough rolls in to meet all expenses. Those expenses include the salaries of 55 girls who open mail, ship out tiny gold crosses, Scripture calendars and prayer books, and acknowledge all gifts.

Soldiers in the Aleutians took up a collection and sent in $225, while a sergeant on a hospital ship, homebound from Tarawa with hundreds of wounded, remitted $50 as his thanks for a patriotic sermon. Pennies from Negro children, dimes from convicts, dollars from trappers, miners, lumberjacks, atheists, chorus girls and hospital patients; larger gifts, such as $100 annually from a businessman whose home Doctor Maier saved from divorce, $5,000 from a Maryland industrialist, $1,000 from a Chicago floral concern—all help to support the broadcast. The lion's share of funds comes, however, from Christians who give as regularly to the radio mission as to their local parishes. Expenses reach half a million a year.

Doctor Maier, founder and continuous broadcaster of the International Lutheran Hour, gets no salary for his radio labors—he lives on less than $75 a week he receives from two other jobs; one as professor in Concordia Theological Seminary in St. Louis, and the other as editor of the Missouri Synod Lutheran young people's paper, the Walther League Messenger, in Chicago.

Twice every Sunday, the fifty-year-old high-tensioned, athletic clergyman who looks more like a prosperous businessman than a preacher, locks himself in the studio of Station KFUO on the Concordia campus, strips off his coat and goes in swinging. At the end of his sermon his collar is wilted and his shirt is damp. He is the despair of radio engineers, who early tried to get him to adopt a modulated, smooth-flowing voice. Once a cold toned him down. Letters dropped off 1,000 a day and a stream of solicitous visitors poured in to see whether he was sick.

It's the "old-fashioned gospel" that man is a lost sinner who can obtain salvation only through faith in Christ that Doctor Maier hurls out into space Sunday after Sunday. With roaring impartiality he denounces divorce, racial discrimination, immorality, drunkenness, godlessness, unbelief, corrupt government, anti-Christian education, unfaithful churches and lack of good will in labor and industry. With his slogan of "Bringing Christ to the Nations," he pours out vials of wrath on national as well as personal sins.

Most ministers today would be afraid to "burn 'em up" as Doctor Maier does, scolding and exhorting sinners to repentance, but his public seems to like it. Fan mail pours in from the religious and antireligious alike. A Quaker congregation in Virginia officially commended him for his "boldness in preaching the truth." A South Dakota priest at a High Mass encouraged his flock to listen to the Lutheran Hour.

A Chinese Buddhist, living in Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, wrote that he wanted to become a Christian and to enroll at Concordia Seminary. A hotcha singer in a Quito, Ecuador, cabaret heard Doctor Maier's sermon in Spanish while dancers were staging their act, accepted the Christian faith and is now an evangelist. In Los Angeles an atheist heard the sermon over a bootblack's radio and wrote that he was turning Christian.

German prisoners in South Africa have sent appreciation and requests for books on theology. A triple murderess in an Ohio prison regularly assembles inmates for the broadcast. Doctor Maier has been invited by the Chungking government to broadcast over its official station.

A theological professor who specializes in the Old Testament and ancient Assyrian inscriptions might be expected to lead a cloistered existence. But not Doctor Maier. He announces no sermon subject in advance, and has a newsman's reverence for timeliness. His staff of readers and researchers comb newspapers and magazines for religious and welfare news of the entire world.

A sermon is started on Friday and is usually finished by Saturday midnight. But each is so built that a new lead can be substituted at the last moment. Louis "Lepke" Buchalter was electrocuted about midnight on a Saturday, and the next day his death was the topic of radio warning to evildoers. On December 7, 1941, Doctor Maier broadcast twice, with the news of the Jap attack breaking between sermons. For his second broadcast, Doctor Maier had a new "edition" of his sermon, based on the enemy's treachery.

To date, the broadcast has brought in two million letters, which radio experts agree is moderately terrific. Each year Doctor Maier gets about 25,000 "personal problem" communications, each of which he answers directly. Most of them deal with marriage troubles, religious doubts, drunkenness and delinquency. One woman on relief wrote that she planned an abortion. Doctor Maier warned her against it, offered to get her a free layette. A church society in Massachusetts provided it. Now the husband has a job, the youngster is fine and healthy—and has a baby sister. Dozens of families have thus received "radio layettes," after abandoning the abortion idea.

If personal spiritual counsel is sought, the nearest Lutheran pastor is asked to aid. One minister drove 300 miles to serve a distressed family. A colored woman in Pittsburgh heard the radio sermon and wrote that she wanted her children baptized. A minister called, others became interested, and a Negro church was organized which now has 200 members.

Persons confessing crime are given the solace of religion and urged to face the music. Numerous crimes and suicides have been prevented. In Georgia last summer a husband tried in vain for a reconciliation with his divorced wife, then he bought a shotgun and made plans to kill her. Just before the fatal time, he heard a radio sermon—and wrote that he couldn't go through with it.

Gifts from an Unseen Congregation

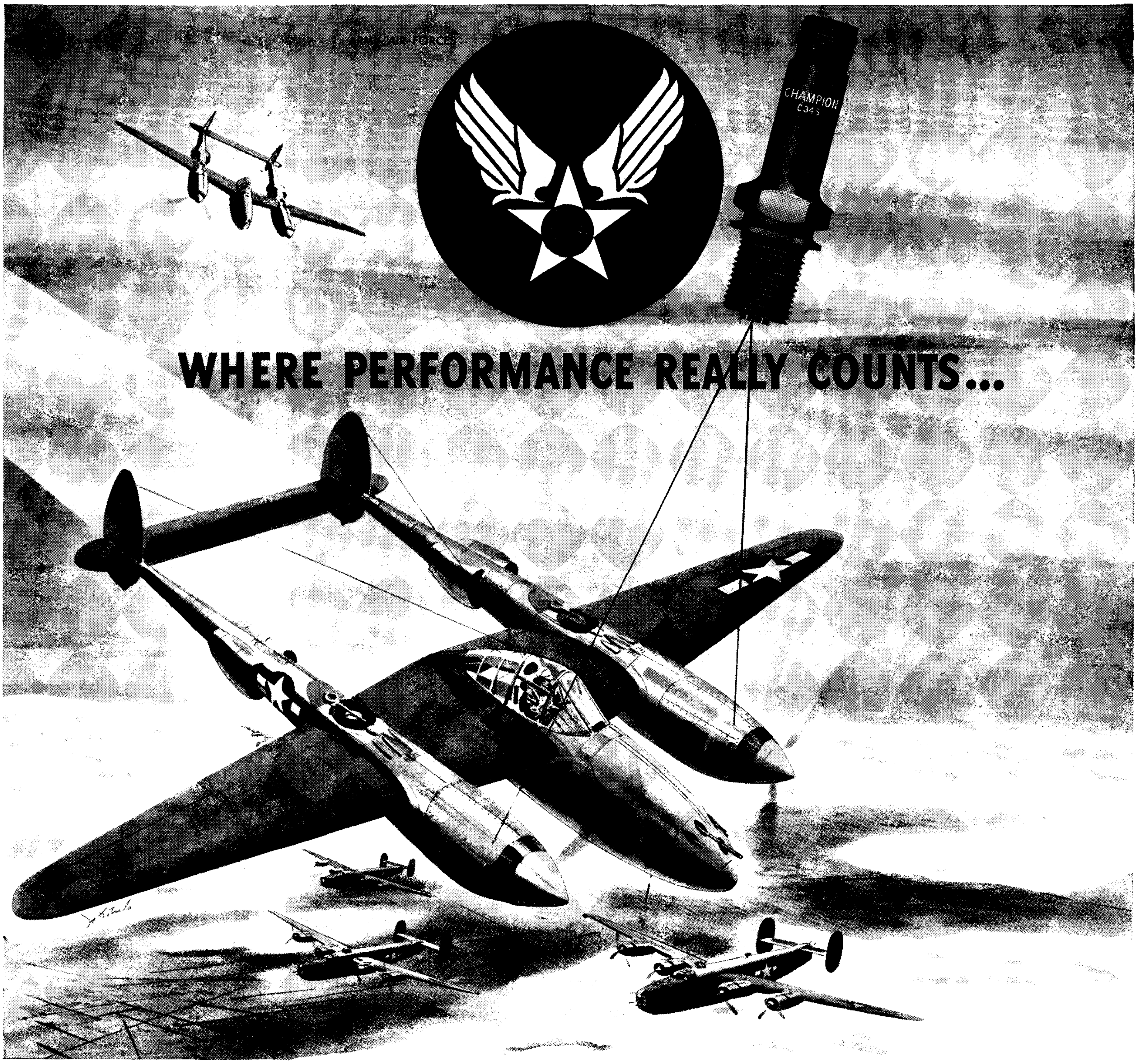
The drama of the gifts Doctor Maier receives is almost as striking as the conversions. A Wisconsin girl, whose fiancé had died, shipped her trousseau to the radio mission headquarters, asking that it be sold and the money used to support the broadcast. A woman in Hawaii contributes enough to support the program on two stations there. An Iowa Army officer stationed in England heard the broadcast and assigned $25 a month of his pay to it. It is estimated that $1 provides worship over the air for 1,500 people. Backing the project is the Lutheran Laymen's League of 16,000 members.

Doctor Maier was born in Boston, the son of an organ builder. A sermon by a Bronxville professor led him into the ministry. He was graduated from Boston University, and worked his way through Concordia Seminary as a book agent. Later he got his Ph.D. in Semitic languages from Harvard. In 1922 he joined the Concordia faculty, and in 1930 he made his first broadcast. The depression, however, ended that attempt, and the present Lutheran Hour was launched nine years ago.

When Doctor Maier goes on a speaking tour, large crowds flock to hear him. Last fall he launched the Lutheran Hour from the Chicago Stadium, packed 25,000 people into it and turned away thousands more. As the crowd came out, a bystander asked, "Who won the fight?" For nine years he has filled the Cleveland Auditorium to overflowing. The St. Louis Arena, center of boxing, hockey and politics, won't hold his throngs nor will the Coliseum at Detroit.

An ardent fundamentalist, Maier nevertheless has preached at such liberal centers as Harvard, the University of Chicago, and several state universities. He gave an address on Jefferson's Ideals of Religious Liberty at the Institute of Public Affairs of the University of Virginia. He helped launch Gamma Delta, a religious organization, on forty college campuses. He is the author of eleven books, including one on marriage—which is a best seller.

The radio parson, who preaches to the equivalent of the entire U. S. population every two months, figures that the world has gone spiritually cold; what is needed to warm it up is a fine, big fire in the church. He's endeavoring to light the match. ★★★


ARMY AIR FORCES
CHAMPION
C34S
WHERE PERFORMANCE REALLY COUNTS...

COUNT ON DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

The American people will always give an overwhelming vote of confidence to that which they *know* they can depend upon. That's why more motorists prefer Champions to any other spark plug—why more Champions are in daily use, than any other. The Champion Spark Plugs in service with our armed forces in the air, on land and sea and on the home front are piling up increasing evidence that Champion dependability really means something and is something you can count upon.

ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY WAR BONDS

GUARANTEED
DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK
PLUG
CHAMPION

TO SAVE GASOLINE
—KEEP SPARK
PLUGS

MAD AS A BULL—
when they won't let you in with your pipe?

Try BOND STREET—the blend that meets the

INDOOR TEST

LIGHT up a pipeful of BOND STREET and you're welcome wherever you go. That smooth, rich aroma speaks of custom blending . . . pleases everybody . . . leaves no stale tobacco odors in the room. BOND STREET *contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced blend.*

Every cooling puff of mellow BOND STREET is bite-free . . . and *genuinely* aromatic. Doesn't lose its flavor.

Buy a pack and try BOND STREET . . . today!

BUY BONDS . . . then BOND STREET

15¢
POCKET PACKAGE
Convenient folding Pocket Pouch—10c

BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
A product of PHILIP MORRIS

Rescue at 61° 30'

Continued from page 17

dishpan clang and the call of "Supper!" After chow came radio news and sleep.

The first days of October saw the "commandos" rigging up the engine hoist and completing the sheet-metal work. In tearing down the engine, they discovered that the oil cooler had jammed up into the mount of the right motor. A new mount was installed, as this condition would have canted the propeller and set up vibration, causing the engine to shake and fall out.

A complete engine change was also required in the right mount, and the twisted props had to be replaced with new ones. The bomb-bay doors were bent; the wheel doors smashed; the right wing damaged. There was plenty of work to do—such as plugging and taping all openings to keep out sand while waiting for the first day of windless overcast when the engines could be torn down without worry about blowing "sand sabotage" into the cylinders.

On October 6th at 4:00 P.M., Major Corrigan started the engines; they caught hold and ran pretty smoothly. The roar was deafening and sweet.

Now came the real problem of getting a pilot and crew into this closed-off "Defense Zone of North America."

Colonel Williamson, back at our U.S. base, put in a call to Air Service Command Headquarters which brought three majors, a lieutenant, and four sergeants to the apron. There they boarded a transport and were flown by Major Ed Kiessig to Stewart Field, West Point, New York, to inspect a plane that could be used for the shallow landing on the Natashkwan.

It was an old PBY flying boat that had been sold to the Army for three dollars (a dollar a motor, and another dollar for the boat part) and restyled an OA-10. It had been used to orientate West Point cadet fliers in the mysteries of water landings. Many a future general had been checked out in this old tub. Major Titus E. Frankenfield, commanding officer of the Headquarters Squadron at Patterson, had been chosen to fly the boat because he knew the type. With Lieutenant Richard F. Bailey as his copilot and Sergeants C. L. Clark, O. W. B'Hymer, and John F. Nason as his crew, the major made landing tests on the Hudson River with a Navy pilot who volunteered to act as "test critic" for the afternoon. The next day, the OA-10 started north with Major Benjamin Frank Chapman and Sergeant Van Sickle as official passengers.

That afternoon, Colonel Williamson met them, fitted everyone with arctic clothing, had the party "processed" through the many forms necessary to sign before leaving the United States, and then briefed by the Operations Officer, regarding radio beacons and recognition signals in the restricted area.

Next morning, moving smoothly over the sparse forests of the New Brunswick land, Major Chapman sat at the blister observation seat and studied the terrain. Northeast was water, black and hard with the scuffings of foam, looking like a linoleum floor in the manner moderne. Beyond the water were the flat, lake-studded swamplands of Anticosti Island; and beyond more black water were the limitless reaches of muskeg that fooled the eye at this height. Not an inch of it could be landed upon. It was parachute country.

Major Frankenfield curved the boat east to Natashkwan Point and up the river mouth. Sure enough, there was the revived Navy patrol bomber facing the wind on the sand below. A runway had been marked out with white flags from flour sacks. The "commandos" stood by their ship and waved up to the OA-10. The river was too narrow for a landing.

Flying back to the river mouth, the major landed in big waves. For an hour the craft buzzed angrily upriver. But the storm pushed it down into the gulf. As darkness came on, the order was passed to don Mae Wests.

Beacon Light to Safety

The lighthouse on Natashkwan Point now came into view in the murk. Major Frankenfield powerhoused her in straight for an emergency beaching. That was about 6:30 P.M. A family of fine French-Canadians, the Landrys, fed and sheltered the major and his group for the night.

Next morning, Major Chapman and Sergeant Van Sickle boarded the alligator for the golden sand bar of Natashkwan.

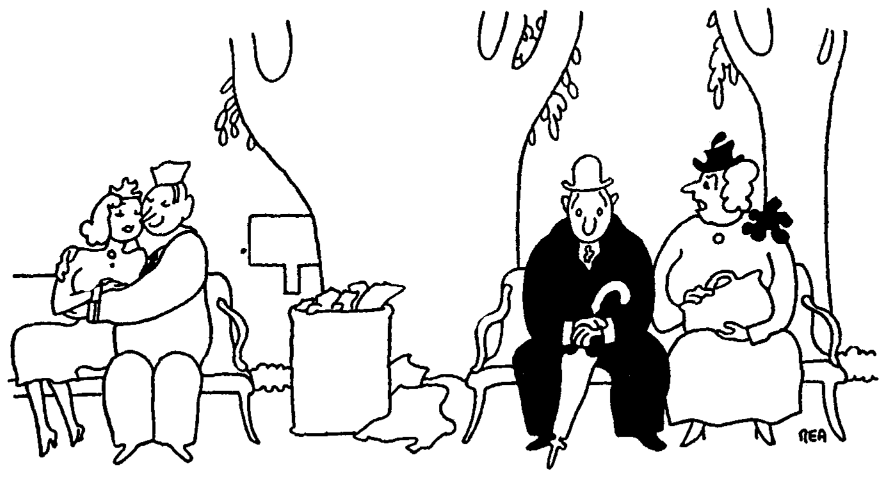
"Just take the guns out—and these pieces of equipment," Major Chapman told the civilian "commandos," "and she's ready to fly off. You've done a fine job on a ship that was almost split in half."

At 8:41 A.M. on October 13th, the kids watched the wreck fly off and disappear over the headland toward Mingan Field far down west. Fire in the left engine had threatened to burn up the ship at the engine warm-up, but this heartbreaker had been beaten. The kids knew Major Chapman had only ten minutes extra gas and they were rooting for him.

"Those sheet-metal guys!" snorted "Slim" Emerson. "I'll bet those rivets are popping out of the cowling like machine-gun bullets. I'd hate to be a wild goose in the sky today!"

But the rivets weren't coming loose. No, sir! It was as Chapman said—a fine job. A job that took the PV-1 to Mingan; and to Quonset Point, Rhode Island, where the Navy reclaimed their "baby" and smiled at the Army and said, "Well done!"

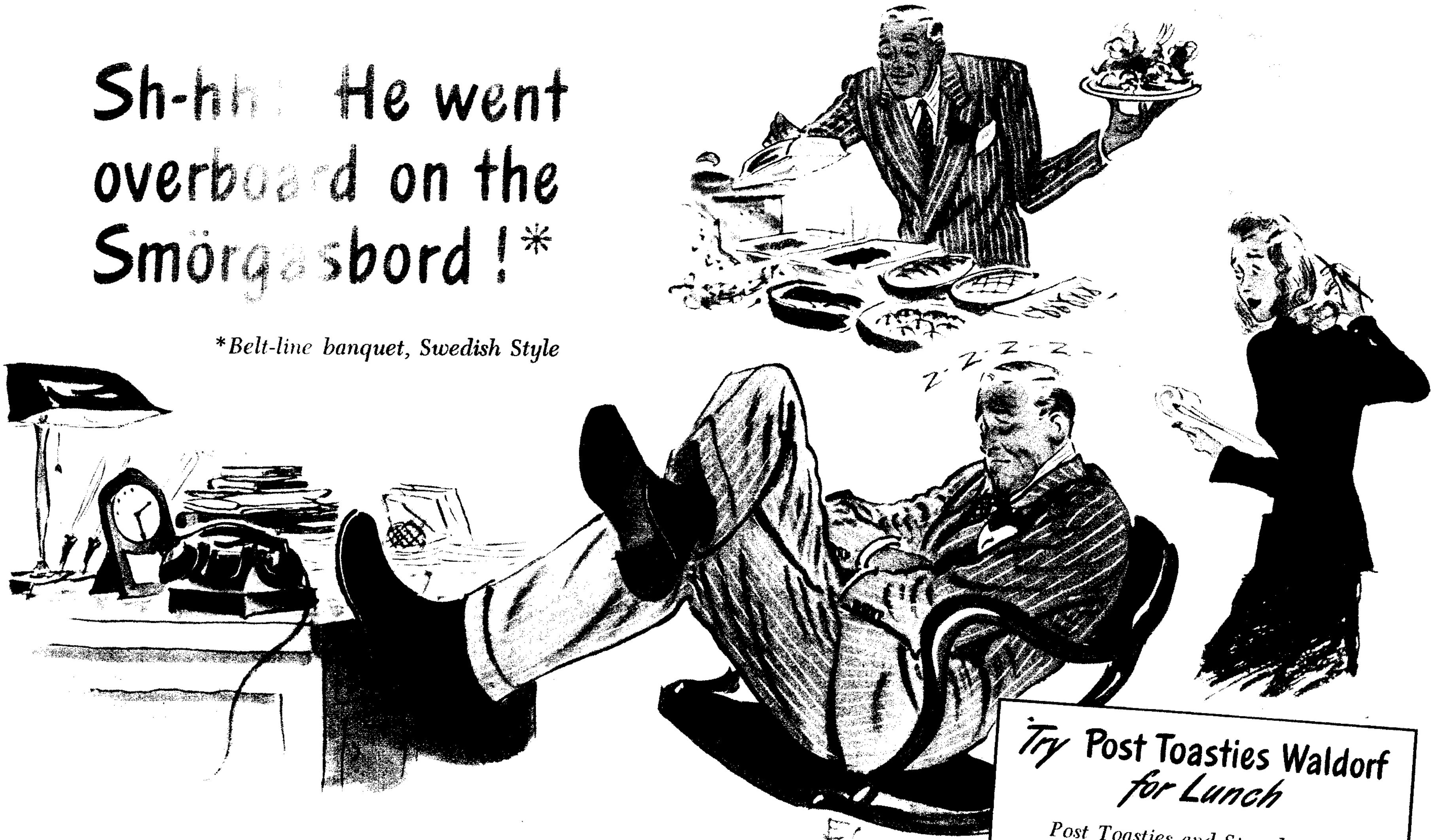
THE END



COLLIER'S "Well, then, the least you can do is change places. I'm sure *I* could overhear what they're saying!" GARDNER REA

Sh-hh! He went overboard on the Smörgasbord!*

**Belt-line banquet, Swedish Style*



● Quiet, please . . . Eddie really needs that snooze . . . the poor dope ate a lunch so heavy he feels as though he swallowed an anvil!

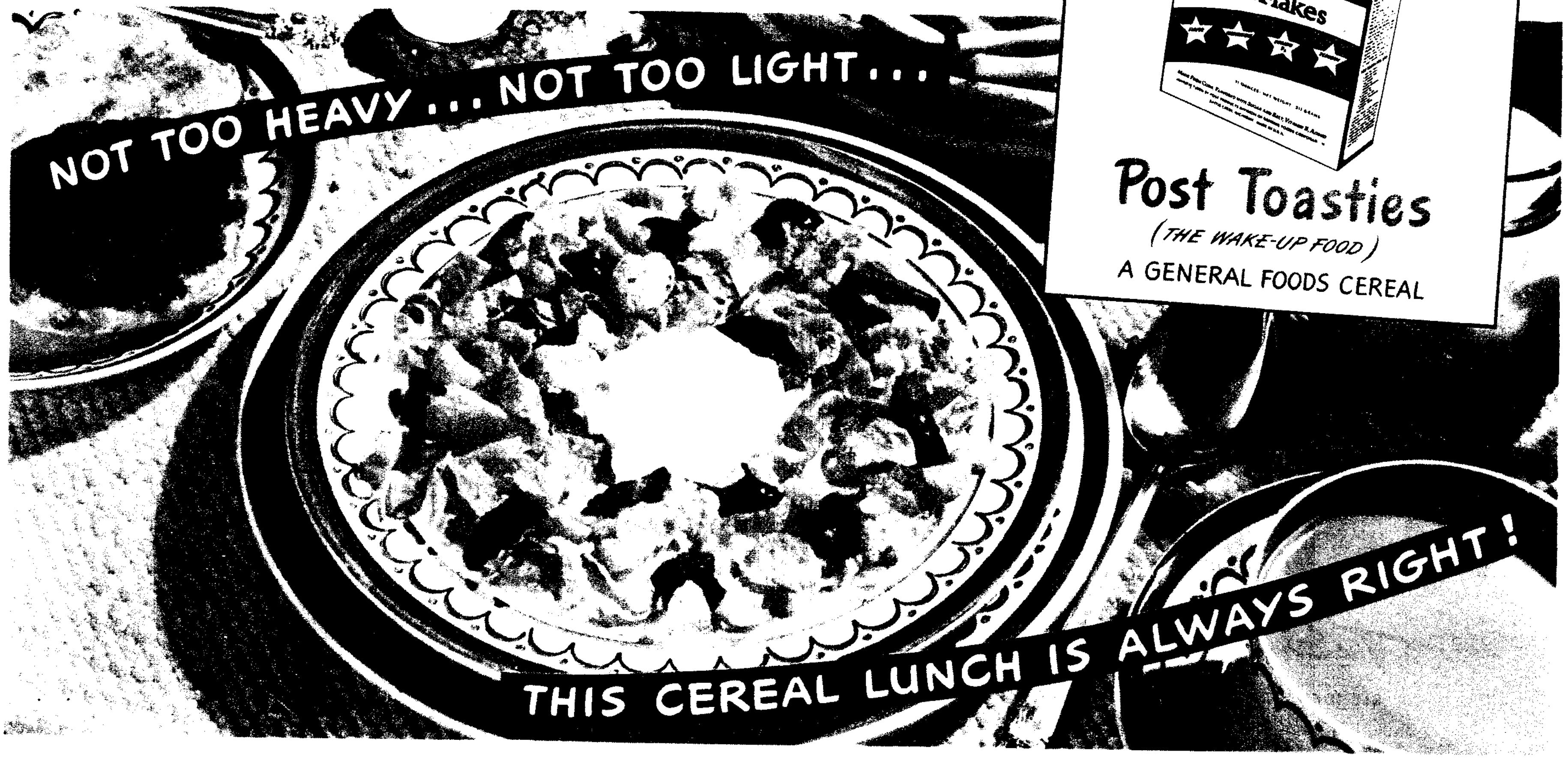
On second thought, maybe Eddie better wake up to a modern idea. You see, Eddie, smart people have discovered it isn't *only* at breakfast time that you can enjoy the delightful, light, balanced nourishment of Post Toasties.

You'll find delicious Post Toasties especially good for lunch. Post Toasties, the *crisper* corn flakes, are a basic food—one of those important Basic 7 foods you need every day, according to U. S. government nutrition experts. So, Post Toasties are perfect for *any* meal!

You'll like the mouth-watering flavor allure, the refreshing crispness and cooling pick-up in these golden corn flakes. For lunch, try a big bowl of tasty Post Toasties with fruit, milk and sugar—a delightfully satisfying luncheon dish, yet it provides *three* Basic 7 foods.

And remember, Post Toasties, the crisper corn flakes, are unrationed . . . inexpensive . . . plentiful . . . easy and quick to serve.

So keep alert . . . keep going . . . with a crisp, delicious Post Toasties lunch *today*.


NOT TOO HEAVY . . . NOT TOO LIGHT . . .
THIS CEREAL LUNCH IS ALWAYS RIGHT!
Post Toasties
Corn Flakes

Try Post Toasties Waldorf *for Lunch*

Post Toasties and Strawberries,
topped with cottage cheese
Milk or cream
Toasted Rolls and Jelly
Carrot Sticks *Coffee*

Post Toasties

(THE WAKE-UP FOOD)
A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Dig for Victory!

Blackie: "Our master is growing a lot of food for freedom, Whitey!"

Whitey: "So is every patriotic American, Blackie—it means more food for those whose needs are greater than ours!"

BLACK & WHITE
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

How about you? Start a Victory garden! Grow more in '44. It will add to your supply of rationed foods—and give you more varied, balanced meals. ***Equally important***—it will help insure a bigger reserve of food for everybody! Write to your State Agricultural Department for booklet on Victory Gardens.

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

The Question

Continued from page 15

"Hold it," Parrish said, feeling the blood in his face. "Don't go saying anything that you'd not want me to get right, Gamble. You're *not* talking about Constance, see? You're just talking in general terms. Isn't that right?"

"Okay," Gamble said. "I won't say all women are alike. But I guess plenty of you married men coming back are going to worry about what happened when you were away. And you'll want to know. You'll want to know awfully bad. You'll go around carrying that question, like a time bomb, until it blows you up."

PARRISH caught an earlier bus than the one he had written Constance he would take. He got off at the post-office stop and looked up and down the familiar street. He didn't expect her to be there, but he looked up and down just the same. A cold wind was blowing from the northeast, and already snow was falling.

He began walking up Walnut. He wanted to say, "Boy! The same old town!" But he couldn't. There was something different about it. It wasn't the buildings; they were the same. And the names on the store windows were the same. But there was something else—the feeling of the place, the strange faces, the hurry and worry in the air—which puzzled him and made him feel uncomfortable.

A pretty, heavily rouged girl with bright yellow hair passed him and smiled at him and said, "Hello, soldier," as if he were just another sergeant in from the local camp, strolling around town. Was she one of these welders he had heard of—a war worker? He wondered if she was married and if her husband was in the Army.

He crossed Willow and saw the white gable of his house rising above the bare branches of the apple trees. He went up the alley between the Coolys' house and the Nashes' house and turned into his own yard. The lawn had been plowed under, and in its place was what was left of a vegetable garden—brown and gray in this winter month.

He looked at the kitchen window where he had so often seen Constance's head as she bent over the table. She would look up as he came into the yard from work and would hurry to the door to meet him.

"Hi, there! Anybody home?"

There was no answer. He could hear a radio in Cooly's house.

He turned and crossed the alley to the Coolys' and saw Alice Cooly standing on the porch, watching him.

"Well, Seth! You're back. You got in early. It's good to see you, Seth."

He said, "I had the chance to take the earlier bus so I came along. Where's Constance?"

"At the mill."

"What mill? What's she doing at the mill?"

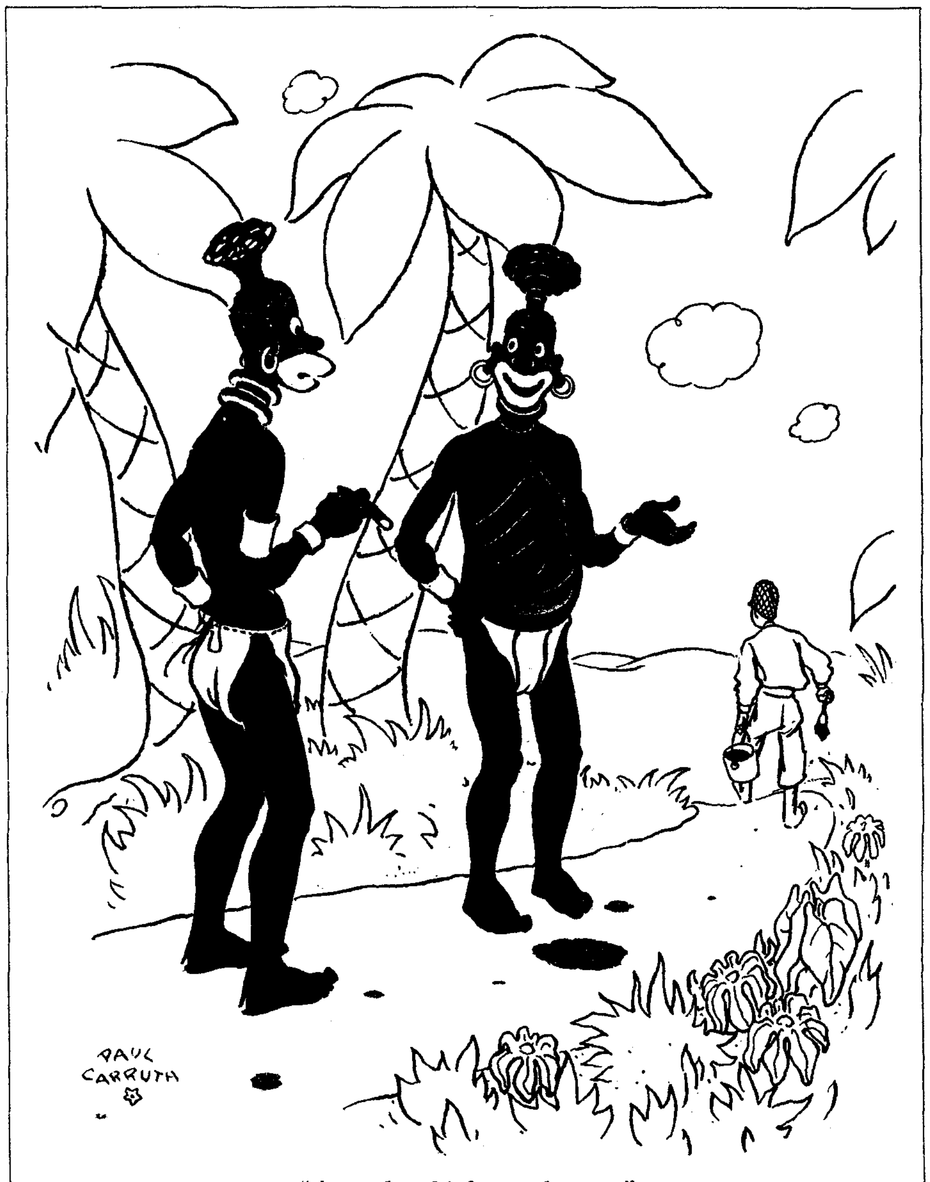
Alice Cooly looked at him curiously. "Didn't she write you? She's got a job at Thompson's Lumber and Mill Company."

Parrish saw the woman nourish with pleasure this grain of news.

"Yes," she said, "she's been working there a whole year."

He said, "I'll give her a buzz— Can I use your phone, Alice?"

"You're welcome to it, Seth. But you got one in your own house. Didn't you know that?" The light of the small pleas-



COLLIER'S "I'm to be chief now, he says" PAUL CARRUTH ure came to her eyes again and she added. "Let's see, she had it put in almost a year ago—just after she got the job."

"Fine," Parrish said, for no reason. "I'll use it."

As he hurried up the back steps he heard the telephone in his house ringing. It sounded as if it had been ringing a long time. Someone had seen him in town and had told Constance, and she was calling him. He went into the front hall, but the ringing came from upstairs. He ran up two steps at a time. Then he saw it in their room on a little table by the bed.

He said, "Hello."

There was a slight hesitation before he heard a man's voice say, "Who's this?"

"Seth Parrish."

"Parrish! Well—you're back. We didn't think you'd get in until the . . ."

"Yeah—I know. The five o'clock bus. Well, I got the earlier one."

"Is Connie there?"

"Constance? No."

"This is Wayne Thompson. You remember me? I was a couple of years ahead of you in high. I came home a year ago to help Dad at the mill."

PARRISH remembered the name, but he could not picture the man.

Thompson said, "I thought Dad would give Connie the day off because you were coming home. Well, if she's not there she must be at the mill. I'll tell her you got in."

Parrish said, "I was just going to give her the good news myself."

Thompson laughed. He had an agreeable voice, low and firm. "Well, sure—of course. Say—I believe I'm to see you later—Connie's got something fixed up . . ."

Parrish sat there on the edge of the bed. He thought, Well, here we go—a party! It didn't sound like Constance, fixing up a party on his first day home.

He looked around the room without seeing anything. He was conscious of a change, but he didn't stop to check it. He lifted the phone again and got the mill.

Then he heard her voice.

"Hi, Constance! I just got in . . ."

"Seth! Where are you?"

"Home."

"Oh, darling—your voice. It's so wonderful . . ."

"Listen, Constance—can't you break away from there?"

"I can't. I don't get through until five. I was going to get off a few minutes early to meet your bus."

"I know—I took an earlier one. How 'bout my coming down there?"

"No—that would be so— There's so much to do here. I'm getting two whole days off so that I can be with you. I have a plan, Seth. I know you'll like it better than anything else we could do."

"A party?"

"Heaven forbid. I thought we'd go out to the camp—just the two of us—and spend those days there."

He said, "That's a swell idea."

"Then Wayne and I will pick you up as soon as I can get away."

"Wayne?"

"Yes, Wayne Thompson—you remember him? I'll get the groceries and the drinks and a huge steak on our way to the house. You get the blankets and the camping stuff ready to pack into Wayne's car."

"What's he coming for?"

"For transporation, Seth. There's no other way out there now."

"Constance . . ." Then, suddenly, he said, "Oh, hell—it's so darn' good to hear your voice again. Why didn't you tell me you got the job?"

"I'll tell you everything later. Oh, Seth—all I care about now is that you are here—you're here.". . .

He began to see what had been changed in the room. His old chiffonier with the tie rack nailed to the side was gone, and in its place stood a frilly little dressing table with a hinged mirror. The bed was covered with a fancy ruffled spread to match. The old carpet was replaced by a couple of dainty fringed rugs. He felt out of place, as though he had stumbled into some strange girl's boudoir.

He went downstairs to put away his papers in the desk in the front room. There was a bank book and a budget book on the blue blotter. The pigeonholes were labeled: HOUSE — LETTERS — SETH — BILLS — OFFICE.

He smiled. Something had come over Constance. She had never been good at accounts and had disliked them.

In the pigeonhole marked SETH, he saw a piece of the familiar blue stationery he could spot every time in the hands of Jim Poole as he distributed the mail outside headquarters office.

He took out the paper and saw a list of groceries on one side. On the other was a letter to him, unfinished. The first two lines were vaguely familiar. He had received a letter from Constance beginning that way, before she knew he was coming back.

But the rest was different:

"I've been worried about the way to pay the income tax. This pay as you go is confusing. I got desperate so I got Wayne Thompson to help me. He's been wonderful. You remember him, don't you? His father is P. J., who owns the mill. Wayne was at school a couple of years ahead . . ."

Parrish held the letter in his hand for a moment, then dropped it back on the desk. He turned away and walked across the room. Wayne Thompson. He tried to remember what he looked like. He played football, a tackle who wanted to be a back, but wasn't fast enough.

He couldn't find Thompson's face. He remembered that he left high for a private school near Boston and then went to Harvard. And when he came back one summer he went around with the Point people.

He wondered why Constance changed her mind and didn't mail the letter. He told himself that it was because she didn't want him to worry about her having to pay the income tax. But he knew it wasn't that alone. She didn't want him to worry about Wayne Thompson.

He felt restless. Well, he couldn't stick around here in this house for the next five hours. He thought of hiking out to the camp ahead of Constance and opening it up and getting it ready for her. He'd take his gun along with him and maybe he would get a chance at a buck on the way out. The idea of looking over his equipment possessed him and he walked up to the big half-attic closet.

AN HOUR later, steeped in the smell of fly-doped blankets and memories, he was sitting on the pack basket, holding the .32 special across his knees.

There was something sweet about the feel of the old gun—tender, almost innocent. He kept comparing it with the Garand. Its weight and balance and length amused him, and he chuckled and rubbed the stock, remembering how he used to polish it to bring out the grain of the wood.

He stood up. He took the gun and went downstairs. Snow was falling in small, hurried flakes, and the low gray sky touched the cross on the steeple of the Baptist church. Then he hitched his belt, turned up his coat collar, glanced at the note he had left for Constance and walked out into the winter afternoon.

He held the gun in the crook of his arm and slid the shells into the magazine. And then he wondered what it would be like to kill a deer again and at the same moment he saw in his mind's eye the curve of the road in Italy and, on its inside slope, the short, stocky German, bending over a dead Italian civilian, emptying the pockets,

"New brake lining would'a been cheaper!"

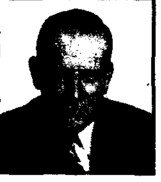
– says Stopper

BRAKES ARE DANGEROUS WHEN:

They need frequent adjustment
The brake pedal goes down to floor
They act slow or grabby
Car pulls to right or left
They squeal, groan or chatter
Brakes make grinding noise when used
Car nose dives on braking
They work only on one rear wheel

Good brakes are much cheaper than breakage; have your brakes checked today.

"Output of new cars will not be authorized until Victory is certain . . . Actual production, months later."
—*says auto magnate*



Safe stop brake service is featured in repair shops and service stations by American Brakeblok, makers of the safety brake lining, now in use on millions of motor vehicles. This brake lining is quickly available through 38 NAPA warehouses and jobbers everywhere. These warehouses also carry a companion line of clutch facings, fan belts and radiator hose.

American Brakeblok
BRAKE LINING

DIVISION OF AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

American Brakeblok Division
Detroit 9, Michigan

Blatz Beer

Fast Becoming
AMERICA'S NEW
FAVORITE

Never sharp...Never bitter...Always mellow...Good Tast

From East to West there is a tremendous demand for Blatz.

Why?

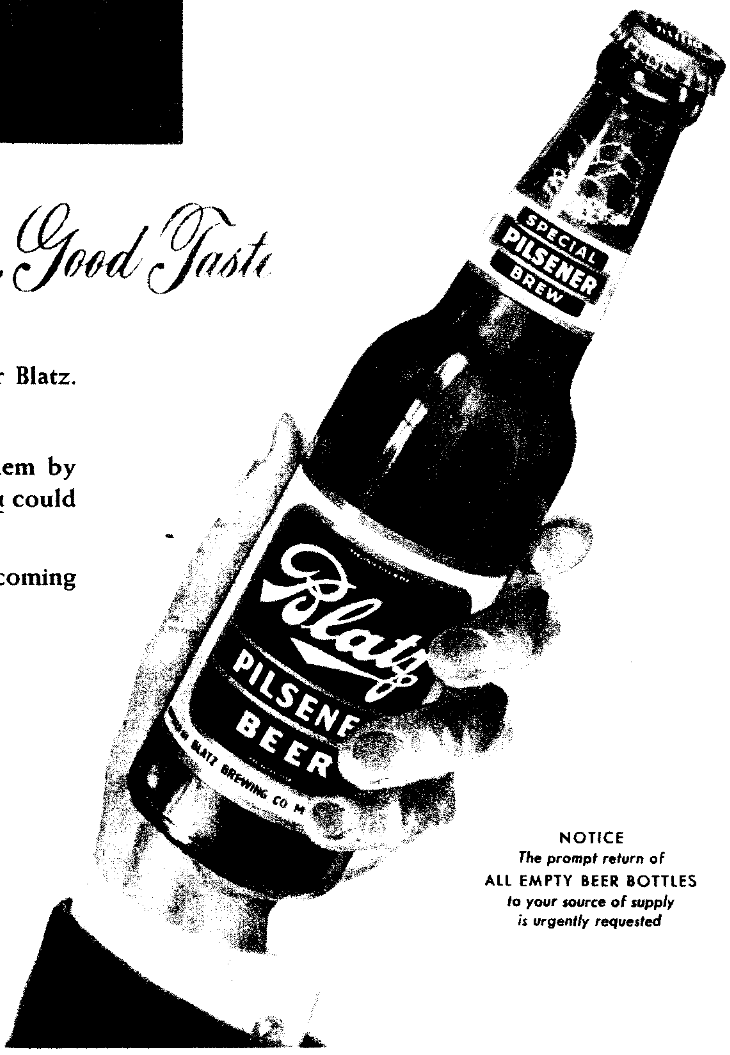
There are many good reasons... you'll discover them by trying Blatz. That's all we ask...and Blatz Beer is all you could ask for... in enjoyment and distinctive Good Taste.

Enjoy a bottle today—know why Blatz is fast becoming America's new favorite!

Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
In our 93rd year

MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER

Buy
War Bonds



NOTICE
The prompt return of
ALL EMPTY BEER BOTTLES
to your source of supply
is urgently requested

Copyright 1944, Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

working fast, glancing to the right, to the left—like a bobcat which had sensed danger but was loath to leave its freshly killed dinner.

The snow was in deeper drifts north of town. Wayne would need chains on his car. That Thompson guy and Constance would be together in the car talking about him—wondering why he had gone on ahead of them. They would be talking together. The fact that they had had a year and a half to talk alone held no barb—or did it?—but the thought of their being alone in the car now startled him.

Why? Because being home, things of the home became important? No it was more than that. He had been asleep for a year and a half—dreaming of things as they were when he left them as he wanted them to be when he returned. Now he was awake. Now he could see that the world away from the fighting fronts had changed as much as the battlefields beneath the running, reckless feet of the men hurrying to get the fight done, so that they could go back to what they had left—to what they dreamed they had left.

He remembered what Dick Gamble had said, "And you're going back to her, expecting her to be the same as when you went away."

A moment of bitterness came to him, and he wondered if Gamble and Pierce had found things changed.

THE camp was dark and held the sweet odor of balsam and the grass rug rolled up into the corner. He needed no light to find the lantern, to wipe the wick, to avoid cracking his head on the orange-crate shelf nailed to the wall above the kerosene drum on the enclosed porch. He leaned the gun against the wall next to the outside door. There was wood where he had left it—not as much as he remembered—but how could he be sure of that after a year and a half?

He got a kick in reading the Bangor paper for Nov. 28, 1941, which was spread on the stove as a protection against rust.

He carried the lantern to the big table, pushed aside two magazines with torn covers, an almost full can of tobacco and a pipe. The tobacco can was new-looking, and he never remembered having seen the pipe before. He picked up the pipe and examined it. There were no initials on it. He put it and the tobacco on the shelf near the window.

Then he cleaned out the stove, took the ashes out and, as he dumped them, he suddenly knew he had not left the ashes in the stove.

Any number of his friends could have come out—shutters meant little to them if they wanted shelter for the night. But whoever had used the place had had a key. All the shutters were hooked on the inside. Nothing had been broken. Constance had one key—the other he had kept in the pack basket. Constance could have lent it to Tom, Dick or Harry—or Wayne Thompson.

They could have come out here together for a picnic. Constance always liked to come out to this place. Why shouldn't she come out? Why shouldn't she come out with Wayne Thompson?

Sure—why shouldn't she?

Parrish stood there watching the fire grow in the stove—feeling the heat reach out toward him. Then he turned abruptly to the magazines on the table and hurriedly searched for dates. They were old—but they could have been old when brought out here.

He didn't need corroboration—he could accept the fact that they had come out here, so why should he try to prove it or disprove it?

"You carry the question around with you, like a time bomb—until it blows you up."

He saw the flash of headlights flicking like lightning through the trees. He went out on the porch and saw the slow even fall of the snow caught in the circle of the lights.

He would let nothing interfere with this moment. He would say nothing, he would show nothing—and he would look for nothing.

"Seth! Oh—darling!" He heard Constance's voice muffled through the glass of the car. She got out on the other side and ran around the car. He heard Thompson say, "Come out this side, Connie—you little fool—you'll get your feet wet."

Parrish jumped the three steps and caught her and felt her bury herself in his arms. Her cheeks were cold, but the air about her—the wool scarf and the sweater and the stocking cap—was warm and sweet with cigarette smoke and powder.

In this moment he forgot time and place and the past and felt only the solid knowledge that he was with her.

"Why didn't you wait for us, Seth?"

He didn't speak—or couldn't. He stood there, holding her close to his body until he saw Thompson's big shoulders silhouetted against the snow in the headlights.

She turned away then and said, "You remember Wayne, Seth?"

A moment later she was laughing and he was aware that she was telling Thompson what to bring in from the car. "The precious steak is wrapped separately," she said. "Oh, Seth, the blankets are in back. They're a mess. I couldn't wait for Wayne to make the job on them he wanted. We just threw them in."

Parrish heard Thompson's heavy, confident voice: "She was coo-coo. Had to hurry. Oh, Connie, the bottle *didn't* break."

She asked Thompson to stay for supper.

"I'll get along back," he said, looking at the steak. "It might drift up so that I couldn't get through."

"No," she said. "You were swell enough to bring me out—to buy the steak and you're certainly going to have some—especially the way Seth cooks it."

The firelight, sparking through the cracks of the stove, touched her face. She was fair and beautiful. She was a little thinner and the smile bent two lines around her mouth. When she slid off the cap and pushed back her hair, he saw that she was wearing it differently—he couldn't remember exactly how she used to wear it—but he could tell that it wasn't the same now.

"Look, Thompson," he said. "Let me split with you on that steak."

The man laughed. "You can—if you can," he said. "You give me thirty red points and we'll call it square. Connie didn't have any left." He laughed again, and Parrish saw that Constance was laughing too.

Thompson said, "You know, there are a lot of things you'll have to learn, Seth, old boy. Won't he, Connie?"

They told him some of the things as he prepared the steak. They drank a toast to him and spoke in hushed voices of the time he must have had at Salerno. And Thompson said something about how much he would give to be able to go. "But the mill's turning out a million board feet and that's not hay," he said. "I got deferred. They won't take me."

Constance said, "The Army's ordered twice that much lumber for spring delivery."

Thompson smiled with satisfaction. Then he winked at Parrish. "She'll be running the business, soon. By the way, Connie," he turned to her. "Did you check on Burdock's report?"

Parrish looked up from the stove and stared at Constance. His eyes caught hers and held hers, and he saw a puzzled expression come to them as if she didn't understand what she saw in his eyes.

He salted the steak, peppered it and turned it out on a broad shingle. "I guess she's ready, if you are."

THERE were so many things they spoke of he didn't understand. And yet he knew the things they said to each other couldn't mean anything except what the words said—but he found himself looking up quickly, waiting to see what they meant underneath.

Thompson said, enjoying the steak, "P. J. gets a great kick out of Connie. She's the only one who can kid him into good humor. If he had his way he would have her out to the house for supper, two, three times a week."

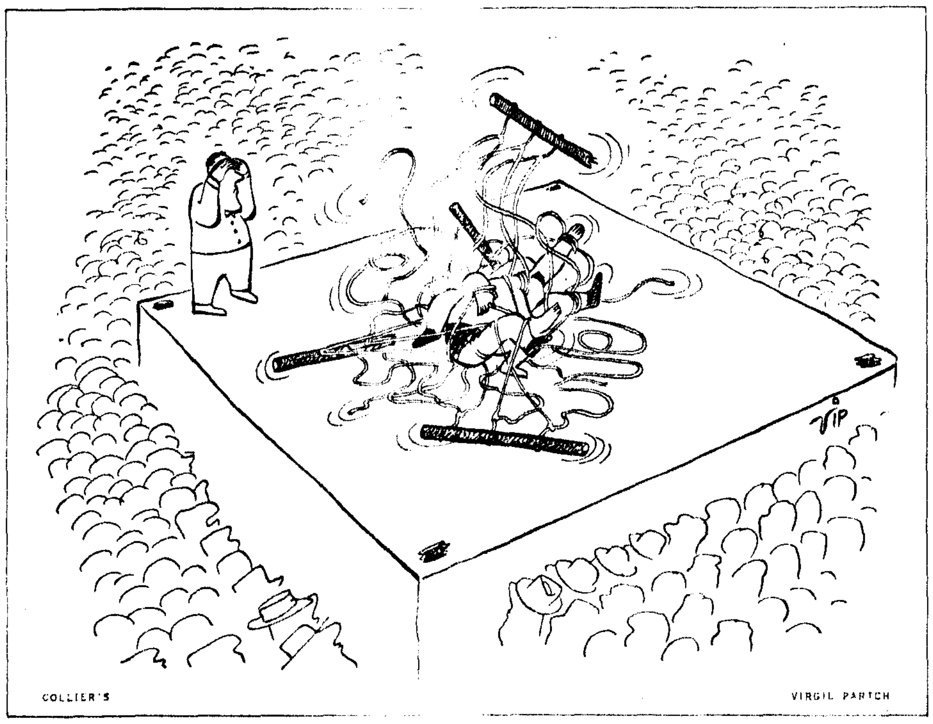
Parrish saw Constance look at him again. He wondered if they had grown too far apart for her to see this growing antagonism between himself and Thompson.

Anyway, she was changing the subject now, by asking him how long it took to make the trip back from Africa.

There was no need to answer. Thompson knew. He knew everything. He had a large map at home, he told Parrish, with the flags of the allied nations arranged along the battle fronts facing the flags of the Axis, and from day to day as reports came in, he shifted the flags.

"Look," he said, pushing back the tin plate and taking a pencil from his pocket. He made a rough sketch of Europe and spoke of *Festung Europa* and showed weakness in the wall. His pencil moved on the pineboards of the table. "I've been giving Connie lessons in strategy."

"Now, here," he said, bringing the pen-



IT'S PLAIN
Horse Sense
Those unsightly flecks are a business and social handicap. Banish loose dandruff completely, relieve unpleasant scalp itching and keep your hair lustrous and easy to groom by massaging daily with
JERIS
for Loose Dandruff
At all drug stores and barber shops

I WISH THEY'D RATION WORMS!

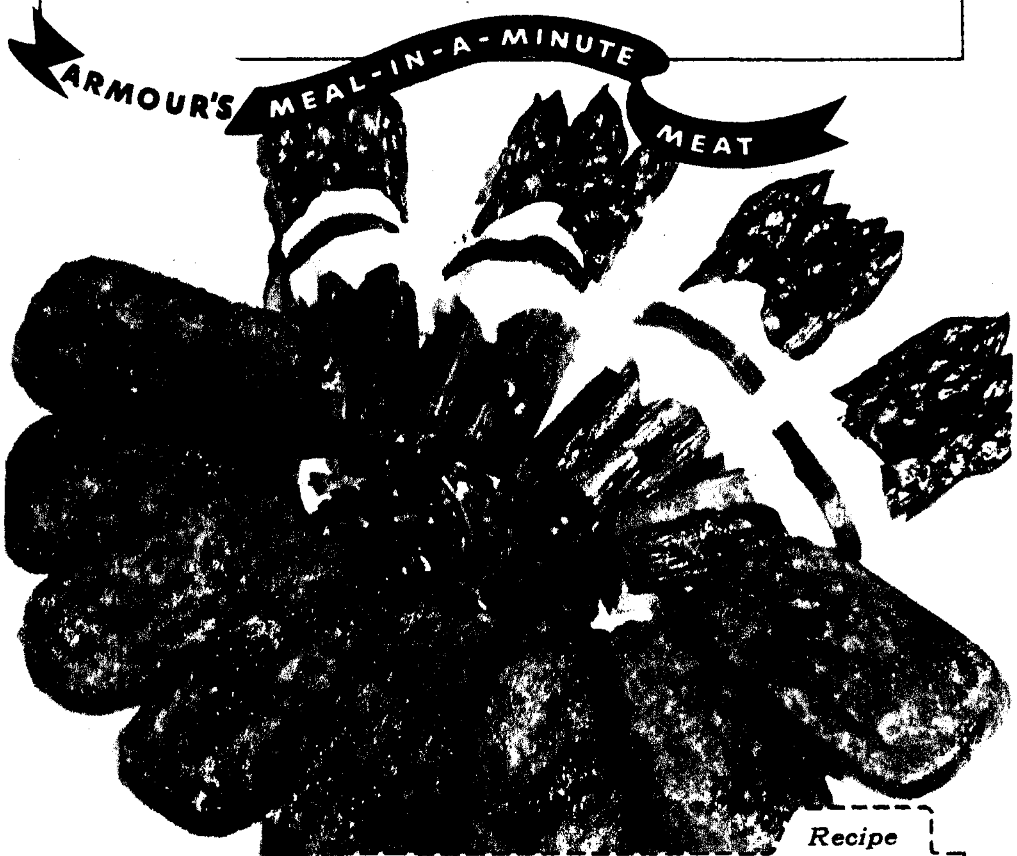
There's one shortage I'd *like* to see—*worms!* They've killed some of my best friends. Unchecked, they're often fatal to pups, and they make a grown dog a push-over for other illnesses.

My Mistress found the answer in the Sergeant's Dog Book—and we slaughter worms whenever I get 'em . . . with Sergeant's SURE SHOT Capsules (it used to be Puppy Capsules when I was small)—they really clean out worms!

Advice on worming is only one of the helpful tips in the Sergeant's Dog Book. Get a copy for your dog's sake—*free* at drug or pet stores—or with this coupon.

FREE
Sergeant's, Dept. 2-E, Richmond 20, Va.
Please mail a FREE, 40-page, illustrated Sergeant's Dog Book to:
Print
Name____________________________
Address__________________________
City State
Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

One tin of TREET makes a Big Springtime Supper for 4



Recipe

Treet and Asparagus

Very tasty . . . high in nutrition . . . low in ration points!

This inviting dish combines the richness of fried Treet slices with the spring-fresh flavor of asparagus spears. It serves four hungry people amply...yet it's easy on your ration stamps. Here's the way to prepare it:

Treet and Asparagus Spears

1 can Armour's Treet
1 lb. fresh or 10 oz. frozen asparagus
2 tbsps. Cloverbloom Butter or Mayflower margarine
2 tbsps. flour
1 cup milk
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
4 thin strips of pimiento

Slice Treet and fry on each side about 1½ minutes or until brown. Cook asparagus, arrange in individual servings and pour cream sauce over top with thin slices of pimiento. Make cream sauce by melting butter, blending in flour and stirring in milk and seasonings. Stir until thickened. 4 servings.

Of course that's just one of scores of tasty ways to serve Treet. Baked, fried, or simply sliced cold, Treet is always fine eating. That's because it's a rich blend of tender, juicy pork shoulder meat . . . not an ounce of waste. There's lots of vital Vitamin B₁ and plenty of high-quality complete proteins in every tin of Treet, too. Serve Treet soon . . . serve it often.

Your dealer has
VITALOX
Armour's Meat Flavor Discovery that adds true beef goodness to all kinds of dishes...without a ration stamp. Try it!

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Look for the familiar blue and yellow Treet label at your favorite food store.

Treet comes in both rectangular and round tin, and glass. Whichever way you buy it, it's the same delicious meat.

Armour's
Treet
THE ALL PURPOSE MEAT
Armour's
Treet
THE ALL PURPOSE MEAT
Armour's
Treet
THE ALL PURPOSE MEAT
Ready to Eat

Armour and Company
For finest quality and flavor, ask for
Star Canned Meats, Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Veal and Lamb, Star Sausages, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products.

cil to the south and pointing to the now old history of the Salerno-Naples theater, "is where I think Eisenhower first blundered. He should have had Clark's men go up from the beachhead as soon as they landed, regardless of the heavy losses that would occur, because time would have been made. They would have kicked the Germans out of those hills, instead of sparing personnel and losing valuable time, and therefore they would have gotten to Rome sooner. . . ."

He looked up, waiting for Parrish's approval.

Parrish was staring at the map. He had hardly heard Thompson. He saw what few people had ever seen. He saw those hills beyond the beaches and he saw the men of his company—the men he had lived with for so long—crumple and fall before the sweeping fire from those hills.

He said, "Maybe you're right, Thompson." He felt toward this man as he had felt toward the man on the bus who had asked him what had happened down there in Italy—more amazement than anger—a sort of sickening amazement.

"Now we're cooking," Thompson said. "Come here, Connie—you see . . ." His left hand reached behind him toward Constance while he was still looking at the sketch, as if he knew she was there and he took her arm and pulled her toward him.

IT WAS the casualness of the gesture which stirred the rush of dark fury in Parrish. He got up. He felt the blood in his veins thumping against his eardrums. He had to get out of that room or something would happen.

He said, thickly, "I'll get some more wood," and went out. He felt his way along the wall of the porch, touching the orange crate and avoiding the kerosene can, until his hand, feeling for the outside door, touched his gun leaning against the wall.

The solidity of the gun, its cold familiarity, its potential power, comforted him. He wondered if the thought of the gun had been in his mind when he left the room.

He lifted it and brought it closer to his body and stood there in the dark. The wind had died and there was no sound of falling snow in the woods now. He could hear Constance talking and the low rumble of Thompson's voice.

To a man who had been trained to kill, who had killed, death should have lost its meaning. But it hadn't. A couple of years ago he might have killed Thompson, but wholesale death had taught him the preciousness of life itself.

This gun in his hand now meant nothing. It was a hunter's gun—not a killer's.

He walked back into the room carrying an armful of wood. He dumped it into the wood box and stood there with his back to the stove, warming his hands. When Thompson got up, Parrish said:

"Wait. Sit down."

Constance turned and looked at him. "What's the matter, Seth? You look funny."

"I want to ask you something."

"What, Seth? What is it?"

For the first time since he had known Constance he could look at her as though she were another woman, detached from him, almost a stranger. He recalled his own feeling toward her as if he, too, were a stranger. He remembered his respect and admiration, his faith and love, and he thought, as he stood there before these two people, how easily those things could be broken, like seashells dropped on stone. He could speak now and forever after break this faith.

The truth was, he didn't want an answer—he was afraid of an answer.

He shifted his weight and brought his hands away from the stove. He said, "I want to know . . . are you happy at the mill, Constance? Did you go to work there because you wanted to?"

Constance said, quietly, "I've got to work, Seth. You know yourself being busy is the best thing for both of us."

Thompson got up. He walked to the door and looked out. "It's stopped snowing," he said. "Well, I guess I can make it back to town now. I mustn't wear out my welcome."

"That's right," Parrish said.

Constance came to him. She put her hands on his shoulders and looked deeply into his eyes. "Seth—you're tired."

Her arms went around him and she held him, as if she were supporting him. Then she raised her head and kissed him on the lips, softly.

A deep satisfaction came to him. This was what he had wanted since she and Thompson had come into the room—the assurance of her love in front of the other man. Because this he knew, more surely than he knew anything else: Constance could never have made this gesture if there had been anything between her and Wayne Thompson.

"I've been stupid," Thompson said, "keeping you up this way."

He walked to the door, and Parrish moved from Constance and they both followed Thompson out onto the quiet, cold porch.

He turned then and said, "Look, you two—I'll come out in two days, to get you, unless," and he gave a dry chuckling laugh, "unless you're lucky enough to get snowed in."

They watched him turn the car around and saw the taillight drop down the hill and disappear toward the distant glow over the town.

When Constance closed the door behind her, she stood there for a moment, tall and thoughtful.

"What is it, Seth? What are you afraid of?"

He looked at her for a second without speaking. Then he said, "I don't know, exactly—I suppose it's change. I guess the idea of change scared us more than fighting did— At least we talked more about it. We wanted everything to be the same."

She left the door and went to him and stood close to him. "But Seth—that's impossible. We're people, too—all of us that are left behind. You can't put us down as though we were characters in a book and open us up at the same page when you come back. I've got some new clothes and a new hair do— Why not? I used to change my hair every four or five months before you went away. And I've got a job and some new friends, but there isn't a thing in my life that would ever bother you, if only you had been here when it happened."

He laughed softly and turned her toward the light. "Sure, that's right," he said. "A year and a half is a long time."

HE WENT to the shelf near the window and picked up the pipe and, holding it so that she couldn't see it, dropped it in the stove.

"What was that, Seth?"

"A piece of wood," he said and walked back to her and caught her in his arms. "Forget what I said—it doesn't mean anything. Underneath, the thing I was afraid of most was a change in you—your feeling for me. But I guess those outside things can't touch that. Because now, holding you like this—all that stuff seems unimportant."

From far away they heard a long whistle. "What's that?" he asked.

"The mill whistle. It's the night shift."

He said, "Maybe Thompson will be right. Maybe we will be snowed in. I'll go out and hunt food for us. I brought the old .32 out. It will be like those first two weeks we spent here together."

THE END

When Will Rationing End?

Continued from page 14

Processed foods	When the war in the Pacific ends.
Passenger tires	Some relief when the war in Europe is over. End of rationing when the war in the Pacific ends.
Gasoline	When the war in the Pacific ends.
Heating oil	Probably not until after next winter.
Automobiles	When the war in the Pacific ends. (Some relief possible after the end of the war in Europe.)
Shoes	Relief when the war in Europe ends. Possible end of rationing before end of Pacific war.

It has been assumed that the war would be won first in Europe and then in the Pacific. This may not be the sequence but the third and certain stage will be the return of our overseas troops and the demobilization of our Armed Forces.

As the pressure of our military might shifts more and more into the Pacific, huge forces and tremendous supplies will be needed for this final struggle with the Japanese. There will be relentless demands for a continual heavy flow of war materials. But certainly there will also be some increased civilian production and, with it, a modification of rationing and perhaps the actual removal of some items from the rationed list.

Let us examine supply-and-demand factors for all rationed commodities and see how they bear on prospects for the termination of rationing. We start with sugar.

During the late 1930's the use of sugar averaged about 97 pounds per person a year. This included sugar for candy, bakery products, soft drinks and household uses. Just before the war in 1941, with increased purchasing power, the nation's consumption of sugar, for all purposes, rose to 105 pounds per person. But during 1942, because of the submarine warfare in the Caribbean and an over-all shortage of shipping space, supplies of sugar fell off approximately 1,180,000 tons and rationing became necessary.

During 1943, the Navy began to lick the German submarine menace, and we were able to increase sugar rations considerably. More sugar was allowed home canners, bakers, soft-drink manufacturers and candymakers. But prospects for continued relaxation of sugar rationing, which looked bright last summer, have since faded because preparations for invasion brought even greater demands for merchant shipping, while the United States' military and Lend-Lease requirements increased, and large quantities of sugar, formerly earmarked for civilian use, were diverted to the manufacture of industrial alcohol as a substitute for grain.

Thus, the civilian sugar allocation has averaged 73 pounds per person during 1944, less than the 79 pounds we had last year and the situation, therefore, calls for maximum co-operation on the part of consumers in economizing in their use of sugar.

Under the circumstances, it would be my hope that we could be rid of sugar rationing some time before the harvesting of Central Europe's great beet-sugar crop after the end of the war in Europe.

In the last few weeks, the American public has been handed, from sources outside the government, diametrically opposed statements about our future meat supply. Some persons have contended there was so much meat that rationing and price control should be scrapped. Others have warned of shortages and famine. As usual, the real situation seems to lie between the two extremes.

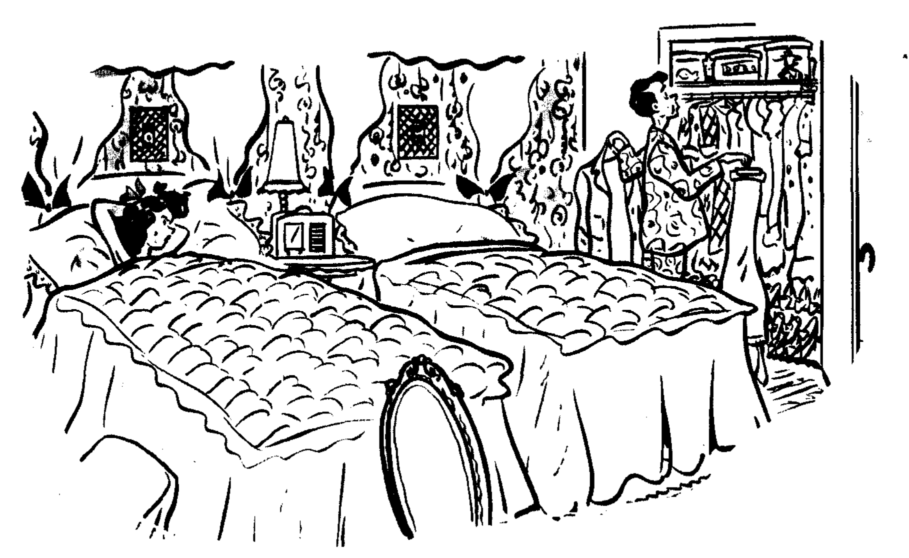
A Generous Meat Supply

Meat production last year was at an all-time high. Marketing of hogs in December and January was extremely heavy and the anticipated spring decline in marketings failed fully to materialize. Furthermore, civilians received a temporary windfall because the Armed Forces and other war agencies of the government were not able to buy and ship as much meat earlier this year as previously planned.

Roughly 25 billion pounds of meat—two billions more than last year—are expected to be produced during 1944. From this production, the military will take larger supplies than ever. But the allocation for civilians is expected to be slightly larger than last year and a great deal more than the average civilian consumption from 1935 to 1939.

In March, civilians were allocated meat at the rate of 156 pounds per capita a year. But the Bureau of Agricultural Economics estimates, conservatively, that at 1944 ceiling prices civilians would buy 170 pounds per capita if the meat were available.

Recently the Canadian government temporarily removed meat from rationing. That caused a lot of people in this country to think that OPA would take the same action. The situation in this country and Canada, however, is totally different. Canada suffers from a critical lack of storage and shipping facilities. Its govern-



COLLIER'S "That closet is perfectly big enough for both of us if you'd be reasonable and stay in your one third!" REAMER KELLER

Swank Newport Rhode Island

offers Tomato Rarebit at the Viking

RECIPE

for tomato rarebit with crisp bacon as served by The Viking Hotel

- 1½ pint milk, scalded
- 2 egg yolks
- 10½ oz. can condensed tomato soup
- ½ cup American cheese, grated
- 8 slices crisp bacon
- 6 tablespoons flour
- salt and pepper to taste
- 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute
- 2 teaspoons dry mustard
- 8 slices toast

Heat milk to boiling point in double boiler. Mix flour and mustard to smooth paste with small amount of water or milk. When milk reaches boiling point, thicken with flour mixture. Beat egg yolks until lemon color. Combine with tomato soup, add to cream sauce. Add grated cheese, salt, pepper and butter—beat until smooth. Just before serving, add one-half bottle of Goebel Beer.

Serve very hot on toast points and top with strips of crisp bacon.

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

Newport is a favorite "civilian furlough" center and The Viking Hotel adds enjoyment to these time-out periods with the kind of fine foods that have helped make Newport nationally famous.

Goebel Beer can add enjoyment to your time-out, too, 'most anywhere . . . the enjoyment of a taste so good it has won first place with millions from Maine to Louisiana. When day is over, it's time to meet the taste that won America . . . time to ask for Goebel Beer.

GOEBEL BEER

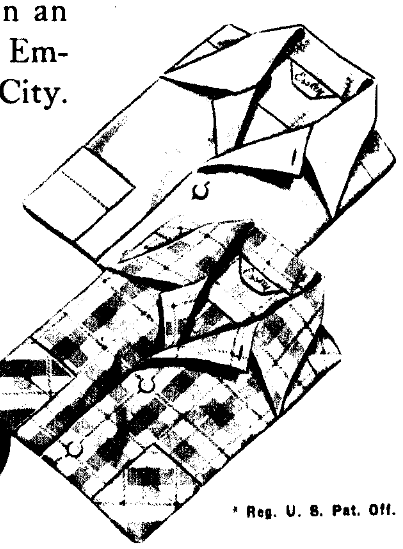
Available in 7 oz., 12 oz. and 32 oz. bottles • Goebel Brewing Co., Detroit 7, Mich.

She's Boss...
when it
comes to my
sportshirts!

TRUST women's intuition in selecting men's shirts! What an eye for color they have—what a "feel" for fabric! Naturally they approve Essley *Woman-Wise* Sportshirts for their handsome style.

Distinctive, authentic Scotch Clan plaids (50% wool), fine gabardines or durable acetates. It's easy to throw out your chest when it's dressed in an Essley! Essley Shirt Company, Empire State Building, New York City.

Originators of the TRUBENIZED* Collar



ESSLEY
Woman-Wise
SPORTSWEAR

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BY THE MAKERS OF ESSLEY WOMAN-WISE SHIRTS

ment took meat off rationing to prevent spoilage. In the United States, we are able to move meat to the consumer without hindrance from rationing machinery.

Meat rationing will be with us for several months after the end of the war in Europe. Our Armed Forces will continue to require huge quantities of meat even after the war shifts into the Asiatic area. With luck in the latter part of the war, however, meat rationing may be eased and perhaps eliminated entirely.

Civilian supplies of processed foods are now roughly equal to those of a year ago. Right now only a limited supply of canned foods is sent to our allies under Lend-Lease. By far the greater part of noncivilian stocks of these foods is taken by the Army and Navy. Our Armed Forces, a year from today, will be approximately 10 per cent larger than they are now, and even though Germany may have been eliminated, our boys are still going to have big appetites wherever they may be fighting.

The Victory gardeners, in 1943, did a great job for us. I am sure we can count on them to help again this year. However, I do not believe we can look forward to any broad slackening of our canned-goods rationing program during the next twelve months. There'll be modifications in point values, of course, and I hope that most of them may be on the down side. But it looks to me as though we'll be faced with shortages of commercially canned foods in greater or less degree until the war in the Pacific is over.

The passenger-car tire situation may begin to ease somewhat in 1944. With good luck we should have in the neighborhood of 22 million new synthetic tires for civilians this year. However, this is only sixty per cent of the passenger tires sold in 1941, and any increase in military requirements would make the 1944 goal impossible. This means we are going to have to continue to use many retreads.

Tire rationing should begin to ease after the war in Europe ends. But there is bound to be a civilian shortage of some dimensions until the war in the Pacific is finally won, and our tire industry again can be focused on civilian requirements.

War Feeds on Gasoline

The situation is much the same on gasoline. Today we are producing around 1,800,000 barrels daily—more than we ever produced in peacetime. And yet the use of gasoline for civilian purposes is less than seventy per cent of 1941. Our war requirements are, of course, the explanation. More than 600,000 barrels of gasoline of all kinds are required for war every day.

When our bombers have stopped flying over Europe and our tanks have ceased to rumble on the other side of the Atlantic, we shall have to meet tremendous demands in the Pacific as the Japanese war intensifies. The distances to be covered in the Pacific are huge. As a result, we shall probably need gasoline rationing until the end of the war in the Pacific. There is nothing now to indicate any improvement in the gasoline picture in 1944.

The heating-oil supply situation is a major question mark. It is unlikely that heating-oil rationing can be eliminated next winter or until a year after the end of the war in Europe. This is a guess. No one can do more than offer a guess on that one.

The situation on automobiles is difficult. During 1943, the War Production Board reports that over one million passenger cars were scrapped.

It is possible that production of passenger cars in limited numbers may be permitted following the end of the European war. But it will be a long time before our automobile industry can even begin to meet civilian demands.

In 1941, the automobile industry produced about four million passenger cars. If the war were over tomorrow, the market for new cars would probably be at least twice that great. So again it looks as though automobile rationing of one kind or another will be with us at least until the end of the war in the Pacific.

The shoe-rationing situation should be somewhat relieved after the end of the war in Europe. But again I am afraid there will still be a civilian shortage; our military and naval requirements will continue to be tremendous.

There has been criticism of butter rationing, particularly as some butter stocks have deteriorated. The contention has been made that possibly we ought to distribute less butter to our allies and more to our civilians. Less than five per cent of our butter production goes to Russia, and that goes to the Russian army.

Our normal butter consumption is 16 to 18 pounds a year per capita. Present consumption, under rationing, is about 12 pounds. Today's extra purchasing power probably would make for greater than normal demand. Were there no rationing, butter distribution would be so spotty that many sections of the country—those farthest away from the butter-producing centers—would have to do without.

It should be possible to ease up on butter rationing after the war in Europe is finished.

Rationing in the Future

In this brief and oversimplified discussion of a complex and unpredictable problem, I have tried to give you the clearest possible idea of the future rationing situation. I have tried to avoid both the dire forebodings of the pessimist and the rosy optimism of those who feel we will soon return to normal peacetime living.

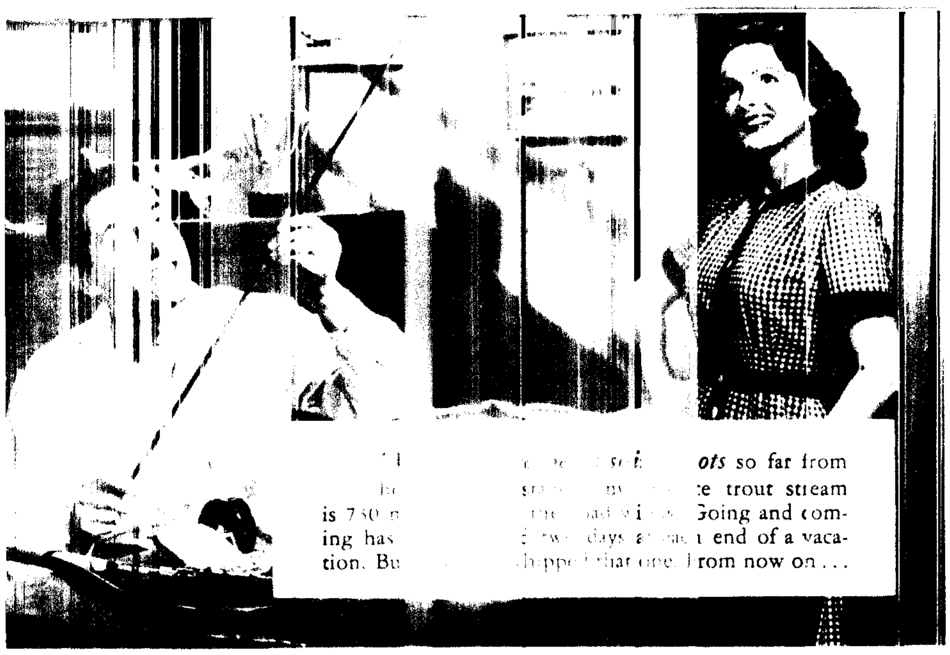
There are a dozen factors in our supply situation which can change the outlook for rationing either for better or worse. We only know, as I have said, that nothing is certain—except that the war is far from won and that our Army and Navy must be carried at their present huge size for a considerable time to come.

We in the OPA have, of course, no control over the basic supplies of rationed material. Supplies of shoes and clothing are the responsibility of the War Production Board. Supplies of gasoline and fuel oil are in the hands of the Petroleum Administrator for War. Supplies of food are the responsibility of the War Food Administrator and the War Production Board. Supplies of rubber are controlled by the Rubber Director. It is our job to distribute that part of the supply which is allocated by the various supply agencies for civilian use. It is our job to distribute those supplies fairly and efficiently.

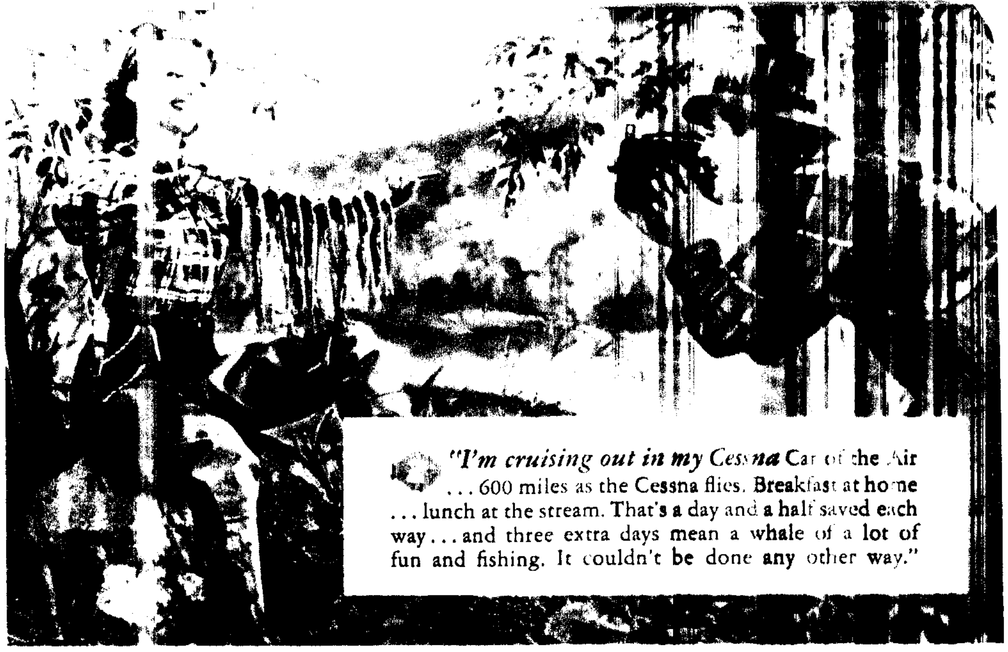
Whenever we can eliminate rationing on some particular commodity, we shall do so promptly, as in the case of coffee last summer. We shall modify our regulations whenever we can, as we have on so many occasions during the last several months. If we make mistakes I think I can assure you that our mistakes will tend to be on the optimistic side. We are more likely to go too far in lifting restrictions than not far enough.

It will be a wonderful day for all of us when we can forget about the shortages of war and look forward to the peace and plenty. It would only lead to future disappointment and irritation, however, if we allow ourselves to believe that our supply problems are finally behind us. Far from that, the American phase of the war—the phase for the success of which our ten million American sailors and soldiers will be largely responsible—is only beginning. And, until that phase is over, rationing in some degree, at least, must continue to be a vital and necessary part of our Strategy of Victory.

THE END



[illegible] *ots* so far from [illegible] te trout stream is 750 [illegible] Going and com-ing has [illegible] two days at each end of a vaca-tion. Bu[illegible] chopped that one. From now on . . .



"I'm cruising out in my Cessna Car of the Air . . . 600 miles as the Cessna flies. Breakfast at home . . . lunch at the stream. That's a day and a half saved each way . . . and three extra days mean a whale of a lot of fun and fishing. It couldn't be done any other way."

When you're having this kind of fun, *Three Extra Days* mean a whale of a lot

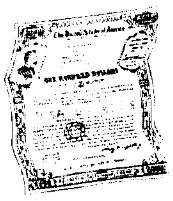
Our fisherman friend is dead right. He might have added, too, that flying his Cessna is really more like driving his automobile than flying.

For businessmen who travel, a Cessna will multiply the working hours and results. For Mrs. America, it'll multiply social and shopping advantages.

To complete the picture, every community in the country will, before long, have small landing strips for personal airplanes, as in the illustration. Larger cities will have several of these air parks, downtown as well as around the residential sections. Many progressive communities have already taken first steps—why not ask your Chamber of Commerce what's being done in yours.

Meanwhile . . . we're 100% in war work here at Cessna, and Cessnas are flying two million miles a day or more for our Armed Forces and the R.C.A.F. When the war ends, there'll naturally be a reconverting period, but soon as possible we'll start building Cessna Cars of the Air for you and your neighbors.

Priority Delivery By Buying War Bonds Now . . .



Be one of the first to own a Cessna Car of the Air after the war. Orders are certain to exceed production, but you can get a preferred listing for early postwar delivery. Costs you nothing. No obligation to buy. Write today for the simple Priority Plan. CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Box 1616-C, Wichita, Kansas.

Cessna

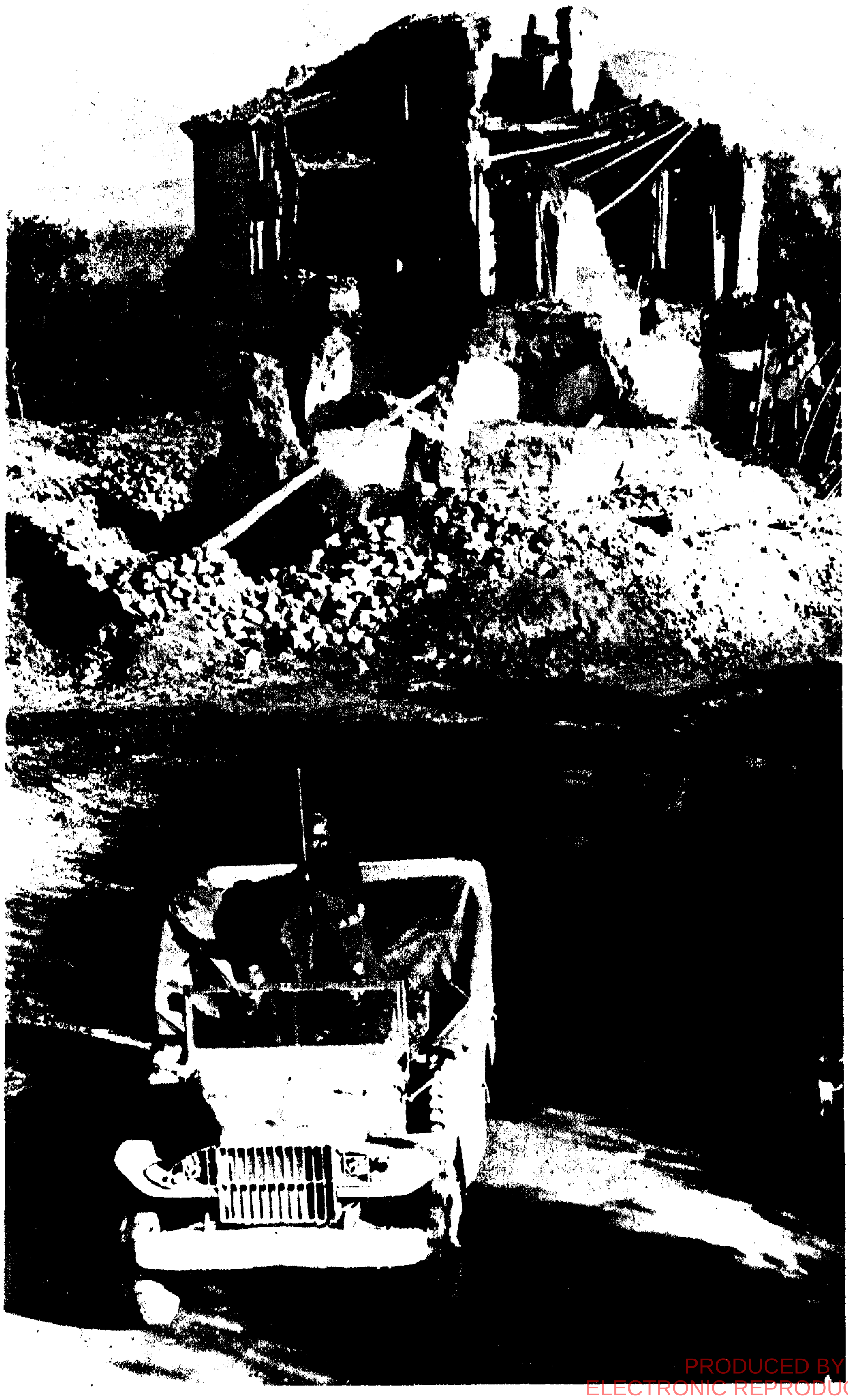
★ ★ ★ SYMBOL OF AIRCRAFTSMANSHIP FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS

By Martha Gellhorn

The enemy always has the higher ground, and casualties are terrific, but the French do not complain because, mountain by mountain, they are grimly earning their way home

Two French Moroccans, wounded in Italy, are lifted from mules which brought them down the mountain

INTERNATIONAL



In a U. S. armed truck, three Frenchmen pass a demolished Italian home en route to the front. Their war is a grudge fight

THE French soldier driving the jeep had large, dark, sad eyes and he had not shaved for a week. He was small, thin and dirty and he looked ill. The windshield and the top of the jeep were down and the snow had changed to hail. The road, circling up the mountains, was narrow and slippery. Wind blew across the gray stone sides of the mountains and over the snow peaks, and drove the hail into our faces.

The little jeep driver was having a bad time as was everyone else on the road. From time to time we would pass a completely unnecessary sign: a skull and bones painted on a board, with underneath the phrase in French: The enemy sees you.

No one needed to be warned. There you were, on a roller-coaster road freezing to death, and if the enemy couldn't see you, he was a fool; he was sitting right across there, on that other snow mountain.

The jeep driver spoke with sudden bitter mockery: "*Visitez l'Italie!*" he said.

There used to be tourist posters in France, in all the railroad stations, showing a sunstruck and enchanting glimpse of country with a dark-haired girl eating grapes or maybe just laughing, and the posters urged: Visit Italy.

Now we were visiting Italy. It was a small, peculiar and unhealthy piece of Italy—the French front. It was a bulge of mountains; the French held these mountains and opposite them, on higher mountains, were the Germans. The mountains to the right were occupied by the Poles, and to the left, around Cassino, were the Americans. The main Italian front is very curious anyhow. One day we figured there were twenty races and nationalities stretched across Italy from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic, all fighting the Germans. The French held the highest mountains of all: this front. It was colder here than anywhere else—though it was cold enough everywhere—and no one believed this wind would ever blow at less than gale force, and just when you began to hope that spring might come, it would snow again.

Before he came to this naked, ominous road, the jeep driver had been a barman in Casablanca. Now he said, through stiff, cold lips:

"Have you ever had an Alexander cocktail, mademoiselle?"

We passed a burned American tank, rounded a curve and saw two trucks which had plunged down a ravine and were hanging almost perpendicularly against the side of the mountain. An Alexander is a horrible, sweet drink made with crème de cacao.

"Yes, indeed," I said, holding a tin hat in front of my face as a shield against the hail.

"I do not mean to brag," the Frenchman said, "but I made the best Alexanders in Casablanca."

Then we were silent because it was too hard to talk. Perhaps he was thinking of his bar, or the small café he hoped to have in France after the war. I was thinking about that wonderful phrase: Visit Italy.

Life Line to the Front

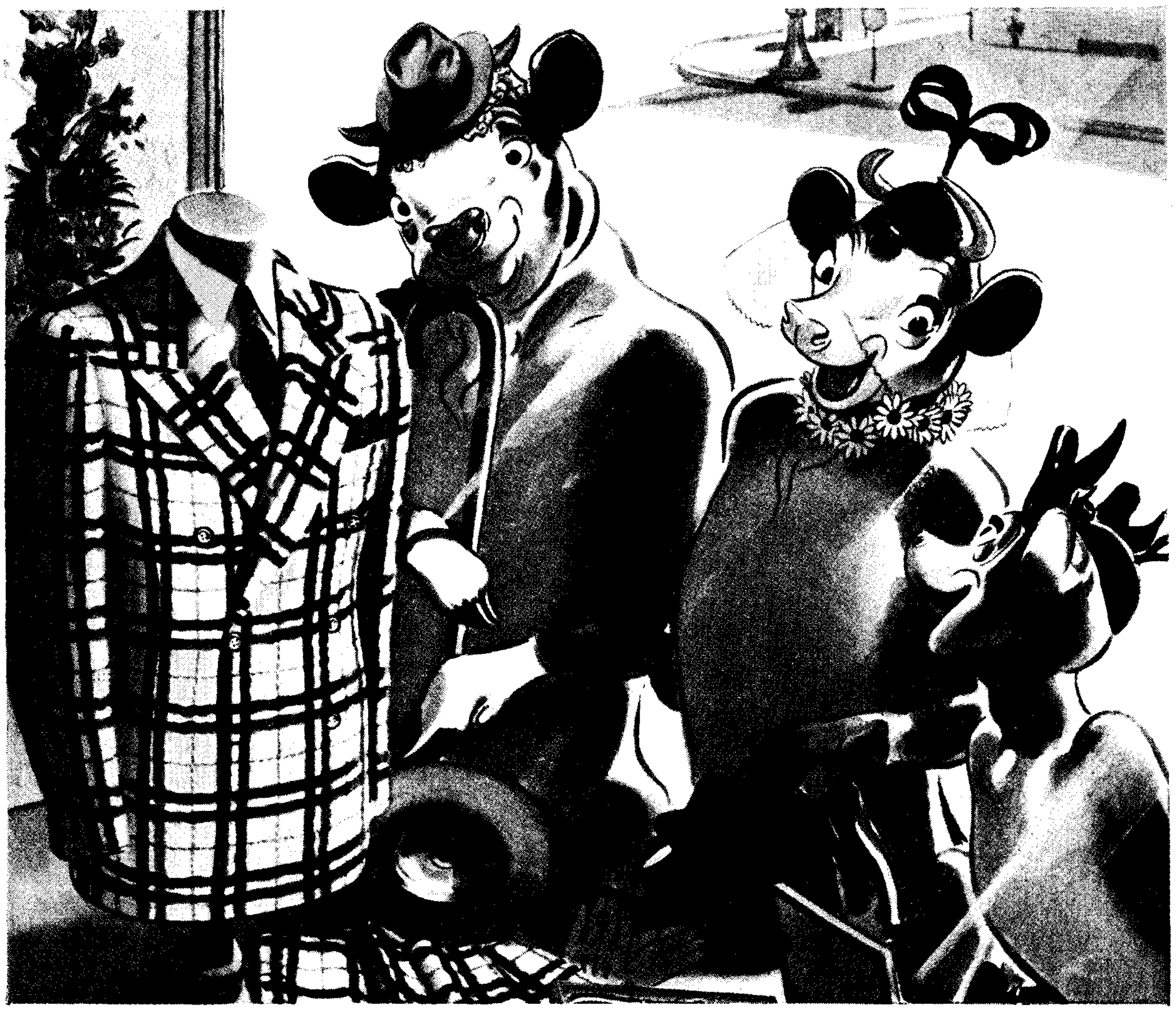
Coming north from Naples, you drive in a steady stream of khaki-colored traffic: trucks and jeeps, command cars and ambulances, wrecking cars and tanks and tank destroyers and munitions carriers. There is no end to the traffic and if you are unlucky, you will find yourself behind a convoy which rumbles along like marching elephants, and since the roads are narrow and the traffic is thick both ways, you are forced to learn patience.

Along the sides of the road are endless camps—tents pitched in the mud lakes that form under olive groves or in the deep gluey mud of open fields. There is always a soldier shaving under the forbidding sky, with care and a comic solemnity and quite alone. Naked to the waist in the cold, he wages the losing battle to keep clean. There are acres of cars parked, with men working in a misery of mud on broken motors. There never was so much wheeled transport, you think; all Italy seems to be moving.

When you first pass through the villages they are incredible; it is not possible that once these places stood up foursquare and people lived in them. No cyclone could have done as thorough a job as high explosive has. After a while you do not even notice the sliced houses, the landslides of rubble, the torn roofs.

The roads are bordered with telephone wires, looking like thick, twisted vines in the jungle; dozens of wires, draped and hung over what trees remain, or simply trailing on the ground. Then there are the neatly placed tent hospitals, and suddenly out of a side road tanks appear, loud, blind and waiting for nothing.

As you get nearer the front, Italy be-



"Thank heavens for an old New England proverb," gasped Elsie

"TALK SENSE, woman," spluttered Elmer, the bull. "An old New England proverb has absolutely nothing to do with this distinguished plaid suit which is a steal for $31.98 if I ever saw one."

"Oh, but it does in wartime," explained Elsie, the Borden Cow. "The old New England proverb says: *'Use it up—wear it out—make it do—or do without.'* And, Elmer, if there's one thing you can do without in times like these it's this flashy suit. You don't need it, and you know it. You've a good suit at home."

"It's my $31.98," thundered Elmer, "and I'll spend it as I please. Since when do I have to *need* things before I can buy them?"

"Since the war started," smiled Elsie. "Buying things you don't really need makes prices higher. You see, most people today have more money yet, due to wartime production, there are less things for them to buy. When people bid against each other for things they don't need, prices go up."

BORDEN'S MILK—A BASIC 7 FOOD!
Borden's

"You sound like a lecture in economics," sneered Elmer. "If what you say is true, I suppose you'll be busy telling everyone not to buy those precious Borden products of yours."

"Well, yes and no," admitted Elsie. "Folks really do need things like my pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk.* Uncle Sam himself says that milk and milk products are among the *Basic 7 Foods* that everyone should eat every day. But I certainly hope that no one buys one drop of milk he doesn't really need—not even Borden's."

BABIES THRIVE ON BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"That's funny," muttered Elmer. "Are my ears going back on me? Did you just say that people should go easy when they buy Borden's Milk?"

"I did," laughed Elsie. "There's not a drop of milk to waste these days. Why, *Borden's Evaporated Milk* has to be rationed in order to give every baby a fair share. Borden's is so digestible and rich in Vitamin D that doctors approve it as a steady diet for tots."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM AND SHERBETS ARE GREAT FOOD!

"Tots wonderful," punned Elmer with a self-satisfied smirk. "But to get back to rising prices, I thought the government had taken care of all that by freezing or something."

"The government has done a lot," answered Elsie, "but you and I must help. And speaking of freezing, did I ever tell you that *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Sherbets* are fine foods as well as tempting treats? It's a fact. That's one of the reasons our fighting men get lots of ice cream."

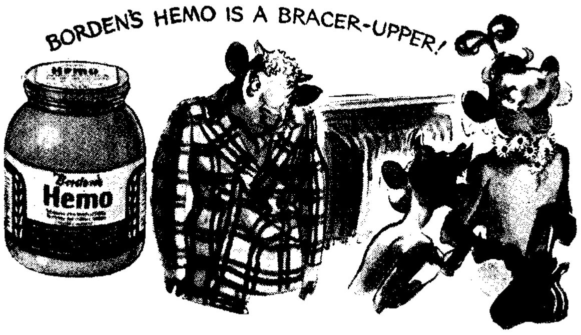
"Stick to the subject, can't you," bellowed Elmer. "We were talking about high prices and slick suits. I tell you I *want* this suit! Its classic lines make me look distinguished."

"No one who throws his money away looks very distinguished these days," retorted Elsie. "Anyway, *Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese* has enough distinction for both of us. Wej-Cut makes perfectly swell sandwiches without one smitch of butter. And it's a wonderful buy for your points and pennies."

SANDWICHES WITHOUT BUTTER—BORDEN'S WEJ-CUT CREAM CHEESE!
Borden's
Wej-Cut

"But a man needs to buy something new once in a while," grumbled Elmer. "It braces him up."

"Then buy a War Bond," chuckled Elsie. "If *that* isn't bracing enough, you'd better try a glass of *Borden's Hemo.* Loads of people say this grand new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em is the slickest bracer-upper they ever sipped. Furthermore—"


BORDEN'S HEMO IS A BRACER-UPPER!
Hemo
Borden's
Hemo

"Don't furthermore me," groaned Elmer. "You've used me up, you've worn me out, and I'll make my old blue serge do if you'll let me do without the rest of your speech. There, are you satisfied?"

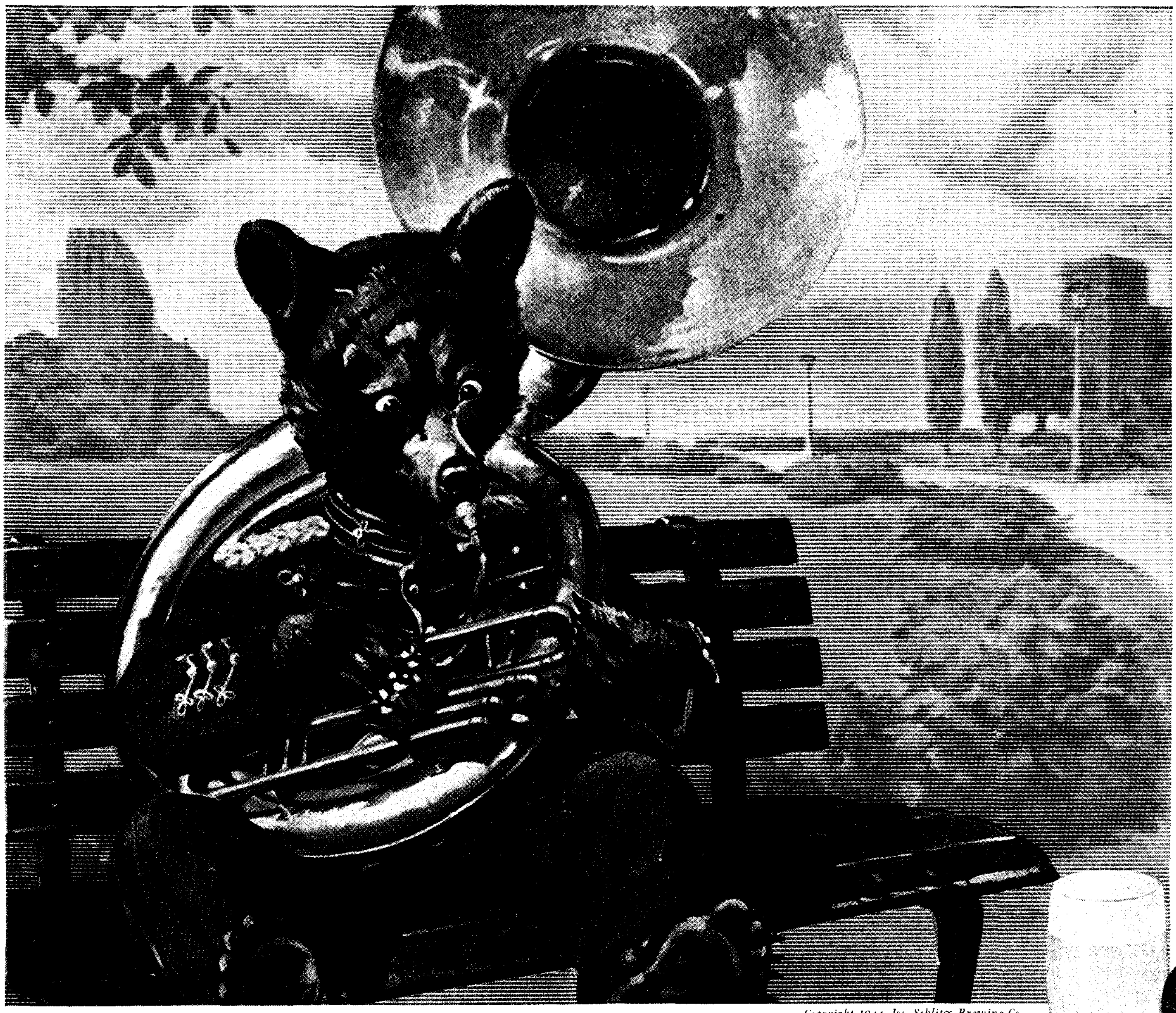
"I suppose so," said Elsie. "And if you'll do your level best to keep prices down by never buying a thing you don't really need, I won't even remind you that: *'If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!'* "

—if it's Borden's it's got to be good

© The Borden Company

It's something different

You'll agree that Schlitz is truly different when you taste its delightful freedom from bitterness. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, Schlitz is as famous for its delicacy as for its real beer character. Its famous flavor is in tune with American taste.



Copyright 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

SCHLITZ

..none of the bitterness

Schlitz

SCHLITZ
Schlitz
THE BEER
MADE MILWAUKEE

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

comes an even stranger country to visit. Three Italian children take turns swinging on a piece of old telephone wire hung from a tree in an ammunition dump. Blown bridges rest like boxcars in the river beds. Jeeps pass, with their names painted on them: Calamity II, Death Dodger, Betty Ann.

In a hollow below the climbing road, Italian women are washing clothes at an old stone trough, and six-wheeled trucks plow somehow up the hill through mud that looks like churned brown cement. The echo of shell explosions bangs crazily against the mountains. You pass through a mud flat, where nothing grows except guns, and two French batteries of 155s open up against the Germans who are on a mountain you cannot see, and everyone on the road is briefly deafened. If you are right under the guns, you open your mouth and breathe hard.

The road keeps climbing and now there are soldiers' camps on the upright sides of the mountain. They are French native troops wearing American uniforms. Suddenly the road turns and before you there is a wilderness of mountains, crushed against one another, rolling higher and higher to the north, with the snow very clean on them. It's the most beautiful view of all—so beautiful that everyone notices it, though everyone dislikes it, for the Germans are there.

At the turning, a French colonial soldier, wearing a long, striped robe and a turban is standing on the roof of a pillbox, inspecting the German mountain range. He stands like a statue, as if he had just found this nice place to rest when he had some free time to himself. From now on, you circle down to the Rapido, and the war gets smaller and you see fewer people and less transport. You begin to hear and see with fierce concentration, holding your body tight together.

Visit Italy, indeed! It is all this and so much more. It would take a rare kind of guidebook to tell you the sights of Italy alone. And how about the people? How will you ever know about the twenty races and nationalities who fight as allies in Italy? How will you ever know all they have done and seen and felt and survived? There will be men among them who will write about this campaign after the war and that will be the good writing. But perhaps it is impossible to understand anything truly unless it happened to you, yourself.

The jeep driver and I were going to San Elia which used to be a town and is now a mass of blown-up masonry. Two French first-aid posts operate here. They are stationed in very dirty basements that have beautiful thick walls. Otherwise there is no use for the town; it is only a place that troops and transport pass through, a place to be shelled whenever the Germans think it profitable.

Across the Rapido from the town is the Belvedere, a bleak gray stone mountain that the French took. What the French take they stay on, and it is quiet on the mountain now. A sizable unit went in to the attack and hardly more than 20 per cent were able to walk off the mountain, but the French hold it, and that is what they want. Because each mountain they take, at whatever cost, is a mountain nearer home.

For the Honor of France

The French are earning their way home and they do not complain. They know exactly what they are doing and they are doing it superbly. They are fighting for the honor of France, which is not just a phrase, as you might think, but the personal, undying pride of every one of them. And they are fighting to get home to a country cleansed of Germans. Home means a street, a house, a face that has not been seen for too many years. Home means the lovely sky and the lovely land of France.

The mountains of Italy are horrible; to attack always against heights held by well-entrenched and well-trained enemy troops is surely the worst sort of war. Nothing can help the infantry much in mountains; Germans dug in to the stone sides of these cliffs can survive the heaviest shelling. Tanks cannot operate. So at last it is the courage and determination of a Frenchman against the courage and determination of a German. The French have been taking their objectives.

The jeep driver belonged to a *compagnie de ramassage*, which means literally a pick-up company. His outfit has to collect the wounded from the sides of these mountains, carry them down on stretchers and drive them back to base hospitals over roads which would be dangerous even if no one shelled them. In these mountains it is not unusual for a wounded man to be carried for ten hours before he reaches a road and a waiting ambulance. The present headquarters of his company was one of the basements in San Elia. We drove rapidly past the two known evil points at the entry of the town —there are always the places you are certain to be shelled, and then there are the surprise places.

An ambulance was parked inside the front door of the first-aid station and there was straw on the floor where the stretcher-bearers slept next to the ambulances. Down a dark, stony passageway was the room where the doctor worked. A fine-faced, cocoa-colored soldier from Martinique lay on the improvised operating table. He had very bright eyes and he was quite silent but there was this odd, birdlike curiosity in his eyes. Across the room, a white soldier sat on a chair, not moving, but looking at his friend. Under the blanket you could see that the Martiniquan had only one leg. They had just been brought in.

They were repairing a telephone line near the Rapido when a shell landed near them. A sliver of the shell pierced the left eye of the Frenchman, another fragment almost severed the leg of the Martiniquan. The blinded man made a tourniquet of telephone wire to stop his friend's hemorrhage, and then, because the torn leg was hanging by skin and tendons only, he cut the leg off with his clasp knife. Then he carried his comrade to the road and went for help.

The Martiniquan kept saying in his soft, old-fashioned French, "I love my friend very much but he should not have cut off my leg."

The soldier who had only one eye refused treatment until he was sure his comrade was well cared for, then he accepted a shot of morphine. There was nothing to do for his destroyed eye; it would have to be taken out at the base hospital.

There were no more wounded, so the doctor, the transport officer and I went down to their living quarters, a very cold room in another cellar. Half the dirt floor had been covered with old doors to keep the damp from the mattresses they slept on. There was an old table with a marble top, an iron stove that barely worked, two kerosene lamps, four uncertain chairs, an upright piano with planks for legs, a radio, some mice, a pervading odor of damp and good thick walls.

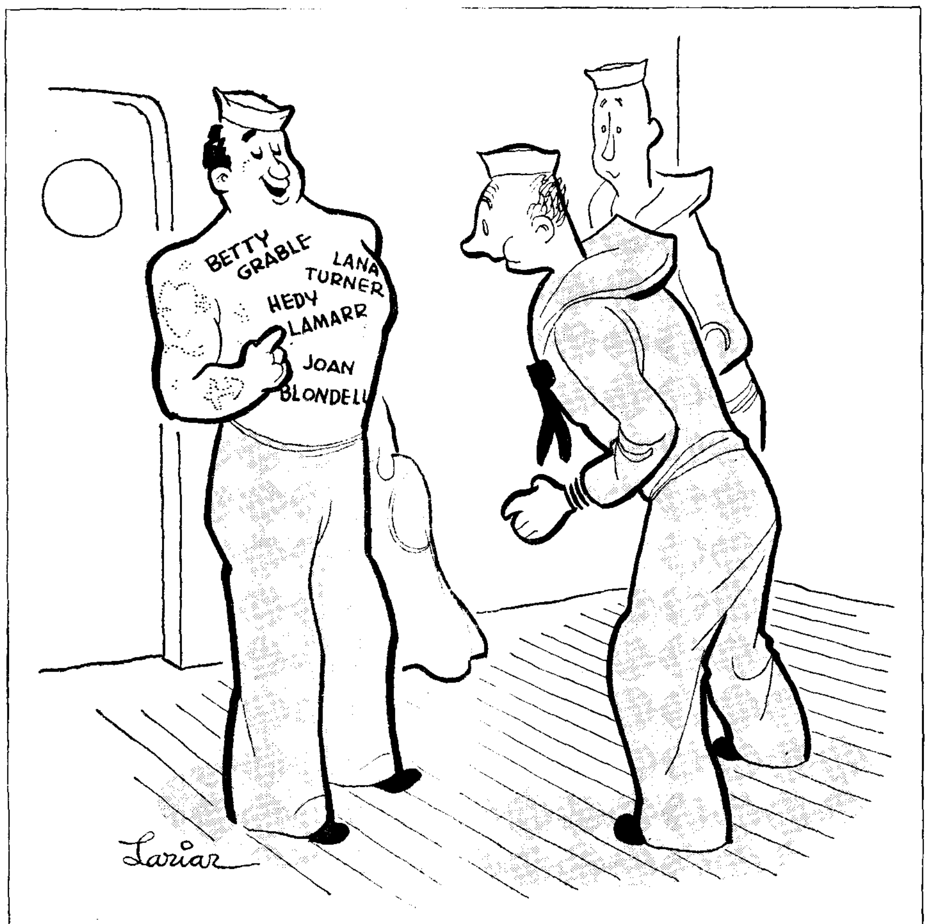
Gunfire as Dinner Music

We sat down with a bottle of Italian cognac, which tastes like perfume and gasoline, and waited for dinner. There was an American AMG (Allied Military Government) major in town with his aide. They had evacuated the entire civil population and were leaving for another village in the morning, but tonight they were coming to dine. They would presumably arrive before the evening shelling started.

We got Switzerland on the radio in order to learn what was happening in Cassino, seven kilometers away. We also tuned in on Berlin to hear what they were giving out, and they announced that they would now play the music of a Grenadier regiment fighting on the Italian front. These were the German troops two kilometers away from our cellar. "It is not bad music," the transport officer said, "except for all that boom-boom they always have."

We talked about movies, and the doctor and the transport officer, neither of whom had seen a movie for a year and a half, got into a passionate argument.

"One minute of good sense, I beg you,



COLLIER'S "I call it my hope chest" LAWRENCE LARIAR

"I used to be a GLAMOUR GIRL"

Well, go right on being all that's lovely. Don't do that offensive task by hand. Sani-Flush makes toilet bowls sparkling white the quick, easy, sanitary way. Use at least twice a week to remove unsightly stains *without scrubbing.*

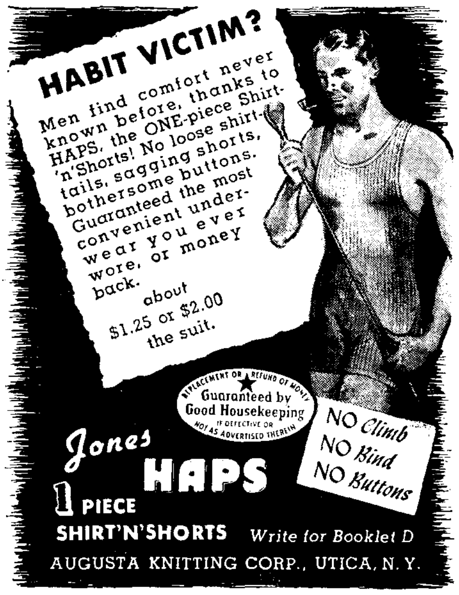
Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically—even cleans the hidden trap. Cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. No special disinfectants needed. Doesn't harm toilet connections. (*See directions on can.*)

Sold everywhere—two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

Sani-Flush

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

REMOVES A CAUSE OF TOILET ODORS



HABIT VICTIM?

Men find comfort never known before, thanks to HAPS, the ONE-piece Shirt-'n'Shorts! No loose shirt-tails, sagging shorts, bothersome buttons. Guaranteed the most convenient underwear you ever wore, or money back.

about $1.25 or $2.00 the suit.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

NO Climb
NO Bind
NO Buttons

Jones HAPS
1 PIECE SHIRT'N'SHORTS Write for Booklet D
AUGUSTA KNITTING CORP., UTICA, N. Y.

Give Your Lazy Liver This Gentle 'Nudge'

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Relieve CONSTIPATION

WANT TO FEEL LIKE THIS?
FULL OF PEP
MENTALLY ALERT
BRIGHT EYES

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its lack of pep, headaches and mental dullness often result.

So take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets *tonight* to feel 'tip-top' tomorrow. Olive Tablets—being *purely vegetable* are simply wonderful to pep up sluggish bile flow and insure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements. Inexpensive. Follow label directions.

DR. EDWARDS' OLIVE TABLETS

JUST
MARRIED

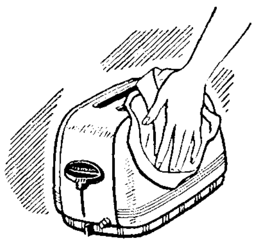
"That Smithson's the luckiest guy in the Army!"

Isn't he! He's got the girl . . . and there's that prize of prizes, a *Toastmaster* toaster, for the pleasantest breakfasts in the world, with the crisp hot slices popping up briskly . . . and no watching, turning, or burning.

Toastmaster toast is nourishing, too. It's an appetizer that tempts you to eat hearty at breakfast and start the workday right. It's a generous supplier of protein and carbohydrate. And it's an ideal extender of scarce or rationed foods. Serve them on toast!

Owning a new, beautiful, efficient *Toastmaster* toaster, someday, is something to look forward to . . . something to *plan* for. You might even buy an *extra* War Bond, just for that!

ARMY E NAVY



KEEP IT NEW . . . MAKE IT LAST

A *Toastmaster** toaster is a valuable possession. Treat yours well. Don't risk damaging the heating elements by prying inside with a fork. Don't jerk the cord or coil it around a hot toaster. Remove crumbs frequently. And *see your dealer* for repairs.

TOASTMASTER *toasters*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

* "Toastmaster" is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Company, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill. Copyright 1944, McGraw Electric Co., manufacturers of Buss Electric Fuses, Clark Electric Water Heaters and Toastmaster Products.

Lieutenant," the transport officer cried, trying to make his point.

The two Americans arrived and were warmly greeted. The evening shelling started while we ate our C rations. The French doctor told the American major that there were three civilian corpses in the church, and the American said, "My God! Are they still there? It's too awful the way the Italians won't take the trouble to bury one another." The twenty-year-old soldier who was the colonel's aide said he was going to write a book entitled, My Life on a Bull's-eye. This reminded the French of a wonderful American book they had once read, called Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, and they rocked with laughter as they retold each other all the jokes.

Then a soldier came in and said someone was wounded by a mine in a field near the Rapido, so the transport officer went out to get the wounded man. The Americans went home after a while. They lived in a house that always seemed to get shells in the garden but never in the building, and they were counting on this.

The doctor said it was terrible about the mine fields; they no longer allowed anyone to walk into a field to pull out wounded men, because one day seven men were killed trying to get one man out. The mines were perhaps the worst of all. Now one just threw a rope to the wounded man and dragged him back to the swept, safe ground.

"Think of it," he said, "for years after this war, people will be killed all over Europe in such fields; men will be killed sowing their wheat and children will be killed playing. It is horrible. Everything about war is too horrible to consider."

The transport officer came back after a while and said the man was dead.

That night I lay in my cot and listened to the mice and the shells, and thought about the French in Italy. There was plenty to think about. There was the infantry company that came out of the line after eighty days of combat, with 60 men left and one officer. They expected about five days' rest and then they would go back in.

It is impossible to describe the hardships of their life; it would take too long, and the words wouldn't mean anything. They eat the same food all the time, the universally loathed C and K rations; they are never warm; they are never sure to be dry; they have no possible relaxation. They watch their comrades disappear and know how entirely expendable they are.

I remember seeing them one day during a rest period. It was raining, of course, and the noncoms and I stood about in the rain, talking and laughing. None of them was a fool and all knew what lay ahead, but no one complained.

I remembered the dead girl ambulance driver, lying on a bed in a tent hospital, with her hands crossed on a sad bunch of flowers, and her hair very neat and blond, and her face simply asleep. She had been killed on the road below San Elia, and her friends, the other girls who drove ambulances, were coming to pay their last respects. They were tired and awkward, in their bulky, muddy clothes. They passed slowly before the dead girl and looked with pity and great quietness at her face, and went back to their ambulances.

The Faces of Wounded Men

I remembered the doctors working in the hospitals, and the faces of the wounded men. You learn a lot about war from those faces. I remembered the troops on the roads, tough and hard, watching the Italian refugees pass by with the usual bundles, the usual blank eyes and the usual slow, weary walk. There was no kindness in the French soldiers. One man said quietly to himself but speaking for everyone, "There were refugees on all the roads in France. Each one in his turn."

I remembered the snow-topped mountain called La Mainarde, and the deep, beautifully placed German machine-gun posts, and I thought of the Frenchmen who had taken this mountain. They are dying very fast, but they always go on to the higher and higher mountains.

You hear a lot of rot, traveling around the world. You hear people say France is finished, the French are no good, look at their politics, look at the collapse of France, they will never be a great nation again. So I lay in my cot and thought that anyone who speaks or thinks like that is a fool, and if he wants to know how foolish he is, he'd better visit Italy.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

six months to get a phonograph record. He was almost reconciled when he read that Vice-President Wallace had 569 recordings of "a pink scream he was delivering at a meeting in New York struck off." Jehoshaphat has made up his mind. He will vote for that Presidential candidate who campaigns with the best hillbilly band, "just so it ain't Henry Wallace."

ON THE door of a laundry near Los Angeles, reports Mrs. Lily Burnside of Santa Barbara, California, there's a sign: "If you're strong enough to walk in, we'll give you a job." From Los Angeles, too, comes word from Jim Marshall, our co-defendant on the staff of Collier's, to show what a guy can do if he gets to work and stops worrying about postwar problems. "I am picking up a little side money here, letting people touch me," says Mr. Marshall. "I'm the guy who found an apartment in Los Angeles forty-six hours after arrival. Some guys take forty-six days and then settle for a room in an abandoned gas station. I attribute my success to good clean living and a total inability to give a damn for money."

MR. BRIAN BORU DUNNE, the old scooter-buster of Santa Fe, New Mexico, notifies us that the Post Office Department has practically nailed down his part of the country for Roosevelt. The POD has issued orders that postmen must not ring doorbells in Santa Fe unless delivering government checks or War Bonds. Hitherto, letter carriers rang if it was only a post card giving you the address of a place where you could have your pants pressed for two bits. But large numbers of citizens wrote to Washington, complaining that this often "rudely interrupted their siestas" and they were getting pretty sick and tired of it. "So now," says Mr. Dunne, "the postmen down here will not even ring once unless it is to give us some government dough. At least, not until after election. Come on down and take a nap."

OTHERWISE we are chided by a lady in Richmond, Virginia, for an editorial in which General Nathan Bedford Forrest's "apparently deathless words" are quoted for the 279,454,398th time: "Git thar fustest with the mostest men." She says, "General Forrest was a cultured Southern gallant gentleman and spoke as such and not like an illiterate." All right, lady, he didn't say it. Another lady, this time in Franklin, New Hampshire, writes: "I am a yearly subscriber and say I think I get my money's worth. But it would be nice if you refunded ten cents on issues I do not care for." . . . W. D.

Buy War Bonds – to Have and to Hold

Through the Roof

The whole vast area of conquered Europe is a Nazi stronghold. Massive walls and powerful fortifications defend it — all as nearly impregnable as Hitler can make them.

But overhead there are no walls. It is *through the roof* that Allied bombers have been able to inflict the heaviest blows on Germany's industrial war-making machine.

To the valiant young Americans who man the Boeing Flying Fortresses, "through the roof" now has an added significance. On days when there was a thick overcast, Europe was once safe from precision bombing. Today new navigation devices enable the Fortress bombardier to hit his target through dense cloud cover with almost the same uncanny accuracy as when the air is clear. The first raid by the Forts on Berlin was made under just such conditions.

The deadly bombing done by the big Boeing planes has become a matter of wonder, not only to our Allies but to the enemy. After Flying Fortresses had demolished the Messerschmitt plant at Regensburg without allowing a single bomb to fall on a hospital which was practically a part of the factory area, our Eighth Air Force fliers received a special radio message from the Luftwaffe. The net of it was: "Congratulations on your accuracy. We don't know how you do it!"

The Fortress crews know the answer. It is done by cool courage, skill and training, and by the bombing stability of the steady-flying Forts themselves.

Some day Boeing's design, engineering and manufacturing skills will be turned once again to products of peacetime. And you can have full confidence in any such product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

NEW AIR FORCES COMBAT FILM

The Army Air Forces motion picture, "The Memphis Belle," shows the heroic crews of Boeing Flying Fortresses in actual combat over Germany. See it at your local theater.

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

PEBECO PETE SAYS:

"I give you teeth that gleam and glimmer —And boy, am I a budget-trimmer!"

1. Pebeco Tooth Powder gives you 60% *more* than the average of 6 other leading tooth powders!

2. Gives dazzling brightness to your smile. No other dentifrice cleans and polishes teeth better than Pebeco!

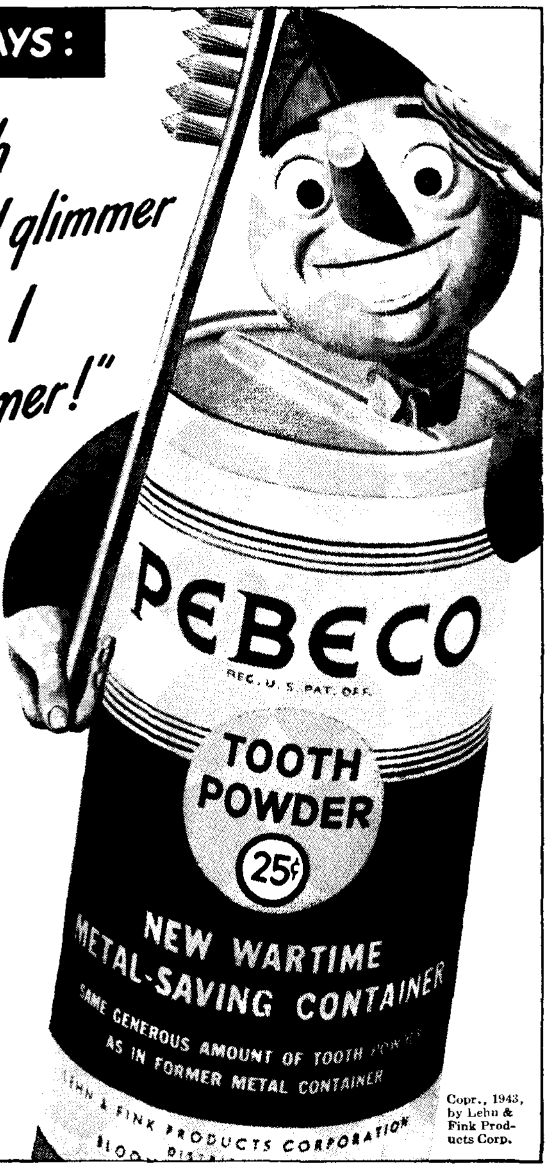
3. Safe! Pebeco Powder contains no grit. Smooth... doesn't harm tooth enamel!

4. Tastes peppy, too. Makes mouth feel minty-fresh. Get Pebeco Powder today!

GIANT SIZE ONLY 25¢

Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste . . . clean, refreshing flavor . . . 10¢ and 50¢


PEBECO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TOOTH POWDER
25¢
NEW WARTIME METAL-SAVING CONTAINER
SAME GENEROUS AMOUNT OF TOOTH POWDER AS IN FORMER METAL CONTAINER
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Copr., 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

MAN'S SKILL... AND NATURE... PRODUCE

DON Q RUM

86 PROOF
DON Q
PUERTO RICAN RUM

The fertile fields of Puerto Rico's sugar plantations and the skill of her master distillers combine to produce this mellow, superior rum. Remember always to say Don Q . . . as in Quality.

Product of
DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

The Girl for Him

Continued from page 18

her, she felt as if she had escaped into a refuge. Yellow floor, white walls, blue draperies—and no eyes to watch her, no watching eyes to put on an act for. So the first thing she did was take out of her desk Donny's last two letters from Texas, flattened and creased, worn from reading.

They were both short. The first one said: "Dear Cass, I'm pretty well now and I'll be home in two or three weeks, I think. The girl I've been telling you about, Susan Courtland, says I'm well enough now to walk the whole distance, but I think that's an exaggeration. In fact, I'm damned sure it is. But I'm looking forward to being home and seeing the gang and you—I'm looking forward to it so much that I'd just about be willing to walk the whole way to get there. I haven't time for any more now. Love, Donny."

And the second one said: "Cass, I've got to tell you this and I don't know how to do it. It's the girl I've been telling you about, Susan Courtland. I was packing to come home and I suddenly felt so reluctant and I realized why, and then I suddenly thought that maybe you felt the same—it's been so long since we've seen each other, after all, and remembering that we did fight at times—maybe you've changed, too. Anyway, I thought you'd want me to tell you. But, of course, if you want it to go on, I don't need to tell you that— Hell. I can't put this part down in words, it sounds too darned priggish. But it's what I feel. Susan's wonderful but you're still the best friend I have in the world. . . ."

It was odd; it sounded so different from what it had then. Then she had gone all stiff and pale, she had felt as if he had slapped her cruelly in the face. Now, however, all the heat of emotion had gone out of those letters; they were dead and cold, irrevocable and sad, like historical documents. It was over; Donny didn't love her any longer and Susan was a real girl, a dark pretty girl in a red linen suit who smilingly carried one of her suitcases because Donny's arm wasn't yet up to weights, and Cass was out of the picture forever. She could have wept then because for the first time she was really facing the idea of a future without him.

IT RAINED on Sunday. At seven o'clock the slate roof of Mrs. Dawson's house was wet and shining, the small-paned windows were cheerfully golden. Mrs. Dawson met her at the front door like the prow of a ship breasting a wave of conversation and music and laughter. "Hello," she said. "I'm glad you've come. You can leave your things in my room; you know where that is, don't you?" Cass nodded. As she went by the living room she caught a glimpse of people in a haze of cigarette smoke and heard the limpid murmur of the piano—that would be Mary Hastings playing. . . . A lot of people were already there. . . .

And upstairs Donny was leaning impatiently in the doorway of Mrs. Dawson's room, talking to someone within, his brown hand drumming against the white frame of the door. He glanced idly around when he heard footsteps, and for a moment simply stared at her. She stumbled on the soft carpet and felt as stiff and wooden as a marionette, but she smiled back at him.

His was a stranger's face now, she thought, thin and dark and rather tired, but with a nostalgic familiarity about it that shook her. "Hello," she said, her own voice sounding strange in her ears. "Who's in there that's keeping you away from the party?"

He flushed very faintly. "Hello, Cass," he said. "It's Susan." And he stepped aside to let her into the room where Susan sat at the glass-topped dressing table smoothing her dark hair, her dark face vivid and lovely in the lamplight.

"Susan," he said, "this is Cass Haroldson," and Susan smiled, her face tilted up, her irregular teeth very white.

"Hello, Cass," she said in a slow, warm drawl. "I'm awfully glad to meet you. I wish I could meet all of you one by one like this. I feel awfully shy."

"I may as well go down," Donny said.

"No, wait!" Susan cried in a panic. "I won't dare go down alone!"

Cass took off her raincoat and glanced at herself in the mirror. "You needn't worry," she said casually. "They'll all love you. . . ." She looked all right, a fair-haired girl in a candy-striped dress whose face wasn't giving anything away. "Be brave," she said with a lift of her brows, "and let's all go down now."

Susan smiled again and took her arm. "You do have nice friends, Donny . . ." she said, but Donny looked impassive.

SO DONNY'S old girl made her entrance arm in arm with Donny's new girl, which was, after all, by far the best way of doing it. Cass almost enjoyed the little startled silence that greeted them. Then Mrs. Dawson came up to introduce Susan around, and everyone was polite.

But that was exactly it, Cass thought an hour or so later, sitting on the big yellow sofa watching Susan dance with Tom Garrie from the bank. Everyone was very polite but no one was going an inch beyond that, and Susan's brilliant smile had a fixed look now. Mrs. Dawson had been right to be worried: they were all being courteous to the stranger but they didn't intend to let her forget she was a stranger. . . . They were being loyal to Cass, and that was a matter for pride, and for pain, too. It was making things difficult.

Then Marilyn Garrie joined Cass on the sofa, sitting down carefully because she was expecting her first child in June, and Marilyn's honest blue eyes were anxious. "Hello," she said. "Look, Cass, I'm awfully sorry."

Cass stared at her, surprised. "About what?"

"Donny,"Marilyn said, waving her thin hand around and keeping her voice very low. "I've been wanting to tell you. Awfully sorry."

"That's generous, coming from you."

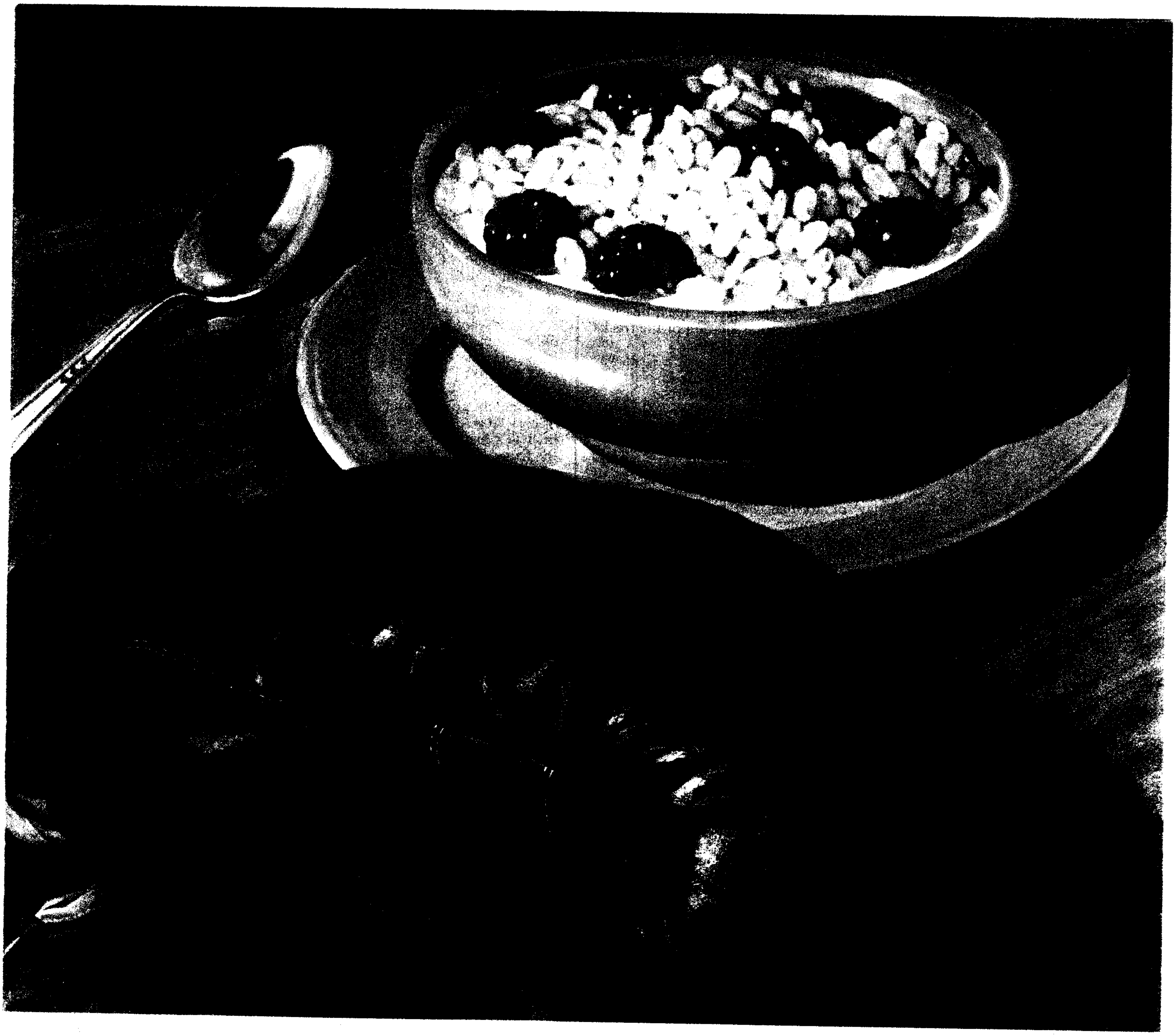
"Oh, that's all in the past," Marilyn said quickly. "I mean, first I felt about the way you do now, I suppose. Resentful, I mean. But pretty soon I saw that you were the right girl for him, not me, and, of course now, well, I wouldn't change with anyone, and it wasn't as if I'd been engaged to him. . . . Anyway, I think it's a pity because I still think you're the only one who could ever make him happy."

"No use thinking about that," Cass said. "Besides, she's a nice girl."

"What difference does that make?"

"Very little," Cass said, smiling and getting up because she couldn't stand much more of this kind of conversation. "But it's nice to know our successor is worthy, don't you think?" and she glanced at Susan again and saw her fixed, brilliant smile and puzzled dark eyes, and for the first time was sorry for her.

She wandered over to the phonograph and glanced into the albums. She was sorry for Susan. Yes, it was hard on her, being in a strange town far from her friends, with everyone hostile to her under a cool shell of courtesy, but one couldn't waste one's tears on other people's problems. . . . But the album was no refuge. It was full of the old songs, Sleepy Lagoon and Skylark and all the rest, shiny black



Delicacy with a Wallop

Many people have heard it said that "refined" foods — made to appeal to the eye and the appetite — are likely to be weak in nutritive values.

But too often they forget the ingenuity of our food manufacturers. Take such a famous cereal as Kellogg's Rice Krispies. It is common knowledge that these bubbly morsels of crispy goodness are just about tops in taste-appeal.

But what you may not know is how *nutritionally important* Rice Krispies are. For this delicious cereal, made the Kellogg way in Battle Creek, is the equal of the *whole ripe grain* in nearly all the protective food elements that have been declared essential to human nutrition.

If you are interested in food values, read that last sentence again. It is a fact that is true of *all* Kellogg cereals.

The Grains are Great Foods — W.K. Kellogg

MONAHAN

Walter C. Klett

BRITISH INFORMATION SERVICES

Martha Gellhorn

The Week's Work

WHEN esthetes get to arguing the question "What is art?" we can only fall back on what somebody must have said before: "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like."

But Artist Walter C. Klett, who has done illustrations for Collier's for more than a dozen years, has firm views on the subject. "Ninety per cent of illustration is not art," he says, "but most of it could be, if the buyer were willing and the artist able."

To which one day Collier's art editor, William Chessman, replied, "All right, this buyer is willing. Go ahead and illustrate your next story however you like, and let's see how it comes out."

That first illustration came out beautifully. Perhaps you remember it, the painting of the lovely peasant girl in the story He Set the Horns Ablowing. Now Klett has followed his convictions again in his illustration for The Mirror, p. 20.

His idea, Klett says, is to express the mood of the story rather than to show a particular scene from it. And even though it has unity with the story, the painting still should be able to stand alone, as art enjoyable for its own sake.

"It is my intention," he says, "to inject into illustration as much of the potency of modern painting as the public will accept."

Klett has led something of a double life in art, since he is as prolific a producer of abstract paintings as of magazine illustrations. His work is often presented in exhibits, and he expects to hold his first one-man show soon.

In the accompanying photograph, Klett poses beside one of his series of abstract interpretations of music. This one represents his feeling for a Ravel composition.

"As I heard it," he says, "I visualized brass balls glittering in movement against a vibrating purplish background."

Klett's first art commission was, he says, on a grand scale. "I say grand because the order called for four genuine oil paintings on canvas each 14 feet square—for a circus. They were suspended by ropes at the entrance of the big tent and they billowed handsomely in the breeze. Each one was a gory, gaudy representation of the freaks in the show."

This was in St. Louis, where Klett was born and where he took his first art lessons at the School of Fine Arts.

He settled down to smaller-scale work in time, married, moved to Chicago, to New York, traveled and studied in France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany. His reputation has been built on his paintings of smart women. He doesn't believe it's a law of art that you have to paint only homely women. "I think you can portray a woman who is smart, in the fashionable sense, and still achieve style, in the art sense," he says.

MARTHA GELLHORN gives you a three-dimensional view of Cassino in her article, Visit Italy, on page 62. As a war correspondent for Collier's, Miss Gellhorn is one of the very few women reporters who actually get to the front. To gather material for this story, she jeeped along a road under constant enemy observation and spasmodic shellfire to the barracks on the outskirts of Cassino. On that day one third of Cassino town was held by the Americans and the rest by the enemy. From the barracks she walked three quarters of a mile toward an antitank gun emplacement to a point where she could watch the brown smoke of German shellbursts in near-by buildings and the white-plumed bursts of American phosphorus shells.

BRANDE

Gladys Schmitt

Miss Gellhorn is back in this country for a breathing spell before she returns to the war zones.

GLADYS SCHMITT, author of The Mirror, the story Klett illustrated, is an instructor in English at Pittsburgh Technological Institute, is married to Simon Goldfield. He does social work and, as an evening avocation, composes music. She is a meticulous worker. She spent five years on her novel, The Gates of Aulis.

VERA MIKHAILOVNA INBER'S article, The Ordeal of Leningrad (p. 21), is straight from the author's heart. Miss Inber went to Leningrad in the early days of the war with her husband, a doctor, and she remained there throughout the siege. She is known chiefly as a poet—one collection was called Sad Wine, and another, Bitter Pleasure—but in the late 1930s she began writing fiction and articles. During the siege she wrote a long poem entitled Leningrad, and the fame of it spread through all Russia. Critics said, "She has immortalized the city." She traveled about, reading the poem aloud to more than 200 units of the Red army and to gatherings of factory workers. . . . A. P.

---

disks that held remembrances of all the old happy days she and Donny had shared. They had danced to Skylark on a summer evening at the Greene Inn with the tall windows open onto the dark lake and th sky full of stars, and she had been safe and sheltered in his arms, and now it was all over.

It was all over; and Donny had come up behind her. Their shoulders almost touched; she could hear his quiet breathing. She felt the floor unreal under her feet, and glanced at Susan as if to find a landmark.

He said, after a moment or two, in a quiet murmur, "Cass, do you find it a bit chilly in here?"

"Yes," she said, not looking at him. "I think it's wicked."

"Oh, it's not undeserved," he said, "the only trouble being that she isn't the one who deserves it."

"THAT'S it exactly," she said, but he merely grinned and tipped a packet of cigarettes toward her. She took one and he held a light, his absorbed eyes fixed on the flame. The warm light moved over his face, over the bold nose and narrow dark eyes and definite mouth. Cass' breath caught in her throat. She looked desperately around the room and saw Susan standing alone by the piano, watching them with dark eyes as somber as velvet. "Oh, Donny," Cass said deep in her throat, shaking her head. She meant it was bad, very bad, the situation. But how could she tell him to go pay more attention to the girl he was engaged to? Besides, it wouldn't help.

"I know," he said, not seeing it at all. "You know, I've been wanting to say this before but I never seemed to have the chance—you're an awfully nice girl, Cass."

"How do you like your job?" she inquired brightly.

He grinned, but this time with a kind of understanding and a kind of admiration. "I like it fine."

"Better than the Army?"

"I think so."

Then she was silent for a moment, listening to the hubbub of talk and laughter and music, thinking of something else to say. "It's really a pretty fair party."

"Good enough. Good food."

"Yes. . . . Here it's almost eleven and it doesn't seem as if we'd been here more than an hour."

"Is it that late?" he said, looking distrustfully at his own watch. "So it is, so it is. And I've got to be at work at eight tomorrow."

"So you really like your job."

"Yes, I still do," he said laughing, and she smiled vaguely and walked away, feeling as if she were walking away from the heart of the party into the tedious outskirts. But there was no help for that.

The party broke up at last, but when Cass got upstairs, she found it preparing to form again: the girls were gathered around the mirror delicately putting on lipstick and talking about the next stop, and Susan, waiting for her turn, had just said, "But what exactly is the Greene Inn?"

They all looked at her then, the closed corporation being polite to the stranger. Cass said, "It's just a tavern. Our one and only night spot," and disliked them all for being so quiet when she started to speak—as if she might be going to say something they didn't want to miss.

"Yes," Mary Hastings said at last, tying a red scarf over her red curls, "our one and only haven for romance, Susan. And it's only open week ends now on account of gas rationing. Sid and I are just going to drop in on the way home. It's a pity you can't see it. How long are you staying?"

"Just a week," Susan said. "Just through Friday."

"Then you won't be able to. That's a shame," Mary said casually, bending over the dressing table for a last look at herself. "Cass, my angel, don't you want to come along?"

"I've got to work tomorrow," Cass said cheerfully. "Thanks just the same." And then she added on an odd impulse, feeling as if she were saying something rather important, "But why don't you take Susan?"

There was a queer little silence; Mary gave her a puzzled look and then she said quickly, "Why, of course, Susan, you could come along with us, just to see what the place looks like, anyway."

"Donny, too?" Susan said.

Mary giggled. "Oh, you won't get Donny along, I'm afraid. He's old Early-to-bed in person now that he's working, as you'll very soon find out. But come by yourself," she added politely.

"But Donny would come if I asked him," Susan said; and her head went up. The rest was inevitable; they were making her feel a stranger, ignorant of the town, ignorant even of the man she was going to marry, so, of course, now she had to make him come, just to show that he at least was devotedly on her side. "I'll go ask him," she said, and she went out. Mary lit a cigarette and gave the others a thoughtful glance.

"Now that's bad," Cass remarked to her image in the glass.

"He won't come, though, not our Donny," Mary said.

Cass stood up. "Oh, maybe he will," she said, and went out of the room and down the carpeted stairs, and walked straight through the conversation at the newel post.

Susan was saying in a furious murmur, "It's the least you can do, after not paying a bit of attention to me all evening, leaving me stranded like that. It wouldn't matter if you were tired the next day for once. I'm only going to be here a week, after all . . ." and there were tears in her bright dark eyes, and her voice trembled, and her hand was trembling on his sleeve, and he looked merely tired, merely impatient.

Cass walked straight by them, careful not even to catch their eyes and silently hated herself for being hopeful.

BUT the difficulty blew over. On Monday evening, sitting in the front booth of Snyder's Café having soup and a sandwich and a glass of milk, Cass saw them going slowly by through the warm blue spring twilight, arm in arm; Susan was clinging to him and laughing up into his face, Donny smiling vaguely at nothing; and Cass found her soup merely hot, the milk chalky, and the sandwich without any purpose or flavor whatsoever. For a while she simply stared at the black letters on the plate-glass window, and long after they had passed she kept seeing Donny and Susan walking by, moving as gently as if they moved to music.

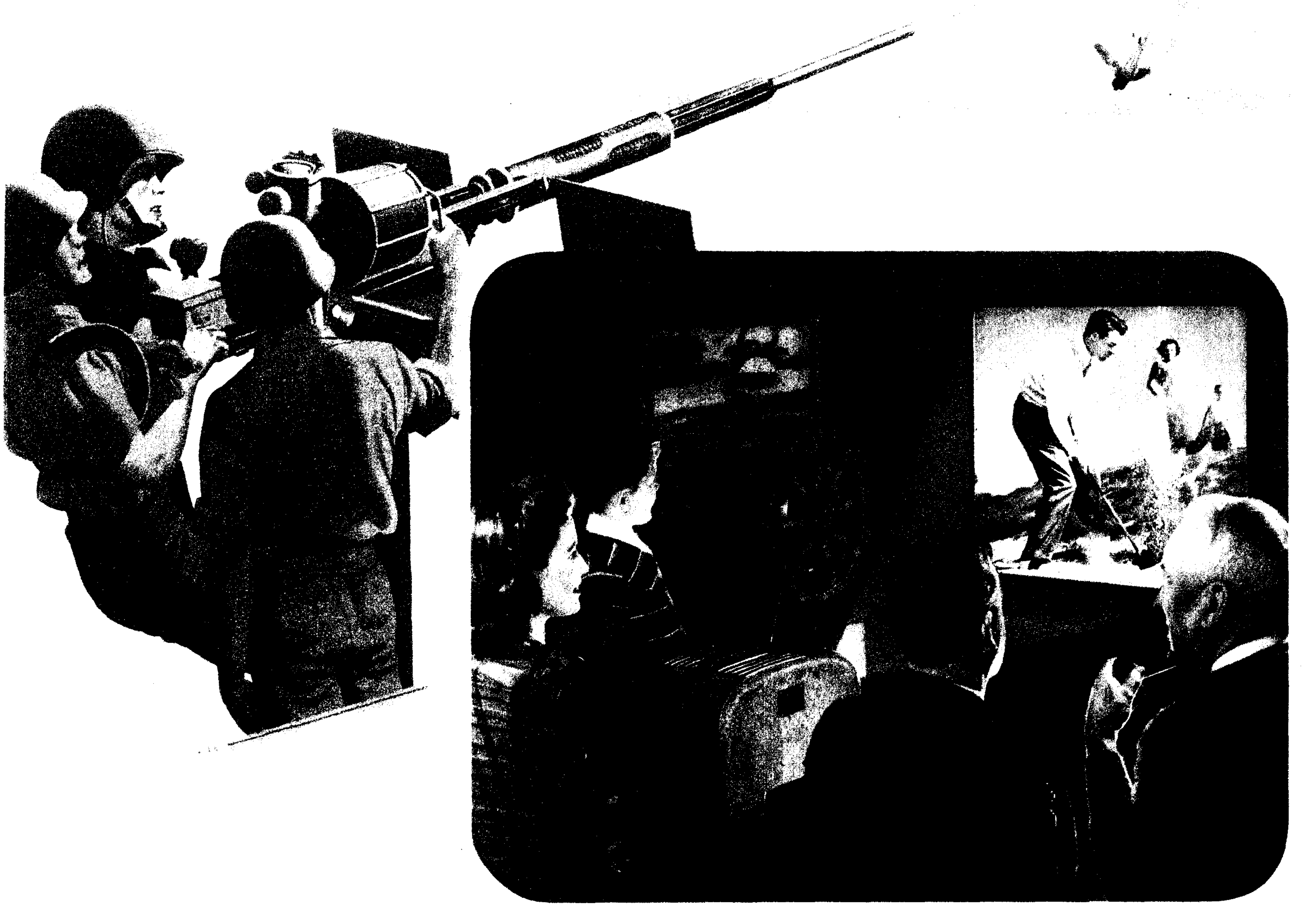
She was almost glad of the test papers that kept her working late on Tuesday, and the book reports on Wednesday, and the difficult Harris boy whose mother came for a conference about him on Thursday. . . . "Be as harsh with Howard as you like," Mrs. Harris concluded, sitting like an absurdly overgrown pupil in one of the front-row desks while Cass stood by the window. The sun slanted across the schoolroom in five wide bands of light; her shadow reached as far as the blackboard on the opposite wall. "Just as harsh as you like. . . . By the way, is it all right if I smoke in here?"

"Quite all right," Cass said, giving her the cover of a can of chalk for an ash tray, and accepting one of the cigarettes from Mrs. Harris' slender silver case.

"You know, you're an odd piece, Cass," Mrs. Harris said, striking a match. "I think you're about the most honest girl

Opti-onics

more than eyes alone can see
more than ears alone can hear



Today, every Bell & Howell OPTI-ONIC device is a weapon. Some are secret in design and in performance. All are almost unbelievable in their extension of human sight and hearing.

The principles of OPTI-ONICS . . . embodied in tomorrow's Bell & Howell Movie Cameras and Projectors . . . hold promise of new results and even more enjoyment for every maker of home movies.

The famous phrase, "What you see—you get," will take on new meaning with the advent of OPTI-ONIC refinements in Filmo Personal Movie Equipment. Both the "seeing" and the "getting" will be simpler, more failure-proof than ever.

Flawless, natural color projection will set a new standard of enjoyment for home movie audiences. OPTI-ONIC sound reproduction will attain a true "illusion of presence."

These things are possible. They will result from a successful combination of three sciences . . . OPTIcs, electrONics, mechanICS. Bell & Howell has effected that combination.

It is OPTI-ONICS.

Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D.C.; London. For 37 years makers of the world's finest motion picture equipment for home and professional use.

HELP US PLAN THE FUTURE OF OPTI-ONICS

Engineers with a finished background in electronic or mechanical design can find a great future in helping Bell & Howell explore the peacetime horizons of OPTI-ONICS. Send complete details and photo to: Chairman, OPTI-ONIC Development, 7100 McCormick Road, Chicago 45, Illinois.

Buy MORE War Bonds

Filmo

Opti-onics

BELL & HOWELL

Trade-mark registered

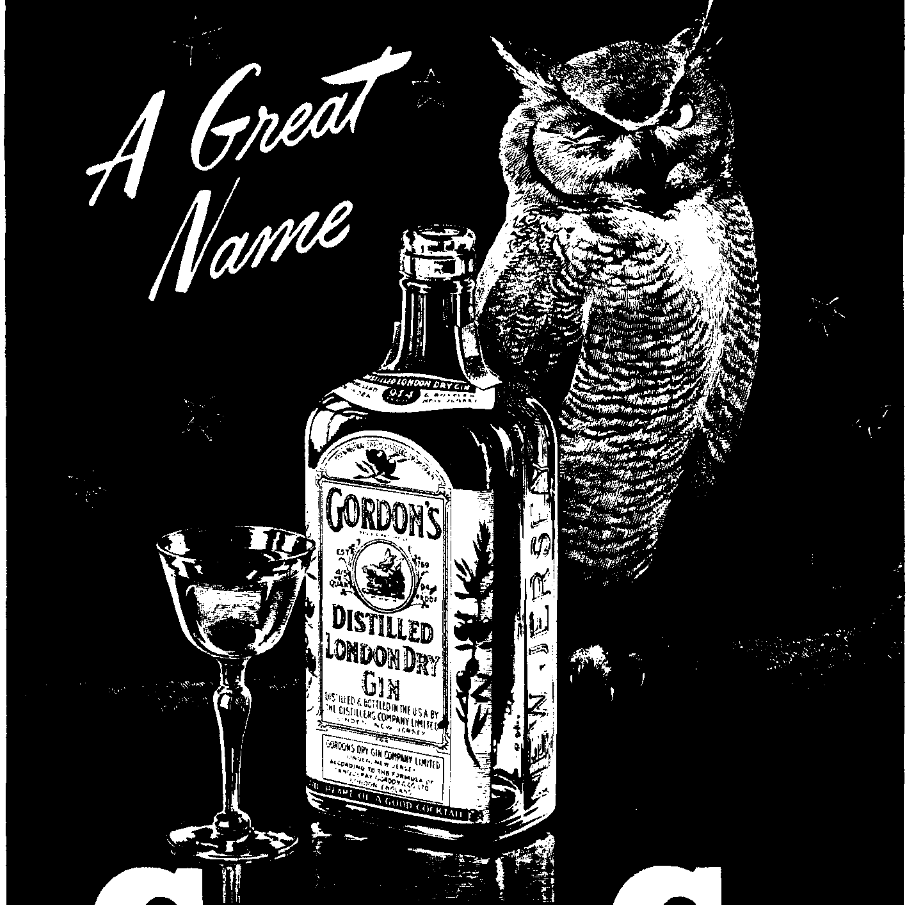
Bell & Howell

"WHAT YOU SEE—YOU GET"

What electronics gets . . . Bell & Howell lets you see . . .
that's Opti-onics

Copyright 1944, Bell & Howell Company

YESTERDAY...TODAY...TOMORROW



Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

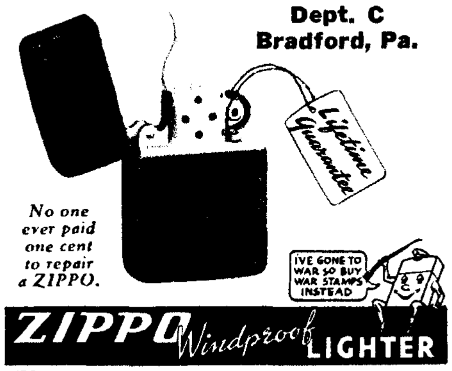
94.4 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

"MAKE IT SEVEN AND YOU CAN HAVE MY ZIPPO"

A ZIPPO is better than gold for barter—ask any service man back on leave. There's nothing quite as popular as a *Windproof* ZIPPO Lighter, and that's why, until the demands of our boys overseas are met, you'll have to wait for *your* ZIPPO—in the meantime beware of imitations.

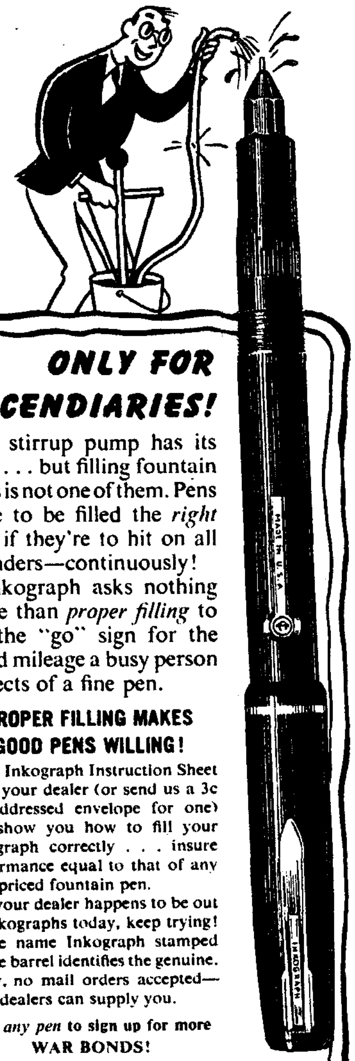
Get ZIPPO Flints and Fluid from your favorite dealer.

ZIPPO MFG. CO.
Dept. C
Bradford, Pa.


Lifetime Guarantee
IVE GONE TO WAR SO BUY WAR STAMPS INSTEAD

No one ever paid one cent to repair a ZIPPO.

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER



ONLY FOR INCENDIARIES!

A stirrup pump has its uses . . . but filling fountain pens is not one of them. Pens have to be filled the *right way* if they're to hit on all cylinders—continuously!

Inkograph asks nothing more than *proper filling* to set the "go" sign for the word mileage a busy person expects of a fine pen.

PROPER FILLING MAKES GOOD PENS WILLING!

An Inkograph Instruction Sheet from your dealer (or send us a 3c self-addressed envelope for one) will show you how to fill your Inkograph correctly . . . insure performance equal to that of any high-priced fountain pen.

If your dealer happens to be out of Inkographs today, keep trying!

The name Inkograph stamped on the barrel identifies the genuine. Sorry, no mail orders accepted—only dealers can supply you.

Use *any pen* to sign up for more WAR BONDS!

INK-O-GRAPH $2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N.Y.C. 13

I know," she said, the words floating out in a cloud of smoke. "Why, the mere fact that I could say this to you—I mean that if this business with Susan fell through I believe you'd take Donny back again with no fuss or foolishness."

"I suppose I would," Cass said.

"Well, I admire you for it. I admire you for it tremendously. You face facts. You're practical. You'll always make the best of things. It's so wise of you. . . . And I suppose you've heard, by the way, that they've had another disagreement, Susan and Donny?"

"Another?" Cass said helplessly, feeling her heart beating urgently within her.

"Like the one at Mrs. Dawson's on Sunday. You know."

"Oh, sure," Cass said, gathering herself together again and moving away from the window to her desk, where she began straightening papers and putting books in order. "But everyone fights with Donny," she said, glancing at Mrs. Harris' cigarette to see how far along it was. She wanted her to finish it and go; she didn't want to talk about Susan or Donny or Susan's prospects. They would quarrel, and she would be unreasonably hopeful, and then they would patch it up again, leaving her exactly where she was before.

"Yes, Marilyn did, too . . ." Mrs. Harris said significantly. "Well, this one was about taking the bus out to the lake for a sail in the MacGowan's boat. Susan wanted to go and Donny didn't, and finally Susan went alone with the MacGowans and Mary and Sid, and all the way out, Mary said, Susan looked ready to cry. I do think Donny might have gone with her. His job isn't that important and it's awkward for a girl, going somewhere without an escort."

"Oh, that's true," Cass said vivaciously, and then she glanced at her watch and gave an imitation of surprise. "Oh, Lord, and I wanted to catch Mr. Simons before he goes— Look, do you mind if I run?"

"Not at all," Mrs. Harris said, putting out her cigarette, but Cass didn't wait for her; Cass went out and down the hall and swerved on an impulse into the teachers' rest room. There she locked the door behind her and sat down on the day bed, as stiff and still and thoughtful as if she had a pain.

I'll have to get another job next year, she thought. Somewhere else, in some other town. I can't stay here and go on hearing his name and seeing him pass in the street, knowing that he isn't mine any more and never will be mine again. . . . She lit another cigarette after a while and smoked it mechanically, all the time feeling anguish like something alive around her heart. . . . And want shall be my master, she thought, all the rest of my life. All my life I'll be wanting him. . . .

WHEN she went outside, the sandy playground was deserted; the rings hung motionless from the iron bar. The streets of the town were quiet, too, peaceful in the slow, golden sunlight. But as she passed the meat market, Mrs. Dawson came out, short and stolid and firm. "Oh, Cass," she said, falling into step beside her. "I suppose you've heard about Donny and Susan. I knew it would be like this. You remember I told you."

"Oh, it doesn't count," Cass said. "Quarrels—they get made up again."

"But she's leaving on tonight's train!" Mrs. Dawson said. "She wasn't going till Saturday morning, but she's going tonight instead! It's all over between them; it's definite. And I don't mind telling you I'm glad. You're the girl for him. You're the one to make him happy. Everybody knows that." . . .

Glad, yes, Cass thought, not quite believing it. But her heart was believing it, her heart was beating fast. Then her mind went racing on: she'll go on tonight's train, and for a while Donny'll be gloomy and remorseful, but I'll be around, and he liked me a lot once, and it's always the girl at hand who gets the man, so I'll get him again, I'll have Donny for my own. . . .

She paused by the revolving doors of the hotel. "I'm going in here for cigarettes," she said, smiling at Mrs. Dawson. "See you around," and she pushed at her reflection and found herself in the little pine-paneled lobby, with music coming from a radio behind the sharp-edged green leaves of a fern. She went up to the desk. "What is the number of Miss Courtland's room?" she said.

And in the elevator she thought with a kind of grim despair: But I wouldn't want him like that, not on the rebound, not just because I am handy, because I happen to be around. Not like that. No. . . .

SUSAN'S room was flooded with sunlight, and there were two neat tan suitcases standing by the door, and all the personal things were gone from the glass-topped bureau. "Oh, I thought you were the bellhop," Susan said, astonished, holding open the door.

She had been crying, that was plain enough; her eyes looked small between swollen lids; her nose had too much powder on it.

"I just heard you were leaving this evening," Cass said.

"Yes. . . . Sit down. . . . It's awfully nice of you to drop in. . . . Have a cigarette, won't you?" Susan said, moving aimlessly around, doing her best to be a proper hostess in this odd situation.

Cass looked at the colored print of sunset on the marshes that hung on the wall. "I mean, really," she said, "I heard you'd quarreled with Donny and broken things off, and I wanted to— You see, there's a mistake people make with Donny. I suppose you know I was engaged to him before he met you. Well, you see, the girl he was going with before I came along made a mistake, too, and that was the reason I was able to get him away from her."

Susan was staring at her with wide, astonished dark eyes, the irregular edge of her white teeth showing. After a moment she sat down on the bed, and the springs whispered gently, and the pillows tilted.

"I suppose you think I'm crazy," Cass went on. "Maybe I am, for that matter. It's just that I *know* . . . I mean, it's a mistake girls make with men, I think—with some men, anyway. They cling too much. I mean, Marilyn always wanted so much attention Donny could never look at anyone else when he was with her. He always had to be on call to take her wherever she wanted to go. And it wasn't that he didn't want to be with her, it was just that he didn't want to feel he *had* to—you know? He wanted—" She smiled wryly. "He wanted an illusion of freedom, I guess. And Marilyn tried to hold him too tight. So he broke loose. But if you pretend to be independent, then he feels safe. You have to—to manage him, you see. And I learned the trick of it and Marilyn didn't. And you'll have to learn it if you want to hang onto him. . . . I suppose you think I'm crazy," she said again.

Susan nodded her dark, shining head, and said in her slow, soft drawl, "Yes, I guess I do. . . . What you really mean is, I suppose, that if I'm not careful you'll get him back again. But I can't make out why you're telling me so."

"Oh," Cass said wearily, "it's not much fun, getting a man on the rebound all the time. That was how I got him from Marilyn. I guess I just don't want him that badly." And that was a lie, but in a way it was the painful truth, too.

"And you mean he took you places, then? He put himself out to take you around?"

"Yes, he did. Because I didn't demand it as a right."

"He stayed by you when you were at parties?"

"Pretty well," Cass said, remembering all those parties with Donny faithfully at her side, his sidelong glances sharing the fun, his shoulder behind her shoulder . . .

Susan gave her another grave look and then stood up. "Well, anyway, thanks for the advice."

"I hope you'll take it."

"I'll have to think it over," Susan said, and she glanced at the suitcases by the door with a troubled, doubtful look as if she had changed her mind about them, and as if she found it very unsettling . . .

Out on the street again where all the wide windows reflected the red glare of the sunset, Cass wondered exactly what she had expected. Anger, perhaps, or fierce, furious resentment. In any case, she hadn't expected that cool, thoughtful reception, the promise to think it over.

She walked a long while aimlessly through the streets and into the country and back again, till the sky had lost all its pink and was merely sea-green pricked with stars, till the trees were frail shadows against the yellow-lighted windows of houses.

When she came into Mrs. MacDonald's hall the telephone was ringing. "Hello," she said, picking it up.

"Oh, it's you," Mrs. Dawson's voice said abruptly. "Latest bulletin from the front: Susan didn't leave on tonight's train after all. She's staying over. I suppose they've reconciled."

"I suppose they have," Cass said, and she hung up the receiver and went upstairs and sat down at her maple desk and started to write a letter of resignation to the school board.

NOTHING would ever be gay any more; she knew that well enough. The late afternoon sun came through the schoolroom windows to glitter on all the varnished yellow desks, to flicker against the stack of compositions in front of her, but she had no energy for her job any more, no curiosity about the themes, no zest for planning new ways of teaching commas and semicolons. She felt only tired and dispirited and unwanted. She felt like a desiccated schoolteacher with twenty or thirty years of teaching ahead of her and finally a retirement on a pension. Her hair would be gray and her face dry and wrinkled then, she would wear sensible oxfords, and glasses, no doubt, and gray knitted dresses, and the children of her old pupils would be shouting, "Hello, Miss Haroldson!" at her in the street. And no Donny, no Donny. . . . She drew her lips tightly together and saw the stack of compositions through a blur.

And then the door opened and Donny came in, tall and thin and dark in his old gray tweed suit, hatless and frowning, as astonishing and unbelievable as a mirage. He said, "Hello, Cass."

"Hello," she said. "Did you want to see me?"

"A little," he said nonchalantly, and he came over and leaned his hands on her desk. "I understand—I understand you had a few words with Susan the other night." His voice was very low; she seemed to hear it through her finger tips; and she felt frightened for no reason at all. "Well, everything's all right, isn't it? She stayed, didn't she?"

"Yes, everything's all right." He sat down on the edge of the desk and swung his good leg gently, frowning down at it. "I understand you told her I had to be managed."

"But she shouldn't have told you that," she protested. "It wasn't fair . . ."

"But do I have to be managed, Cass? Is that true?"

"Everyone does. You ought to know that," she said, oddly nervous, almost afraid of him.

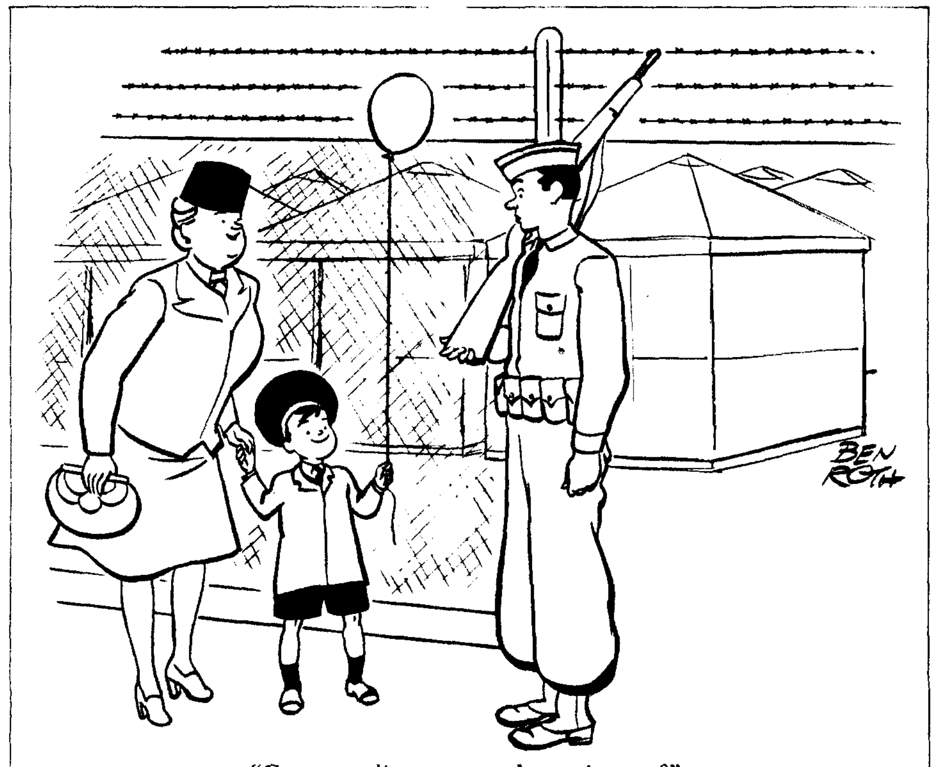
"Maybe so. Anyway, she said she didn't want me if I was going to be all that trouble. She said she guessed she didn't love me enough to make the effort, and I can't say I blame her. She took the eight-o'clock this morning—I saw her off. I was twenty minutes late to work. And I feel as if I'd been to Atlantic City for a vacation and had come home again. . . ."

She stood up and pushed at the books and papers on the desk and stared blindly at the bright windows. "But I don't want you either!" she cried. "Always on the rebound, a kind of reaction, on again, off again, on again . . ."

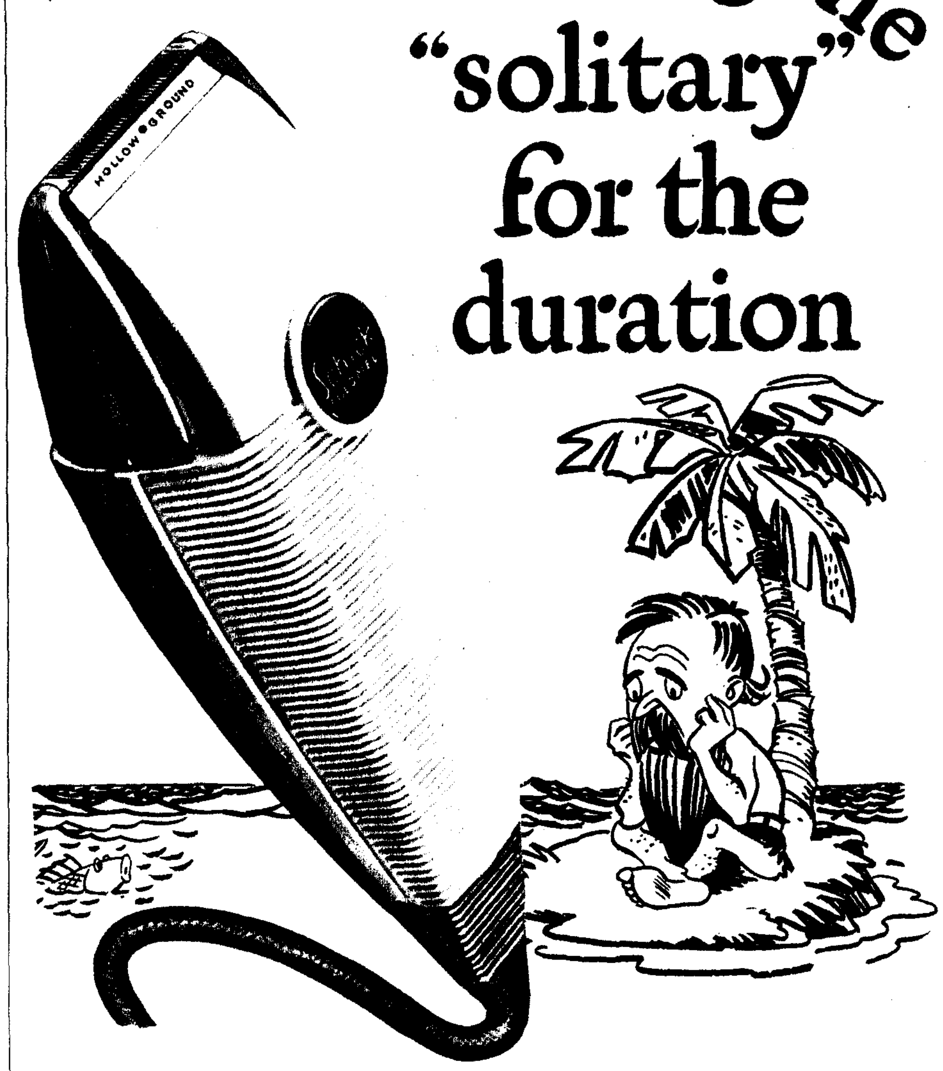
"Oh, Cass," he said. "All this pretending you've done. Maybe that's why I thought you wouldn't much care if I found another girl. It's nice to know you do," and he slid over on the desk and put his arms around her; and then all her resentment dropped away and she merely felt close to him, close and safe and sheltered against loneliness, as if he were the dependable rock that was her own.

"And Susan also said she thought you were all wrong, by the way," he murmured. "That if I'd really loved her, I'd have wanted her to cling. And, of course, she's right. I love to have *you* cling, Cass," he said. "Don't ever let me go."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Can you direct us to the main tent?" BEN ROTH



Bob Walsh has gone "solitary" for the duration

Time was when Bob was quite a "dandy"—due in no small measure to the quick, clean, smooth shaves he got with his Schick Electric Shaver. But, when he carelessly dropped and broke it—well, you see from the picture what he preferred rather than go back to old-fashioned shaving methods!

If mishap should befall *your* Schick, don't miss out. True, our factory is too busy with its war job to build any *new* Schicks for the duration BUT—at any of the offices listed below you can get expert repairs and genuine Schick renewal parts—at low cost. Even a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head costs only $3!*

Just to be safe, rather than sorry, why not take or mail your Schick in, today, for a check-up job of cleaning, lubricating and adjusting? The charge will be trifling!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

TO KEEP 'EM SHAVING, Schick Service, Inc. offers expert service and genuine Schick renewal parts—*including the famous 2-M Hollow-Ground Shearing Head*—at all of their offices listed below. Careful attention given to shavers mailed to these offices:

ALBANY 7, N. Y.
938 Natl. Savings Bk.Bldg.
ATLANTA 3, GA.
603 Rhodes-Haverty Bldg.
BALTIMORE 1, MD.
111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON 10, MASS.
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN 17, N. Y.
1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO 3, N. Y.
632 Brisbane Bldg.
CHICAGO 3, ILL.
212 Palmer House
CINCINNATI 2, OHIO
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO
9 Union Com. Bldg. Arcade
COLUMBUS 15, OHIO
1200 Beggs Bldg.
DALLAS 1, TEXAS
611 Southland Life Bldg.
DENVER 2, COLO.
501 Colorado Bldg.
DES MOINES 9, IOWA
413 Fleming Bldg.
DETROIT 26, MICH.
906 Industrial Bk. Bldg.
HARTFORD 3, CONN.
1001 American Ind. Bldg.
HOUSTON 2, TEXAS
521 Shell Bldg.
INDIANAPOLIS 4, IND.
703 Merchants Bk. Bldg.
KANSAS CITY 6, MO.
710 Fidelity Bk. Bldg.
LOS ANGELES 13, CALIF.
443 So. Spring St.
MIAMI 32, FLA.
112 Shoreland Arcade
MILWAUKEE 3, WIS.
152 W. Wisconsin Ave. Rm. 312
MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINN.
612 Andrus Bldg.
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
17 E. 42nd St., Rm. 600
NEWARK 2, N. J.
810 Raymond-Com. Bldg.
OKLAHOMA CITY 2, OKLA.
206 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA 2, NEB.
647 Omaha Natl. Bk. Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.
912 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH 22, PA.
908 Investment Bldg.
PORTLAND 3, ME.
210 Bank of Com. Bldg.
PROVIDENCE 3, R. I.
506 Turks Head Bldg.
ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.
705 Temple Bldg.
ST. LOUIS 1, MO.
23 Mezzanine Arcade Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO 5, CALIF.
787 Monadnock Bldg.
SEATTLE 1, WASH.
701 Republic Bldg.
WASHINGTON 5, D. C.
521 Bond Bldg.

CANADA

CALGARY, ALTA.
112A Seventh Ave. W.
TORONTO, ONT.
78 Richmond St. W.

*Slightly higher in Canada

★ **FREE TO MEN IN ARMED FORCES:** Bring or send your Schick Shaver to any of the above offices. It will be inspected, cleaned and lubricated Free. ★

SCHICK INCORPORATED SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER

TO HASTEN VICTORY—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

HORSE SENSE FROM THE FLYING RED HORSE

One Simple Service Can Save up to 10% of Your Gasoline!

"Baby Your Horsepower—
It Pays!"

Get this Extra Ration:

10% more miles per gallon of gas is as good as 10% more coupons. And it is a fact that with Summer Mobiloil and Mobilgas dealers' thorough check-up of spark plugs, battery, tires, oil filter, air cleaner, *you can increase gasoline mileage as much as 10%!*

Even more important, this service helps solve the most serious car problem facing you today . . . *How to make your car last until you can replace it!*

Older cars need better care. Every part—engine, radiator, gears, chassis—should have the finest possible summer protection. And that's just what Mobilgas dealers' special Summer Service gives you—special lubricants, special adjustments and cleaning to make your car last—help you save gasoline! See your Mobilgas dealer today.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.
and Affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co.,
General Petroleum Corporation of California.

TUNE IN RAYMOND GRAM SWING—Blue Network, Coast-to-Coast—10 P.M., E.W.T., Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.

Mobilgas Mobilgas SOCONY VACUUM **Mobiloil**

AT THE SIGN OF FRIENDLY SERVICE

The Ordeal of Leningrad

Continued from page 21

trophies. They were the source of the destruction of our lovely city. They were the killers of our children. For thirty months, the German and Finnish guns shelled us. By sounds, we learned to guess exactly what particular district was being bombarded, what class guns were firing and what shells were being used—shrapnel or high explosives.

Fifty times did the Germans change their tactics of shelling Leningrad during the siege. There were brief lulls between the hurricanes of cannon fire—this, too, is a variation of their tactics. Sometimes it was methodical blows at ten-, seven- or five-minute intervals.

Old Anna Smirnova (a retired pensioner who knitted camouflage nets) and her ten-year-old granddaughter, Marusia, set out one morning to visit Marusia's mother, who was in a hospital with a shell-splinter wound. Hardly had the grandmother and granddaughter left home when a shell smashed their room and reduced it to complete wreckage. Their neighbors were overjoyed at the fact that Anna and Marusia were away from home and that the room was empty at the time. But it was soon learned that at that very same moment, the old lady and the little girl were both killed outright by a direct hit on the streetcar in which they traveled.

But, as comedy often goes hand in hand with tragedy in real life, I would like to tell how I had my tooth extracted during one of the enemy barrages. I was given a narcotic injection. I was seated in an armchair facing a huge window and told to wait until the drug took effect. Suddenly a terrific explosion shook the whole building and made the instruments dance.

My dentist—a woman—told me: "We must go into the passage, where there are no windows. That's an ARP rule here." We stayed a while in the corridor until the gunfire subsided. Scarcely had we returned—as soon as I opened my mouth the whole thing started over again. Out into the corridor again, then back into the chair.

When I sat down in the chair for the third time, a sudden explosion blast shattered the windowpane, and glass splinters were strewn all over the floor.

"Quick, out into the passage!" cried the dentist.

"No," I yelled. "Draw that confounded tooth here and now, otherwise the injection will lose its effect."

To the accompaniment of explosions, splintering glass and clouds of brick dust, my tooth came out.

Serafima Osipova, collaborator of the Institute of Applied Chemistry, was wounded in the leg by shrapnel and was brought to a hospital where my husband is the chief doctor. I happened to be in the receiving ward when the volunteer nurse aides carried her in on a stretcher. Every nerve in her body quivered and she was terribly pale. To her body, Serafima pressed a blood-soaked shoe that had been removed from her injured foot. When she was carried into the X-ray room, she begged, "Please don't mislay my shoe! I will clean it. This is my best pair. I will put them on on the day of victory."

The Salute to Victory

And indeed, I met Serafima on Kirov Bridge, so familiar to all Leningraders, on that memorable evening when Leningrad fired a salute of 24 volleys from 324 guns, shaking the very air. Guns on warships anchored on the Neva joined with guns placed especially along the embankment, firing this salute to victory. We had naturally grown somewhat accustomed to gunfire, but this was rather an unusual noise at that—324 guns making 24 bangs in concert.

In a blacked-out city, when the tiniest chink of light in the windows was considered a grave crime, a veritable sea of light suddenly flashed up. Our dark sky, so accustomed to sinister flames, conflagrations and spurts of enemy gun flashes, was suddenly lighted up with the red, green and yellow splashes of rockets.

These were combat rockets by nature, usually designated to signal the beginning of an attack, to mark landing fields for airplanes, to signal artillerymen, to warn tanks, to direct infantry. But those were solitary rockets. And now, thousands of attack signals, hundreds of skirmish and battle signals went rocketing into the sky, irradiating our streets with the illumination of victory.

Powerful naval searchlights sent their beams flashing upward, sweeping the skies. One beam came to rest on the spire of Petropavlov Fortress, illuminating the figure of the angel which crowns its summit. On streetcars, automobiles and bicycles, the Leningraders flocked to Marsovo Field and the city bridges, especially Kirov Bridge, which offered a fine view of the gunfire salute. Intermingled with this flow of cars and trucks, here and there was a tank or tankette—a reminder of the fact that the front wasn't so very far away. I was surrounded by the cries of jubilation of the huge crowd all around me.

"Thank you, General Govorov, for having driven off the Germans!" one little girl cried out.

Resting my elbows on the parapet of the bridge, I watched the searchlight beams. Now lighting up one or another building, or this or that part of the city, they awakened to me stirring recollections. We had been under siege for 30 months. Do you know how long thirty months can be? It is a longer time than you have been at war. It is the time it takes for a newly born infant to grow, to walk and talk and recite jinglets and learn to love a doll. It is too long for a child now attending school to remember back to when there were lights on at night, and laughter and freedom to play where he pleases.

Describing a sweeping arc in the skies, the searchlight gave faint radiance to that district of the city which but recently was the most forward line of our defense. The Germans there had approached almost to the very walls of a large war factory which we had turned into a fortress. Tanks, still hot from battle, used to be brought here for repairs. And ten minutes after the repairs were finished, they would be back in action.

Over there in that part of the city is situated the Botanical Gardens. In its famous hothouse had grown the tallest palm tree in Europe. In the winter of 1941, a Nazi bomb shattered all the glass in this hothouse, and this wonderful palm tree, this tender child of the South, froze dead overnight. And it had grown for 270 years.

I will never forget the winter of 1941-42, when the bread ration was 4.4 ounces daily—and nothing else except bread was issued. In those days, we would bury our dead in long ditches—common graves. To bury your dead in separate graves, you needed fourteen ounces of bread for the gravedigger and your own shovel. Otherwise, you would have to wait your turn for days and days. Children's sleighs served as hearses to the cemetery.

As long as I live I will never forget one particularly dreadful scene I witnessed: Two women, themselves not more than half alive, yoked to a rope harness and wearily dragging a small sleigh on which sat a third woman holding her dead infant in her arms. And the thermometer that day recorded 42 degrees of frost centigrade.

A Tiny Funeral Cortege

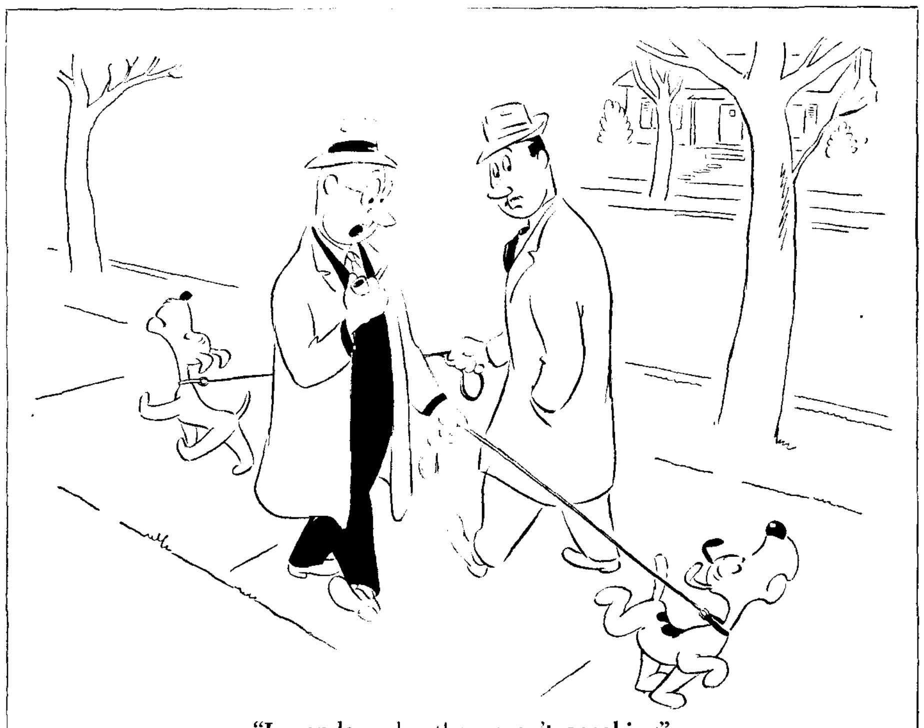
Another time my attention was drawn to an emaciated-looking man hauling a small mahogany bedside table on a sleigh.

"Where are you taking it?" I couldn't refrain from asking him.

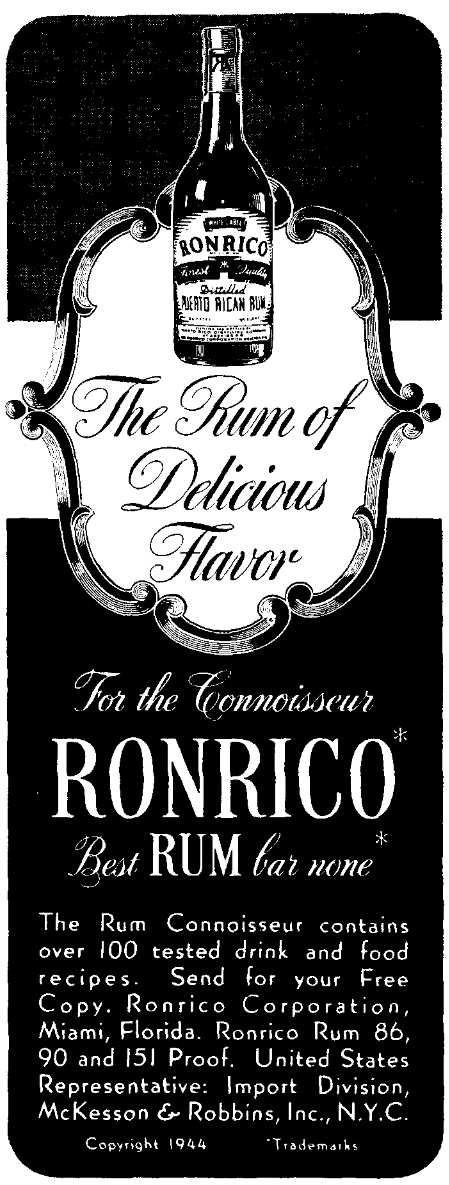
He looked at me with dull and immobile eyes and replied, "I am taking my baby to the cemetery. And this is serving as a coffin—better than no coffin at all."

The streetcars weren't running. We drew water from holes dug into the frozen river. We had to lie flat on the ice in order to haul out an ice-coated bucket of water which seemed heavier than solid rock. Instead of tiled heating stoves, we used tiny toy tin stoves. Mail service was practically nonexistent. Only two roads remained open for letters—through the air and along icy Lake Ladoga by way of the so-called "Road of Life." But both these routes were needed above all for delivering provisions and ammunition.

We had practically no news of our chil-



COLLIER'S "I wonder why they aren't speaking" CLAUDE SMITH



The Rum of Delicious Flavor

For the Connoisseur

RONRICO*

Best RUM bar none*

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944 *Trademarks

ARE MISTAKES CHRONIC?
1000
U·S·A·
Pink Pearl
EBERHARD FABER

If recurring, they always respond to my treatments.

Visit the EBERHARD FABER eraser "clinic" at your Stationers. You'll get just the prescription you need.

EBERHARD FABER

Erasers FOR EVERY PURPOSE

OTIS
MODERN UNDERWEAR

Otis quality means longer wear—more important when underwear is so scarce.

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth Street, New York 13, N.Y.
Also OTIS HOSIERY
Trade Mark

TONIGHT ...taste the difference!
TOMORROW ...feel the difference!

...says VAUGHN MONROE, leader of one of the most talked of bands in America! Mr. Monroe insists on serving White Rock in highballs...says it makes drinks taste better, helps keep one feeling fit next day.

He takes a glass of plain sparkling White Rock before going to bed and again in the morning for good health's sake. You see, White Rock's *natural* mineral salts combat acidity...help keep you on the alkaline side.

❶ WHITE ROCK IS DIFFERENT: Compare it with any other mineral water-mixer or club soda.

❷ WHITE ROCK IS BETTER FOR YOU. Natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity... help keep you feeling fit.

❸ IT'S SUPER-CHARGED Its sparkle stays to the end of your drink... it points up flavor!

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

Please! We and your government will appreciate your returning empty bottles and cartons to your dealer.

SERVE IN ALL HIGHBALLS, INCLUDING GIN, RUM, WINE

The Blade With The MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE..!
Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢
TRY MARLIN SHAVE CREAM
Lather or Brushless

"FIRST in FUDGE"
Quality 5¢ Candies
WELCH'S

You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE? Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • REFRESHES

★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

JOHNNY SHOEMAKER SEZ..
FOR EXTRA DEPENDABILITY
ASK FOR HOOD
RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES
Hood Rubber Co.
A DIVISION OF B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

dren who had been evacuated. What joy it was when a friend of mine received a letter from her little daughter, evacuated beyond the Volga! In this letter, her daughter wrote the following postscript: "Dearest Mummy, I *am* sending you herewith a lovely butterfly which lived on the steppes. There are no such butterflies in Leningrad." And then followed a postscript: "Please, Military Censor, don't crush this butterfly."

Our communication with the "mainland" (as we referred to our country) was just as fragile as this butterfly. And yet it was also stronger than the toughest steel. While the city suffered unspeakable hardships (of which I have described here only an infinitesimal fraction), while the city was defending itself, carrying on the work and battle inside the blockade "ring," our army units were gnawing away at this ring, hastening the break-through to those outside it.

The blockade was broken January 18, 1944, and here is what Lieutenant Zelenkov says: "The Germans had sluiced the tall Neva bank with water, turning it into a solid barrier of ice—huge sheer walls. Not content with this, they had frozen into it several rows of barbed wire and had booby-trapped all approaches. We built high scaling ladders, armed ourselves with hooks, rope, shovels and axes. We erected a similar ice barrier on which we trained day and night. We stormed this. At the zero hour, clearing our path through the barbed wire by means of grenades, we stormed the real enemy ice barrier and negotiated it."

Day by day the front is receding from us. Leningrad is free. But we are still fighting on Soviet territory. And we shall not pause until we are entirely rid of the Hitlerites.

On the house walls still hang those all too familiar warnings, white lettering on a blue background: "Notice! During artillery fire this side of the street is the most dangerous!" And in the newspapers we already read the official notification: "In view of the fact that the danger of enemy artillery bombardment of the city is now eliminated, all restrictions regarding pedestrian, streetcar and motor-vehicle traffic in the city are hereby canceled."

Building-material enterprises are already busy turning out bricks, cement, whitewash, window frames, doors, nails, chimney pipes, roof tiles, everything needed for bomb- and shell-smashed buildings. Repairs are already in full swing on the opera and ballet theater, which was badly damaged by bombs and shells.

The opera and ballet company, evacuated by government orders at the beginning of the blockade, is returning home. Along the October railway, which the Red army liberated, the "Red Arrow" Express leaves Leningrad for Moscow again.

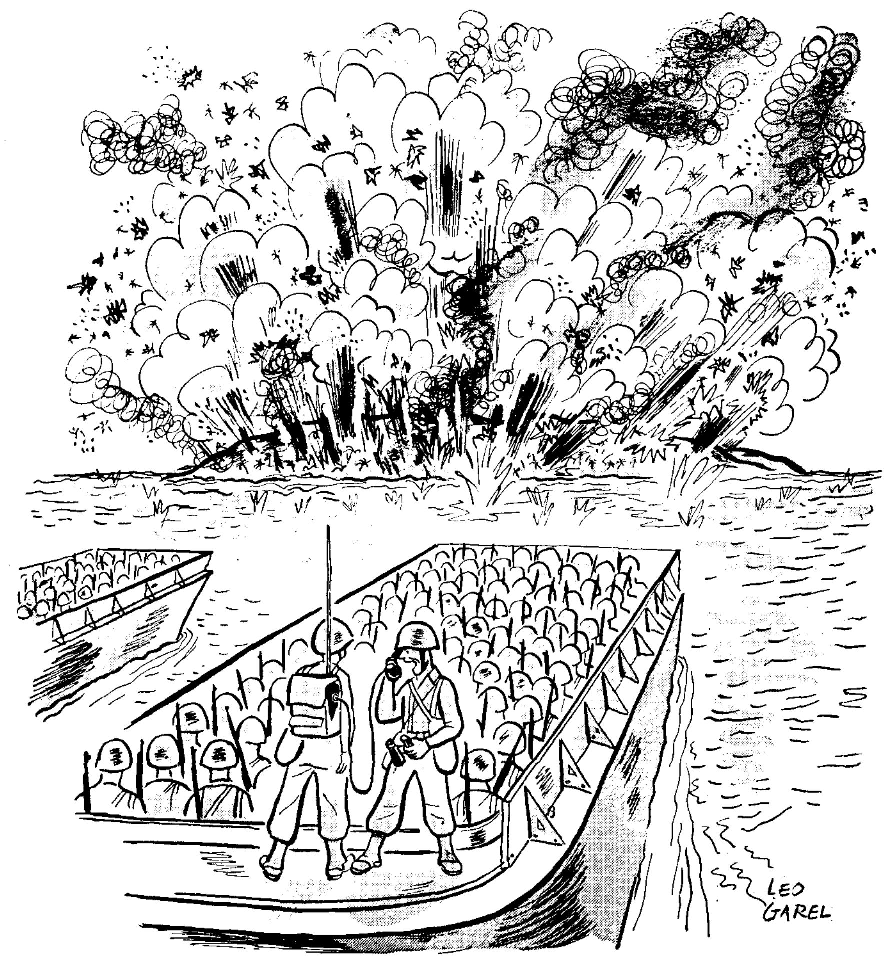
A Rebirth in Safety

We can now be out on the streets till twelve midnight. We can now send our children to school again without fearing for their lives. We all have a sort of feeling as though the days have grown much, much longer, suddenly so. We don't have to stay indoors now because of enemy bombardments. We don't have to dart for shelter into strange entrance halls as Nazi shells scream down on us. We don't have to spend time now guessing what kind of bombardment there will be today—hurricane or methodic. Every hour, every minute of the day is now our own, and they are all equally safe.

On January 27th, in a maternity home, a midwife congratulated a new mother with the words: "Your son has been born in liberated Leningrad. There, nurse him in peace."

Our city, our time, our lives, all belong to us again. We seem to have been reborn. We see German prisoners conveyed through the streets of our city. Scowling like wolves, with furtive gaze, they plod under convoy of our submachine gunners. And when they find themselves under the cross fire of our eyes, these Germans tremble with fear. And if looks could kill, every German would be dead a hundred times. Those Nazis were certain they would enter Leningrad. Well, they have—as our prisoners.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Enough, Admiral! Leave us something to land on" LEO GAREL

...WITH AN ARVIN *Radio* IN EVERY ROOM

Sh-h-h!
POST-WAR PLANNERS AT WORK!

A COZY CHAIR... Dad home on leave...dreams...plans for the good days ahead. When peace comes, these planners want a finer, larger home—hewn right to the pattern of today's dream-plan... And *why not—an Arvin radio in every room!*

That's not peering through the gates into fairyland. It's just looking toward happier living in a brighter world. Mother can hear her favorite mid-morning drama—in the kitchen. Dad can have his evening sports review—in his den, without boring the rest of the family. Jean and Bill can brush up on their dancing—in the rumpus room, away from the folks. And every member of the family can tune in a melodic night-cap just before turning out the lights and tucking in the covers.

Of course, Arvin is doing some post-war planning, too—though all present production facilities are engaged one hundred percent in hurrying the end of the war. Then, there'll be an Arvin radio for every room in the home... even better, perhaps, than you imagine—for Arvin is learning some wonderful things from the production of radio equipment for war.

ARVIN is the name on peacetime products of
NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, INC.
COLUMBUS, INDIANA

Hot Water Car Heaters • Bathroom Electric Heaters
Home and Car Radios • Metal-Chrome Dinette Sets
Outdoor Metal Furniture and Other Home Equipment

Awarded to the men and women of four of our Columbus plants

INSURE YOUR POST-WAR PLANS WITH WAR BONDS

Report No. 5 on

HONESTY ENGINEERING

—a new idea in

Personnel Relations

PERSONNEL
MANAGER

"and it's a big help in cutting down employee turnover"

STATEMENTS like that are typical of what personnel managers say about Honesty Engineering. Because by helping employees resist the temptation to turn dishonest, it prevents loss of hard-to-replace employees. One food processing concern, for example, found that this new Personnel-Protection Plan cut manpower losses due to dishonesty by more than 75%.

Based on experience, the U. S. F. & G. Personnel-Protection Plan not only insures you against financial loss through employee dishonesty but: (1) discloses undesirable personnel and prevents waste in training; (2) applies tested methods that keep good employees from going wrong; (3) helps employers eliminate leaks, pitfalls and careless acts that may lead to employee dishonesty.

Whether you employ 10 people or 10,000, your U. S. F. & G. agent will be glad to show you how the Personnel-Protection Plan helps you keep your employees by keeping them honest. Consult him today.

Branch Offices in 43 Cities — Agents Everywhere

U.S.F.&G.

UNITED STATES FIDELITY & GUARANTY CO.
affiliate:
FIDELITY & GUARANTY FIRE CORPORATION
HOME OFFICES: BALTIMORE, MD.

Consult your insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer

The Mirror

Continued from page 20

flowing around her, with the menu before her and the water glass cold under her finger tips, she wondered whether he had seen the dry collapse, the fall of burnt-out timbers, the light drift of ashes behind her eyes.

She turned her head to the right and stared shamelessly into the mirror, looking for signs. There was the same spare face with nothing to damn it save a small bend at the bridge of the nose, and nothing to commend it save a gentle expectancy, a soft attentiveness; a singularly harmonious face, kind and on good terms with itself.

But could it possibly remain so, now that he was quite beyond her reach? She doubted it. She could not see herself looking kind tomorrow and day after tomorrow while he whistled and remembered his nights. She could not see herself moving with the old serenity through the changeless days, with nothing to draw her forward except the grave. She closed her eyes and saw the predestined ravages, the tightened mouth, the restless eyes, the sharp lines running from the corners of the nose to the corners of the lips. . . .

"MAY I please serve you?" the voice said.

It was a strident voice, and it belonged to a strident person. The waitress, young and dark and as overblown as a late June peony, stood in a splash of light and was more painfully blatant than the sun.

How long she had been there, it was hard to say, but she had the air of one who has been kept waiting for half an hour. She was opulent, Mediterranean. Her black hair was piled like a cluster of grapes on the top of her head. Her mouth was painted thick and wide. The flap of her white pinafore was thrust outward upon the rich curves of her breasts. There was a disturbing combination of stupidity and arrogance in her big, animal eyes. They stared insolently, and yet the woman they stared at could have sworn that they saw nothing at all.

"I'm sorry, I haven't decided yet," she said.

The waitress sighed.

For the space of several heartbeats, they stared at each other. The girl's face was blank; it was impossible to study the menu in the presence of this heavy impassivity.

"I can't decide yet. Mayn't I look a little?"

"Certainly," the waitress said in a voice that implied: What can I say but "Certainly"? She thrust her order pad into her apron pocket, plainly reminding herself that she would soon have the trouble of taking it out again. Then she stepped back, jarring the table with her hip, and was gone.

The older woman turned back to the menu and read the list of salads through, without knowing what she read. A persistent image of the waitress intruded between herself and the thought of food. A strange, not altogether savory tinge—a kind of vague taint—had been added to her wretchedness. "What is the matter with me?" she asked herself. "How is it that she annoys me so?"

She looked at the bold light on the ceiling, the view of the park through the great glass bay, and the two sprigs of verbena that stood stiffly in a vase on her table. She played with her gloves, admired her soft gray purse, looked at her pale and subtle manicure. But nothing could quite remove the unpleasant flavor of the past minute. She took herself in hand and decided to order a fresh fruit salad in a pleasant voice.

The girl came back, walking with a firm, catlike stride. Her hips swayed. The hips seemed particularly loathsome and evoked the same troubling distaste. It is very strange, the woman thought. She has not given me any real cause . . . And yet it was rude, it was unquestionably rude, the tone of her voice when she said "Certainly."

"Have you decided?" It was plain that the girl expected the worst. When she saw the nod, her eyes shifted in a dim, primal indication of surprise.

"Yes, a fruit salad."

"A *fresh* fruit salad?"

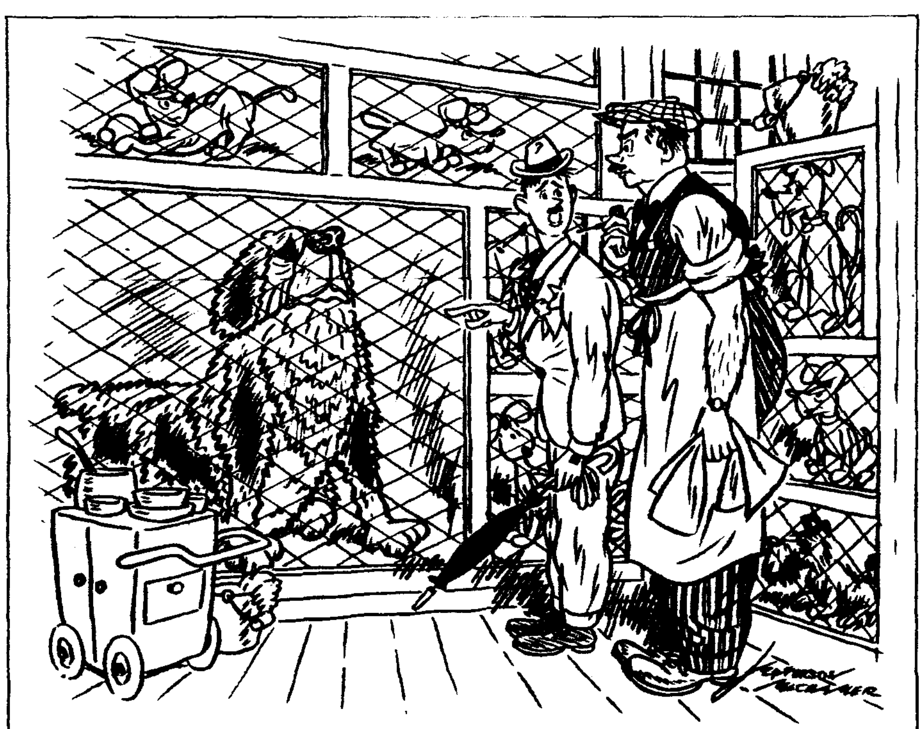
"Yes, please, fresh fruit."

"That," the waitress said, "will take half an hour. You'll have to wait half an hour for them to make it. It takes that long."

"To make a fruit salad?" The woman's dislike tightened her throat; her voice had a metallic ring.

"Yes. I might as well tell you. If I didn't tell you, and you waited half an hour, that would bother you more."

The implication of the speech was, of course, that she would be more upset by waiting without knowing why than by waiting in complete possession of the facts of the case. Yet for the fraction of a second, she had put another interpretation upon the matter. It seemed to her that the girl had pointed out that she was already overwrought and that further waiting would bring her close to public collapse.



"I'll take him. His house will be big enough, on occasion, for me, too"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"I haven't time to wait," she said coldly. "I'll have something else."

"What else would you like to have?"

Anything, anything to get this wounding presence out of sight! "A grilled cheese sandwich, I suppose."

"Anything to drink?"

"Iced tea."

"Thank you," said the girl. She wrote upon the order pad, bending her head and thrusting out the tip of her tongue. She wrote like one who had learned the skill with difficulty and practiced it only through the lower grades of the public schools. The pencil was stubborn in her hand. An ignorant fool, to be disregarded.

Other pains, less transitory but less undignified, crowded into the silence which she left behind her. The great mirror to the left of the table reflected culture, poise, the assailed but invincible elegance. She will be flabby when she reaches forty, she thought. They'll sag—those hips, those breasts. And all at once she found herself wondering what sort of figure *she* had—the young and fortunate one, his bride.

All cultivated young women looked more or less alike these days. *She* would look very like all the others; for instance, like either of the two girls who had just sat down at the next table. They were almost indistinguishable from each other, with their long brown legs, narrow brown faces, and silky, floating, light brown hair.

THEY had plainly come to lunch from the summer classes at the university. They were burdened with possessions—books, notebooks, pencils, babushkas, purses and odd pages of classroom scrawl. They laid their books and notebooks on the padded leather bench, so close to her that they almost grazed her thigh.

Into her hard-won quiet came their chatter: "And after we got to the house, when we were on the porch, he caught my hand so I couldn't ring the bell, and he said, 'Don't, it's so beautiful around here. Let's walk around the block just once more before . . .' "

Good Lord, she thought, what a flat little voice, without the overtones that come with understanding, without the nuances that come with suffering. Running around the block after ecstasy—and quite unripe for ecstasy. Why were these two young women attending the summer classes, anyway? Probably to make up the failures of their lyric springtime, probably because of stupidity. Half of the content of that fresh perfume is sheer stupidity. And *she* will say to *him*, "But I can't add figures, darling." And *he* will say to *her*, "Never mind, I'll add them. Why should you trouble your exquisite little head?"

The light brown heads had come close together over the sugar bowl. "So I'm going to wash my hair before he comes tomorrow, and wear my tweed skirt, and maybe you'd lend me your canary-colored sweater, because I . . ."

Where—*where* was the cheese sandwich? How long would it be necessary to sit here listening to this light April twitter? When would they look at their menus and be still?

Then, almost as if she had shouted her thoughts into their faces, they ceased their chatter. "Sh!" one of them said softly, nodding over the other's shoulder. "Marie's coming."

They bent their heads over the yellow

PAZO RELIEVES THE TORTURE OF SIMPLE PILES
LATER
I'M SO THANKFUL, PAZO BROUGHT RELIEF FROM PAIN

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

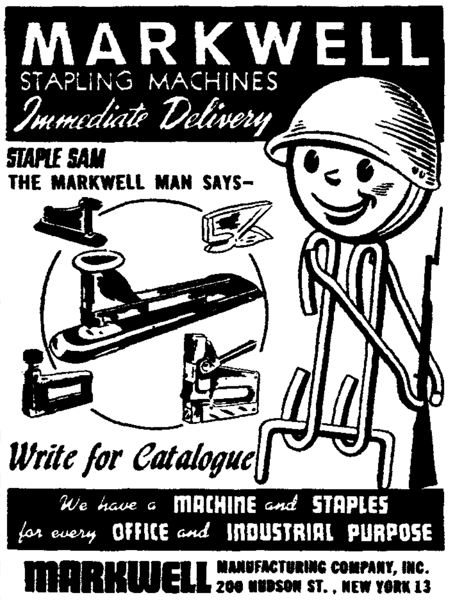
Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment

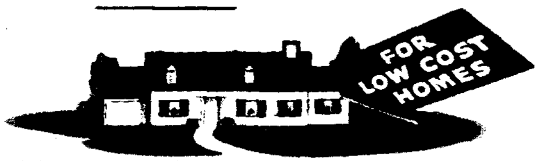
Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

THE GROVE LABORATORIES, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

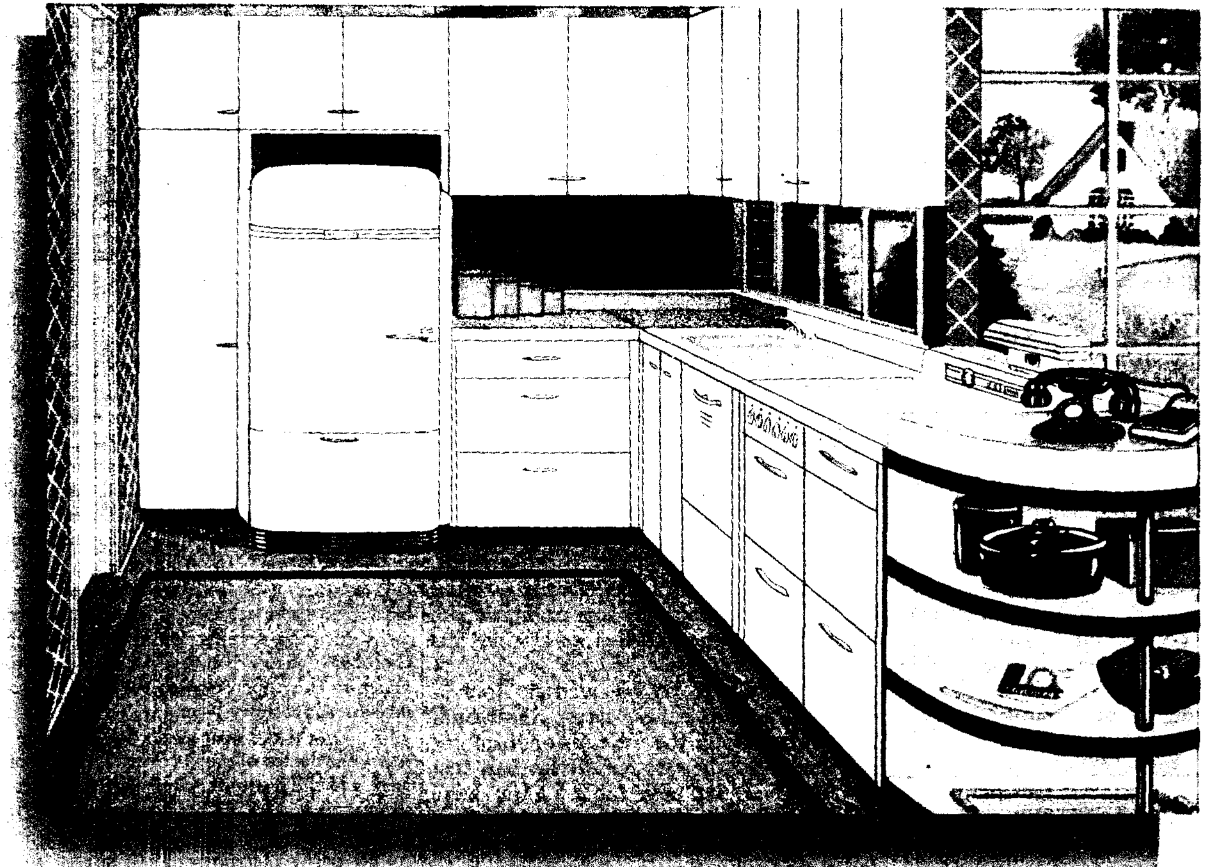

MARKWELL
STAPLING MACHINES
Immediate Delivery
STAPLE SAM
THE MARKWELL MAN SAYS–
Write for Catalogue
We have a MACHINE and STAPLES for every OFFICE and INDUSTRIAL PURPOSE
MARKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC. 200 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK 13

finch facsimile
Delivers pictures and text by radio or wire
Finch Telecommunications, Inc., Passaic, N. J.

Your next kitchen will be easy on the eyes . . .

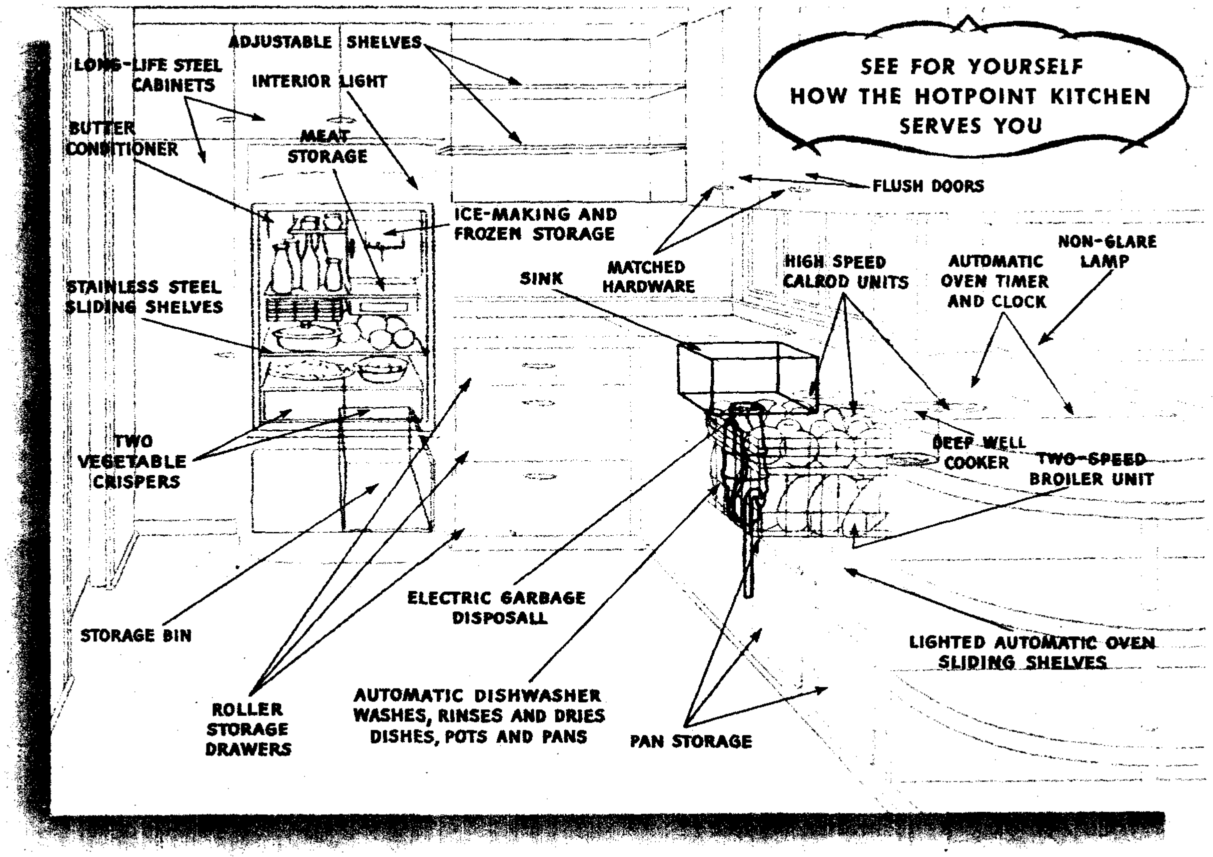

FOR LOW COST HOMES

The cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen averages about 10% of home-building costs.



YOU'LL get a great big surprise when you behold your post-war kitchen for the first time! You see, that Hotpoint Electric Kitchen you've been putting War Bonds aside for is not only mighty easy to look at . . . *it's easy to work in!* The entire room has been carefully planned with an eye to beauty and to *convenience* and *economy* as well. There's an attractive, roomy Hotpoint Electric Kitchen that's specially designed to fit the budget and home-management needs of every family.

and Hotpoint *will save you time on All these tasks!*


SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THE HOTPOINT KITCHEN SERVES YOU
ADJUSTABLE SHELVES
LONG-LIFE STEEL CABINETS
INTERIOR LIGHT
BUTTER CONDITIONER
MEAT STORAGE
FLUSH DOORS
ICE-MAKING AND FROZEN STORAGE
NON-GLARE LAMP
MATCHED HARDWARE
HIGH SPEED CALROD UNITS
AUTOMATIC OVEN TIMER AND CLOCK
SINK
STAINLESS STEEL SLIDING SHELVES
TWO VEGETABLE CRISPERS
DEEP WELL COOKER
TWO-SPEED BROILER UNIT
ELECTRIC GARBAGE DISPOSALL
STORAGE BIN
LIGHTED AUTOMATIC OVEN SLIDING SHELVES
ROLLER STORAGE DRAWERS
AUTOMATIC DISHWASHER WASHES, RINSES AND DRIES DISHES, POTS AND PANS
PAN STORAGE

WORK CENTERS MAKE MINUTES COUNT IN THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC KITCHEN

Refrigeration Center—Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator keeps foods fresh—provides fast, thrifty freezing and better arrangement of storage space for the modern kitchen.

Cooking Center—Hotpoint Electric Range, with all utensils stored within arm's length, cooks fast and thriftily. Since there's no combustion dirt, pans and walls stay clean. Automatic controls end the cause of many cooking failures.

Dishwashing Center—Hotpoint Electric Dishwasher-Sink washes and dries dishes, pots and pans cleaner than ever without your hands touching water. Hotpoint Garbage Disposall whisks food waste away electrically. Space is provided in cabinet below the sink for soap, towels, etc.

Equipment Storage—Electrically lighted Hotpoint Steel Cabinets afford abundant space for dishes, utensils and dry foods.

Hotpoint ELECTRIC KITCHENS

ARMY NAVY
FOR EXCELLENCE IN WAR PRODUCTION

Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc.
5657 West Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Illinois
Enclosed please find ten cents in coin or war stamp for which send me your new kitchen planning guide entitled, "Your Next Kitchen by Hotpoint."
*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City and State*____________________

is and were so strangely, disturbingly that she had to find out who it was had evoked this quiet. It was the ress—her waitress, the one of the suc- nt flesh and the clustering hair. She d behind them, broad, menacing, with pencil held over her order pad.

'as it possible, the woman wondered, this vulgar girl tyrannized over the e in general? They actually seemed id; their little mouths had taken on petulant droop with which youth pro- s itself.

Hello, Marie," one of them said in a gdog voice.

Hello. Don't ask for the deviled crabs ause there aren't any more," the wait- said.

Oh, we don't want deviled crabs." It as if the girl fearfully disclaimed any naughtiness. "We just want vege- e salads and biscuits and tea."

All right."

Can we have them in a hurry?" The uest was frightened; it was tentative. e've only got half an hour."

All right. Right away." Marie wrote ll down slowly, moving the moist, red of her tongue, and went her way.

She'll get it for us in a hurry, just like terday," one of the young girls said. I was telling you, that canary-colored ater has a spot on the shoulder, but could cover it up with some kind of oodad, a pin or something, you know."

'ear of a waitress, the woman thought, ght be despicable, but it certainly ded profits in this place. Her fruit d had been a staggering problem, a ject that would consume half an hour. their vegetable salad could be rustled in three minutes and served right away. ore she would come again to this par- ilar restaurant, she must, like the boy he fairy tale, learn to shudder.

She turned her head to the mirror and umed the young girls' disconsolate look he half-closed eyes, the drooping lips. was a wounding image that came back her from the surface of the pitiless ss. Such looks can appear with im- nity only upon the faces of the young. sighed and watched the expression ling away. She waited to see the old nquillity, the gentle and integrated set features that she had borne like a fair nner, a symbol of her good intentions, o offices and living rooms, theaters and taurants and libraries, all her days. She ited and put a chilly hand to her fore- ad and moistened her cold lips. There s a change; something was lost; the enity of her face had fallen away.

HERE was a cat tread and a muttered "Excuse me." She snatched up her nu to make way for the food and saw once that the food was not for her. The mnable vegetable salads were being set on her neighbors' table. *Their* napkins re being slapped upon the cloth, *their* h of lemon was being banged against *ir* iced tea. An icy rage, such a rage as had never felt before, stiffened her to r finger tips. The menu fell from her id hand, grazed the table, lay, like a ve thrown before a duel, upon the or.

"I beg your pardon," she said, glaring the waitress.

"Yes?" the waitress said.

The brazen detachment of it, the plain t that the hateful female did not care the least—the "Yes?" was too much. have been waiting here for close to lf an hour. I asked to have a fruit lad, and that was impossible. I asked a cheese sandwich and that has not peared. Although I hardly feel disposed enter into controversy over this trivial siness—" There was a strange, hot easure in using words that this vulgarian uld not understand—"I should like to quire—"

"Your cheese sandwich," said the waitress, glaring back with smoldering, animal eyes, "isn't done. It isn't done."

"When will it be done?"

"I don't know."

There was a birdlike confusion, a stirring of napkins, a hastening of breaths at the neighboring table. One of the smooth little faces turned in the woman's direction and sent her a shy, fluttering look of supplication. *Oh, don't, don't!* The words might have been spoken, they made themselves so clear in the young girl's glance. And they accomplished at least some part of their purpose. They kept her silent with surprise for a second, and in that second the waitress gained time to make a sullen apology.

"The first one got burned. I'm sorry it got burned," she said.

She left all three of them in a wretched state. The young girls, embarrassed and contrite, did penance for their undeserved food. They could not eat it; they buttered their biscuits and let them lie; they stirred their tea endlessly and could not bring themselves to lift their glasses to their lips. Their twittering, too, had fallen to a kind of mechanical, halfhearted chirp. They reserved their dearest thoughts as they reserved their salads.

Now their conversation was all of a certain assignment. They had unfolded a map on which they were to trace the movements of contending armies up the boot of Italy. They bent over this map with feigned attention; they discussed it with forced vivacity. But they glanced up from it several times each minute, watching with worried eyes for Marie's return.

THE woman should have been sorry for them. She told herself that their happiness was, at best, brief and precarious. He who would come to one of them tomorrow, to be enchanted by a borrowed yellow sweater and the sheen of new-washed hair, might well come only once or twice and then be irretrievably gone. Even in the isolation of her grief, even in the discreet stillness of this restaurant, she could not escape from war. No thought could wade out for any distance in these austere days without stepping into a pool of blood. And yet, and yet . . .

There they sat, beautiful and wanted, with a thousand possibilities hovering like bright butterflies about their heads; and here she sat, in October dryness, with even the last sad moth flown.

There they were, all of them, all young and all in league with one another, all sisters in spirit, whose veins were filled with the living, golden liquid of youth. These two, and that one who had taken away her beloved. These two and the coarse, dark, Mediterranean one whom they protected. These. and her nieces, and the new stenographers in the office, and the college girls in the street. All, all of them, brushing their glossy hair at a thousand mirrors; closing their firm white arms around the necks of a legion of lovers; smiling their sweet, vague, stupid smiles among the foliage of parks all over the world; moving their lithe bodies to the tune of cheap recordings; chattering, singing, kissing, sinking down on a thousand couches, a thousand bits of leaf-sheltered turf, to know that ecstasy which she had never known . . .

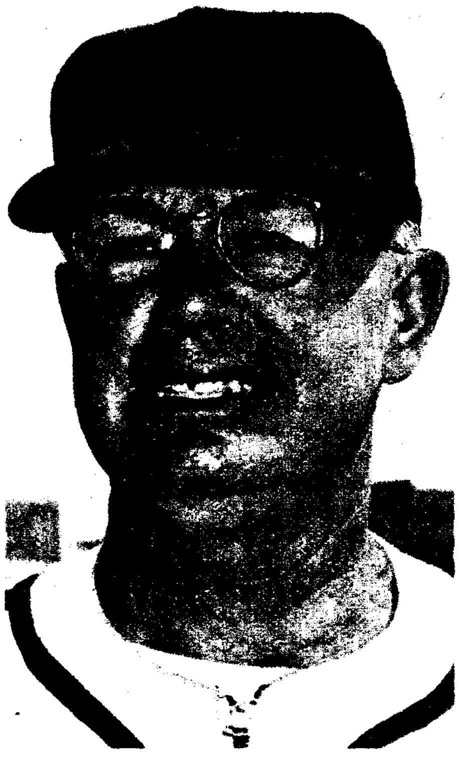
"Excuse me."

She started at the voice. Her own lean knee struck against the table leg, and the water glass shook. The brown face was too close. The girl had bent to set the sandwich down. Her neck was repellent—soft, full; there were creases in it when she turned her head; the hair at the nape had escaped in coarse, glossy curls. A musky sweetness tainted the air around her. The dark finger that settled the plate wore a broad band, an obvious, boastful wedding ring. The neck—how many times the neck must have been kissed!

She turned from the waitress to the

THERE have been some mighty screwy trades in the baseball business since Abner Doubleday transformed the old game of rounders, and with things as they are today, it is not too fantastic to expect more of the same. Don't be too surprised if you read in the paper some morning that a fast, hard-hitting shortstop has been traded for a thick, juicy steak: or a lumbering, muscle-bound outfielder for a slab of cheese—Gorgonzola, of course. And a baseball magnate who has been cannily hoarding a prewar carpet sweeper should be able to swap it for a whole thundering herd of pitchers. If he's lucky, he might even get one who can stand on his feet for three innings.

Before you say "How ridiculous!" bear in mind that Joe Engel, one of the great showmen of the game and president of the Chattanooga team of the Southern League, once traded Shortstop Johnny Jones for a big, fat turkey. Then he served the bird at a dinner for local sports writers. When asked why he had done such a thing, Engel said simply, "The boys were hungry. Anyway, I like turkey."


ACME

"Buzzy" Wares took the place of rent

And Lefty Grove, one of the greatest of southpaws, was swapped at an early period in his career for a wooden fence. The Martinsburg, West Virginia, club owned Grove and wanted a fence around its ball park, while Jack Dunn of the Baltimore Orioles wanted Grove and had enough money to build the fence. So the trade was made.

Some years ago, "Buzzy" Wares, now a coach for the St. Louis Cardinals, went south to Montgomery, Alabama, to get a tryout with the St. Louis Browns who trained on the Montgomery club's grounds. When the Browns returned to St. Louis, Wares was left behind in Montgomery in payment of the rent on the ball park.

Chris von der Ahe, owner of the old St. Louis Browns of the 1880's and one of baseball's legendary figures, was noted as

ACME

Lefty Grove was swapped for a fence

a slick trader; he'd swap a ballplayer for anything that struck his fancy, and usually got the better of the deal. Once he wanted a pitcher who was hurling sensationally for Bay City, Michigan, and hitting well besides. He made an offer, but Bay City refused to sell the pitcher unless von der Ahe bought the other nine players of the team. So he did, kept the pitcher, and sold the others at auction, realizing a big profit.

And then there was Pitcher Joe Martina, who for years was known as "Oyster Joe" because the New Orleans Pelicans of the Southern League bought him for a sack of oysters. And Jack Fenton, a first baseman —Memphis sold him to San Francisco for a box of genuine prunes. On the other hand, Clark Griffith of the Washington Senators sold his son-in-law, Joe Cronin, to the Boston Red Sox for $250,000 and Shortstop Lyn Lary. . . . **Ernie Harwell**

Johnny Jones was traded for a turkey

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Look, a hideaway to help me save for War Bonds!

"Three-Way" in Morocco-grain Sheepskin—$3.50 + tax

Money you don't see, you don't spend! Prove that for yourself with the Lady Buxton's *"Secret Pocket!"*...made by simply tucking the inner-fold open side down. With this swell hideaway so handy, you'll find it's a cinch to salt away 10% of your income for War Bonds!

Lady Buxton's a *complete "Pocket File,"* too, with nine different compartments. When you open your handbag and take out your Lady Buxton there's no fumbling, no embarrassed excuses . . . everything's in place from keys and coins to shopping lists and identification papers.

Best of all—there's a *"Magic Purse,"* easily removable for use with slacks or uniform.

Lady Buxton is made of the finest leather. What's more, it keeps its trim shape. A patented construction lets it expand when full . . . "slenderize" when the load is lightened!

If your dealer is sold out of Lady Buxton Billfolds don't blame him . . . they are the first choice of so many of his customers.

COMES IN A VARIETY OF COLORS, STYLES, AND LEATHERS

"Three-Way" with Magic Purse in Sheepskin—$3.50 + tax

Open-window model in Sheepskin—$2.00 + tax

"Three-Way" with Magic Purse in finest, long-wearing Goatskin —$5.00 + tax

THE BUXTON THREE-WAY:

1. **A Regular "Pocket File"!** The inner-fold, *open side up,* gives you 3 full-length compartments separating bills, gas-ration books, shopping lists.
2. **For Glamorous Evenings.** Draw the inner-fold toward you. It unlocks—lifts out. It's a separate, wafer-thin billfold to slip into your evening bag.
3. **A Secret Hideaway.** Insert inner-fold containing your big bills, *open side down.* Valuables are hidden from prying eyes!

Buxton

Buxton, Inc., 4481 Orleans St., Springfield 1, Mass.
or, Dept. H, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

plate. The sandwich was burned. The edges were black. And the hateful girl knew as much, had turned her back, was scurrying like a scared cat across the floor.

"One minute, please!"

How loudly had she said it? The distant diners straightened above their food, became absorbed in their newspapers, stared resolutely at the view of the park beyond the glass. Both the pale brown heads turned her way. "Oh, don't, don't, please, don't," the two pairs of eyes said at once. The disconsolate droop, the silly looseness, came upon their childish lips.

THE waitress, frightened out of all arrogance, like an animal that has been shouted at and can only creep back to take its beating, returned to the table.

"The sandwich is burnt."

"I know. It got burnt while I was talking to you about the other one. It—"

"You know? What sort of answer is that—you know?"

"I can't help it if it is burnt. I can't be two places at once. I can't—I can't—I—"

And suddenly the whole hushed, respectable room was filled with the sound of passionate Latin weeping. Raw grief had broken upon them all, like a salt and icy tidal wave. They all turned and looked reproachfully at the elegant woman who had let this harsh, primeval confusion in. Above all the moving things—the fluttering menus, the turning heads, the hands going up in consternation, she saw the mirror and the face in the mirror—face of an old woman, face of a harpy, hovering above all of it, staring upon it with hungry, baleful, cold, malicious eyes.

She who was to borrow a yellow sweater found her courage and her voice. "Oh, don't! Marie's in awful trouble," she said.

"Who cares? Who cares about that? Nobody cares about that," the waitress wailed. Then she raised her apron to cover her mottled face and was gone.

The silence which followed her exit into the kitchen was not so much a silence as a general sigh. Everybody sighed and waited. They waited for the hostess, the restorer of decency, the agent of human dignity. And after a short delay—for discussion with the guilty party in the kitchen, no doubt—the hostess came, a blond and tailored peacemaker, with perfect curls on the top of her head and a neat little bunch of lace under her chin.

"Is anything the matter?" she said. The question was so evidently ridiculous that she did not wait for an answer. "I hope you'll excuse it," she said and smiled.

Suddenly the aging and elegant lady on the other side of the table found that she, herself, was on the point of tears. The wild, salty grief was pulling her along with it, like a tide. She wanted to run to the kitchen, to howl aloud as the poor brown wretch must be howling now. She wished to be gone, but she knew that she could not leave this restaurant without knowing what it was—the awful trouble that Marie was in.

The hostess moved a little closer and said in a hushed voice, "She's very difficult, I know. She's been terribly rude to a number of our guests—these girls, here, can tell you—and yet we can scarcely let her go under the circumstances. She's been with us five years. And only last week, her husband—her husband was reported killed in Sicily."

The dark, moist curls—the poor, kissed neck—the blatant wedding ring. "Oh how terrible!" the woman said.

For a thin, attenuated moment the hostess stood waiting for some suitable phrase to come into her head—some felicitous sentence that would polish the roughness from the occasion. And in that moment, the woman thought how everything is bearable, everything is even blessed and fortunate, everything this side of death.

He is not dead, she thought. Tomorrow he will stand beside me when I crumble the bread for the pigeons that come to the office window sill. I will hang my coat beside his on the rack, and, in the touching cloth, our arms will touch. There is still the possibility that he will be on the next bus, at the next concert, around the corner of the next street. He is not for me, but he still *is.* He moves about; he speaks; his breath comes and goes, making a precious thing of the air I breathe. When I lift the account book from his desk tomorrow, I will find upon it the living warmth of his hand. He might be dead. So many are dead in places whose names I do not know, under strange trees, in foreign ground . . .

"Will you excuse her?" the hostess said.

"There's nothing to excuse. Please ask her to excuse me. I came here in a bad humor, because of some small trouble. It was entirely my fault. I—"

The felicitous phrase had come at last. The hostess delivered it with a flourish of her piled curls. "I *knew* you'd be gracious about it," she said.

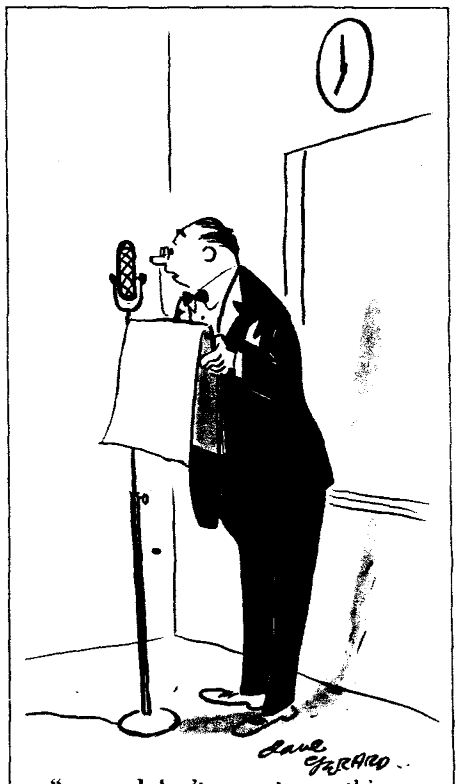
"I? Why?"

It was a bald question and demanded something more than a pretty answer. The hostess blushed a little and said, "If you don't mind my saying so, you have a kind face." That phrase, too, she had turned with a neatness that surprised herself. Rosy with embarrassment and complacency, she bowed and went back to her station at the door.

THE woman rose and left a tip on the table. It took her a long time to pull on her gloves and find her purse, because she did not see anything that her hands touched. Her eyes stared straight into the long, harsh mirror. At first they were dimmed—dilated by the impact of what had passed; but slowly they focused and saw the image bright and plain, a pale face, aging but tender, grateful and well-meaning, at peace with itself.

A few of the diners could not keep themselves from glancing in her direction. It was part of her penance, she thought, that they should see the shine of risen tears in her eyes. She bore her face through the restaurant like a fair banner, and the girl who wanted to borrow a yellow sweater lifted her young brown head and smiled—smiled beautifully at her as she passed.

THE END



". . . and don't accept something 'just as good.' Ask for the real substitute, by name . . ."

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

Zenith's Crusade to Lower the Cost of Hearing
Brings High Quality within Reach of All!

The New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid

Another Zenith "First"!

DAILY, all over America, hard of hearing persons who had given up hope of being helped, or who could not afford an adequate hearing aid, are finding a new world of happiness. They are discovering the thrill of "Radionic Hearing" with this high quality precision instrument at about one quarter the price of other vacuum-tube instruments on the market today!

Zenith, pioneer in radionics and world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, has brought the hard of hearing "Another Zenith First." It places the fine precision quality that modern science and engineering can produce within reach of *all* who need it.

If we at Zenith never made a dollar on the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid, we would feel repaid a thousandfold by the expressions of delight, the smiles and in many cases the tears, of sheer gladness on the faces of these grateful people.

For the first time, many of them are able to hold vital wartime jobs and do their rightful share in Uncle Sam's wartime emergency. Many are hearing, *for the first time in years,* the voices of their children, their families, their friends. Handicapped youngsters, too, can now be saved from lives of failure and misunderstanding due to hearing deficiencies. 98% of all who are buying this revolutionary new instrument have never owned an adequate hearing aid before!

If you are hard of hearing, you owe it to yourself—your friends—and your country—to see a demonstration of the great advantages described below which ONLY ZENITH offers in a hearing aid. If you have a relative or friend who is hard of hearing, *you owe it to them* to urge attending a demonstration now going on at your local optical establishment franchised by Zenith. Let *their* ears be the judge. No one is pressed to buy. No salesman calls at the home. For free descriptive booklet, mail the convenient coupon below—today.

American Medical Association Accepted Council on Physical Therapy

$40

READY TO WEAR

Complete with Radionic Tubes, Crystal Microphone, Magnetic Earphone and Batteries. One *model* — no "decoys"... One *price*—$40...One *quality*—Zenith's best. Covered by a liberal guarantee.

Accepted by American Medical Association Council on Physical Therapy.

ONLY ZENITH GIVES YOU...

1 **The fine precision quality that modern knowledge and engineering make possible in a hearing aid, yet priced at only $40,** complete, ready to wear. *One model*—no "decoys"... *One price*—$40 ... *One quality*—our best. You need not pay more or accept less.

2 **Four-Position Tone Control.** The flick of your finger instantly adjusts it to the most effective combination of low, medium and high tones for individual needs in varying surroundings, hearing deficiencies in various ranges. No further adjustments necessary.

3 **Special Battery-Saver Circuit.** Insures economy in battery consumption . . . results in substantial saving of battery life and battery replacement expense.

4 **Zenith Quality—Zenith Guarantee.** Zenith, world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, is fortunate in having the knowledge of precision production that makes possible this quality hearing aid at a remarkably low price. Guaranteed for a full year, with unique service insurance plan.

The Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is available through reputable optical establishments franchised by Zenith.

To Physicians: A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

BY THE MAKERS OF

ZENITH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LONG DISTANCE RADIO

RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type than can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

COPYRIGHT 1944, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

Mail Coupon for Free Descriptive Booklet

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, DEPT. C-7
P. O. Box 6940A, Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me your Free descriptive booklet on the New Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid.

Name..
Address..
City.. *State*..........................

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN
Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Step Right Out Of Foot Misery

Now, when your feet cry out for relief, sprinkle them with Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder. Also dust it into your shoes and stockings. Presto! Your feet feel grand—soothed, refreshed, rested. You'll marvel how the foot powder formulated by this famous foot authority relieves your hot, perspiring, tender or odorous feet... how comfortable it makes new or tight shoes feel. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping feet dry. Be foot-happy from now on by using Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder daily. At your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toilet Goods Counter. Costs but a trifle.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. About 20,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 540-H, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS
(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

DERMOIL PSORIASIS EXTERNAL USE ONLY SHAKE WELL

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. *Caution: Use only as directed. Print name* plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 2023, Detroit 4, Mich.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

whether they had preconceived plans for a fighter which the V-143 exemplified, or whether the V-143 gave the Japs ideas. But they liked it, put down $100,000 and shipped it to Japan. Vought broke even on the deal, breathed a satisfied sigh and went to work with plans of its own for a fighter.

The result was the F4U Corsair, now used with great success in the Pacific by the Marines and the Navy, whose Skull and Crossbones fighter squadron is home for a rest after bagging 154 Jap planes in 76 days of fighting, with the loss of only 13 of their own.

The V-143 as it went to Japan and the Zero which the Navy captured in Alaska in the summer of 1942 and which bore a manufacturing date of February, 1942, are generally alike in appearance, but to the engineer and the fighter pilot there are few points of similarity other than those shared by many other American and foreign fighters.

A close study of the two types shows, of first importance, that the Zero is heavier by more than 1,000 pounds, the V-143 weighing 4,300 and the Mitsubishi S-00 Zero "Zeke" tipping the scales at 5,500. Then the Zero's wing area is larger by 69 square feet, and its wing span of 39 feet 5 inches is six feet greater than the American plane's. The Zero's length of 29 feet 7 inches compares with 25 feet 11 inches for the Vought.

The wing is different in design, too, the Zero being of the sweep-back type, while the V-143 wing extends outward from the fuselage in a straight line. The Vought's wings were built in three pieces, a center section to which the fuselage is attached and two outer wing panels. In the Zero, the wing is built in a single piece.

The Zero also has a tail of Jap design. While the landing flaps of the V-143 continued across the bottom of the fuselage, the Zero's flaps stop where the wings join onto the fuselage. Internally, there are many more differences which engineers alone would appreciate.

The points of detailed similarity between the two are in the landing gear and the power-plant installation. The Zero retractable landing-gear mechanism is copied rather closely from the V-143. The wheels of both fold inward, but in the 143, the wheels fitted into bulges from the leading edge of the wing just under the engine and were uncovered. In the Zero the wells that house the wheels are behind the leading edge and the wheels are sealed over in flight.

IN MOUNTING their Nakajima "Sakae" NKI 14-cylinder, twin-row air-cooled engine of 900 horsepower (a direct steal from the Pratt & Whitney twin-row Wasp), the Japs followed typical American practice, using the cowling, or enclosure, for the engine developed by our National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. There are some slight technical variations, but the engine installation is pretty much American standard. The same can be said for the fuselage construction, except that the aluminum covering is much thinner than our safety requirements.

No armament was sold with the V-143, but provision was made for two .30-caliber guns to fire through the propeller. The Zero not only has two 7.7-mm. guns, which are slightly smaller than our .30-calibers and synchronized to fire through the three-blade propeller which they also swiped from us, but carry two low-muzzle velocity 20-mm. cannon, one in each wing.

In speed, range and altitude, the captured Zero was superior to the V-143, due primarily to its increase of at least 200 horsepower and to other refinements which the Japs either worked out or appropriated in the intervening years. Its paramount advantage was in its high speed of 326 miles per hour at 16,000 feet, whereas the best comparable figure for the Vought was 270 at 15,000 feet. It also had a service ceiling of 38,000 feet, while the V-143's highest efficient operating point was 30,000. The Zero's cruising range at 10,000 feet was 1,100 miles, and the closest comparable figure for the V-143 was 870 miles at 15,000 feet. The Vought people ran no high speed tests at 30,000 feet, but the Zero showed 306 mph at that altitude.

In only one category were the two types equal and that was in the rate of climb at sea level, both recording 2,700 feet per minute.

A year after the sale of the V-143, Seversky Aircraft Corp., of Farmingdale, N. Y., was granted a license to sell to Japan sixteen "export versions" of the P-35 fighter it built for the Army. Japan in those years was an avid customer. From 1936 to 1939 inclusive, when the "moral embargo" stopped sales of completed aircraft to Tokyo, Jap purchasing missions acquired 90 airplanes for which they paid the American aircraft industry $7,000,000. Included in these orders was the DC-4 which was built by the Douglas Aircraft Company in co-operation with five major airlines of the United States as a successor to the DC-3.

The DC-4 is often referred to as the prototype of the C-54 which carried President Roosevelt to Cairo and Teheran and which has further shrunk the world in its service to the Army and Navy as a four-engined transport of top efficiency. However, there is little comparison between the two. The DC-4 was unveiled early in 1938 and was a highly experimental ship, embodying the ideas of a great many people among the five sponsoring airlines and the Douglas engineers.

After the Japs got it, the Douglas Company received two large orders for spare parts which indicated back here that the ship had had two accidents. Although the Japs were very secretive about its operations and purpose, Naval Intelligence learned to its satisfaction that it was destroyed in its final crash.

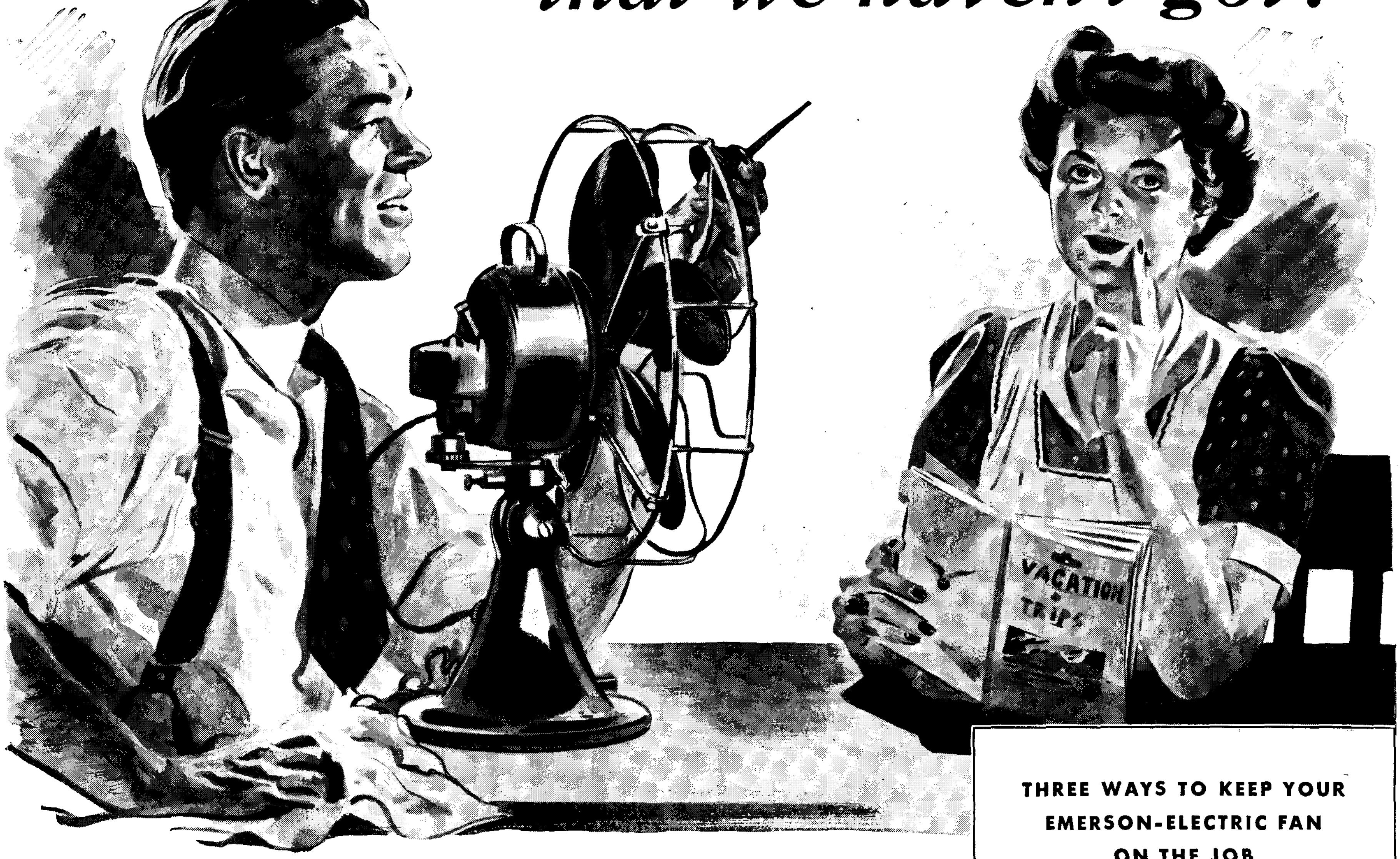
MILITARY airmen doubt very much that the Japs profited much by this type in reproducing four-engined bombers from it, because it was a passenger transport design, and they did not have it in their possession long enough to develop a type for their own peculiar needs.

It would not have been good for diplomatic and commercial relations in 1939 for the Douglas people to have said that they sold Japan a lemon when they unloaded the DC-4—but it was. . . . F. R. N.

ANSWERS TO HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT? ON PAGE 42

Words	*Pronunciation*	*Caution*	*Sounds like or rhymes with*
1. CATHER	*kaa* ther	Short a, th vocalized	blather
CANDIDE	kahn *deed*	Accent the deed	con-DEED
SORBONNE	sore *bonn*	Accent the bon	forGONE
GROTON	grott'n	First o short, clip the last	rotten
2. POUGHKEEPSIE	po *kipp* sy	Say kip, not keep	so-TIPSY
REGATTA	re *gatt* ah	Accent the gat with short a	the-GAT-ah
CARROUSEL	ka ru *zel*	Accent zel, short a, ou as in foot	Clara ZELL (about)
SANS SOUCI	san soo *see*	Short a, accent last syllable	can-Sue-SEE
3. POWHATAN	pow hah *tan*	Accent the tan, ha is broad	ow-hot-ANN
TEPEE	*tee* pee	Both e's long, accent the first	sleepy
ADOBE	ah *dob* ey	Three syllables, accent second	ah-TOBY
PUEBLOS	*pweb* loze	Two syllables, accent first	WEB-blows
4. BRIGANDS	*brig* andz	Accent the brig	RIG-ands
MESQUITE	mess *keet*	Accent the keet	mess-MEAT
POSSE	*poss* e	Short o, two syllables	bossie
VIGILANTES	vig ill *an* tees	Short a, four syllables	midgy-PANTIES
5. DEBACLE	dee *bawk'l*	Accent the balk, broad a	we-BALK-hull
DUEL	*due* ell	Don't say dool	fuel
DUAL	*due* al	Don't say doo-ul	DUE-al
GOVERNMENT	*guv* ern ment	Don't say guvermunt	LOVE-earn-rent
6. CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES	shahr zhay dah fair	Keep it French	Marge (zh)-A.'s AFFAIR
DEPRIVATION	depry *vay* shun	Short e	deprecation
AGGRANDIZEMENT	a *grand* iz ment	Accent the grand	a-GRAND-is-meant
REALPOLITIK	ray all polie *teek*	Keep it German	say-all-holy-WEEK
7. HUSSAR	hu *zahr*	Accent zar, u as in put	huh-CZAR
EPIZOOTY	eppy *zo* otie	Don't say zooty	peppy-SHOW-boat-eh
LARYNGITIS	larrin *ji* tis	Accent the ji with long i	Garrin-BITE-this
DIATHERMY	*die* ah thurmy	Accent the die	DIE-a-worm-eh
8. CHOLERIC	*call* er ik	Accent first syllable with short o	CALL-her-Ick
MISANTHROPE	*miss* an thrope	Accent mis, three syllables	KISS-an'-hope
MISOGYNIST	miss *oj* in ist	Soft g (a hater of women)	Miss STODGy-missed
MISOGAMIST	miss *og* ah mist	Hard g (a hater of marriage)	this-COG-ah-missed
9. HORS D'OEUVRES	or *dervr*	Better listen to a Frenchman	or-SERVE
CANAPÉ	kah nah *pay*	Broad a's, accent the pay	gone-AWAY
SALMON	*sam* un	Knock the l out of it	mammon
SECKEL	seck'l	Not sickle	heckle
10. INDICTED	in *dight* ed	Don't say dikted	incited
MARIJUANA	mah ree *hwa* nah	Sound j like hw	Ma-we-H'WANNA
NIPPONESE	nippo *neez*	Accent the knees	nip-o'-CHEESE
HARA-KIRI	hah rah *keer* y	Broad a's, long e	rah-rah-DEARY

"What's a summer resort got that we haven't got?"



THREE WAYS TO KEEP YOUR EMERSON-ELECTRIC FAN ON THE JOB

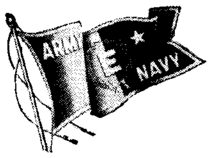
1. Don't wait. Check your fans now and you will be sure they are ready when you need them.
2. If they operate satisfactorily, clean them thoroughly, and oil with medium-weight mineral oil, grade SAE 10 or 20.
3. If there is any unusual noise or vibration, due to worn parts, or faulty electrical connections, take the fan to your Emerson-Electric Dealer or Electrical Repair Shop for repairs. (Generally, if your Emerson-Electric Fan is not more than 20 years old, parts are available.)

We've got breezes right on tap with our *Emerson-Electric* Fan

"Sure—we'd like to see some new scenery . . . but we are at war on the home front, too, and I agree with Uncle Sam that pleasure trips must wait until after Victory. We can enjoy ourselves right here with our trusty Emerson-Electric Fan, plus all the conveniences of home. We've been through plenty of hot summers together . . . and that good old fan's kept us cool and comfortable when other folks were limp and sweltering.

"Oh, I know we're lucky—because nowadays fans are not being made for civilians. But just the same, we were pretty smart, too, when we chose the kind of fan we could really depend on! We bought our Emerson-Electric Fan with a five-year guarantee—fifteen years ago—and it's *still* going strong. Of course, we've taken care of it—and you can bet we'll go on taking care of it. We'll keep 'er blowin' 'til this war's won—and long afterwards, too!"

THE EMERSON ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING CO.
SAINT LOUIS 3, MO.
Branches:
New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • Davenport



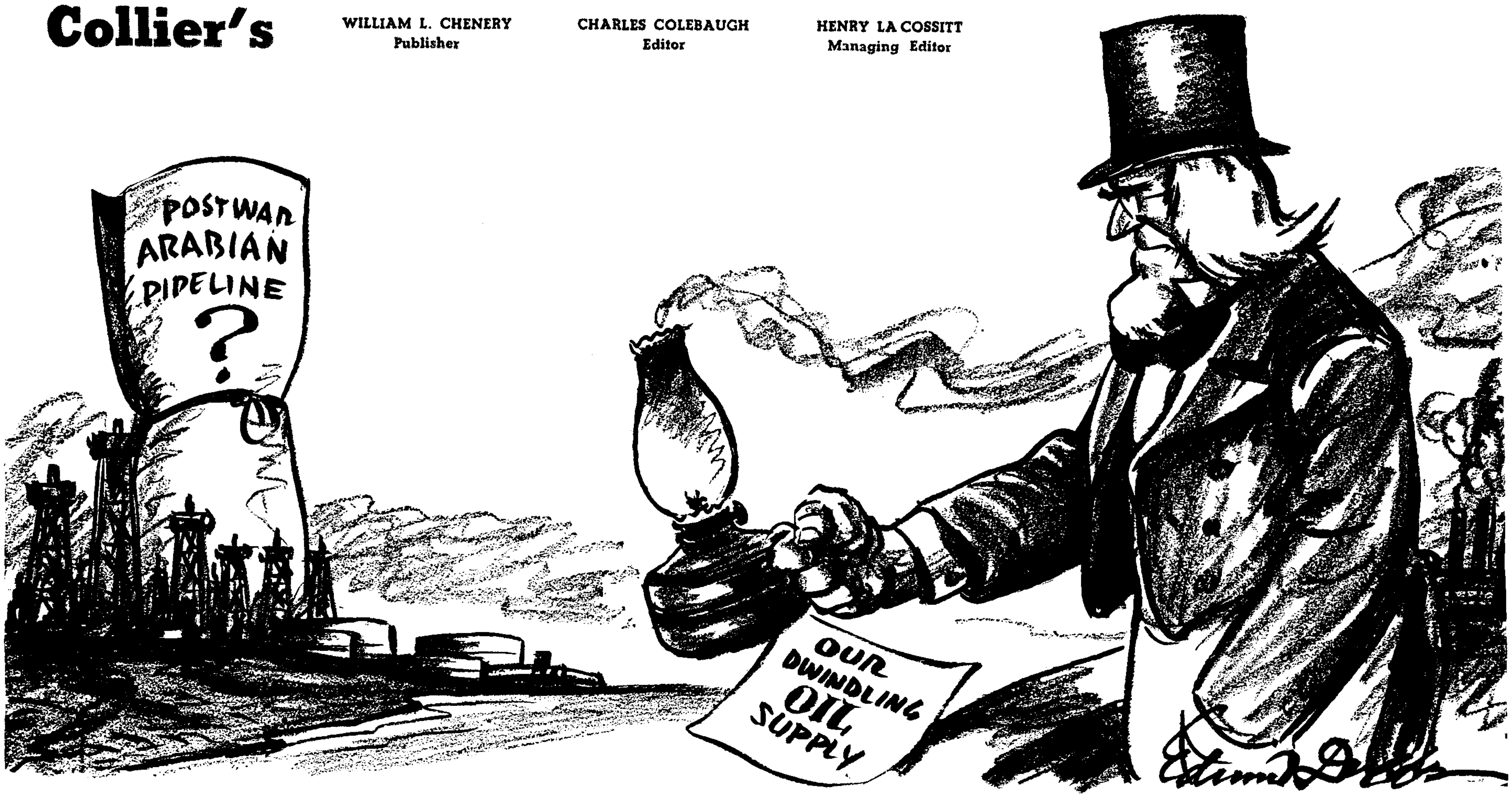
TODAY Emerson-Electric power-operated gun turrets and electric motors for aircraft are in active service on all battle fronts of the world.

387

EMERSON ELECTRIC

MOTORS · FANS APPLIANCES

Collier's
WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor
HENRY LA COSSITT
Managing Editor



THE U. S. AND ARABIAN OIL

WHAT'S the sensible American attitude toward the Navy-Ickes plan for a postwar 1,250-mile oil pipe line from the Persian Gulf to Haifa or Alexandria? So far as we can make out, the sensible attitude is: It's loaded with interesting and dangerous possibilities. But can anybody offer a better scheme?

The plan is based on the fact that during this war we are pouring out our own petroleum in colossal quantities, and on the belief that we have only about fourteen years' supply of our own oil left in sight. Our civilization runs largely on petroleum and its products. British and Dutch interests largely control Venezuelan oil. The Mexican oil fields are in bad shape following Mexico's expropriation of United States citizens' Mexican oil holdings, and the luck the Mexican experts did not have in running the properties thereafter.

Near East oil deposits in Iraq, Iran and Saudi Arabia are believed to be the largest remaining in the world. Britain's Anglo-Iranian and Iraq Petroleum companies pretty well control Iran and Iraq oil, with American interests represented in a minority capacity. In Saudi Arabia, on the other hand, the Arabian-American Oil Co. (owned jointly by Standard of California and the Texas Co.) has had a big oil concession for the last ten years.

The Navy-Ickes plan is for our government to finance the pipe line, at a cost of some $125,000,000, and for American private oil interests to expand existing refineries enough to put 300,000 to 400,000 barrels of oil a day into the pipe line. The private oil interests would run the whole show, paying the pipe-line cost back to the government in twenty-five years, guaranteeing the government a billion-barrel oil reserve, and making what they could out of the rest of the business.

However—and this is the nub of much of the heated argument going on about the whole proposition—the government, through a company of its own called Petroleum Reserves Corporation, would keep legal title to the pipe line.

We can't work up much excitement over the charges that this is a sinister plot to ease the government toward eventual confiscation of oil companies in the United States. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., set up soon after World War I to assure British supplies of oil from the Near East, is 56% owned by the British government but has yet to show a sign of betraying the British people into Bolshevism.

We can see the argument that this scheme, if it materializes, will put the United States government permanently into Near East politics—and we're well aware that some of the kings, sheiks and tribal chiefs in that part of the world are tough characters to deal with.

It is true, too, that if our government keeps leg title to the pipe line, it will have to go officially t the defense of the pipe line in case anybody— Arabs and Bedouins, for instance, and maybe a a while the Russians—threatens American opera tion of the refinery and pipe-line setup. That is ju what is contemplated—that American public opinio will stand behind the government in such a cas whereas American public opinion was generall against the government's going to the aid of the pri vate-enterprise victims of the Mexican oil robber

It may be, too, that big new oil discoveries will b made in this country and again put off the time whe our oil reserves will sink below the danger leve That happened shortly after the big oil-exhaustio scare of 1921.

But as of today, the situation is that we ar bleeding ourselves of oil for the war, that our know oil reserves are running short, and that the Navy Ickes plan offers one possible way of eventually re *inforcing our oil supply.*

As we say, it's a chancy plan with many element of risk. It ought to be debated from top to bottom and the American people ought to know just wha they are going into if they do finally finance this pip line and take permanent title to it. But we think th main question on the subject up to now is: Has any body a better plan; and if so, what is it?

HOW ARE THE SCHOOLS DOING?

I do not think we can maintain our position in the postwar world unless we are an exceptionally well-educated people.—*Prime Minister Winston Churchill in his March 26, 1944, world-wide broadcast.*

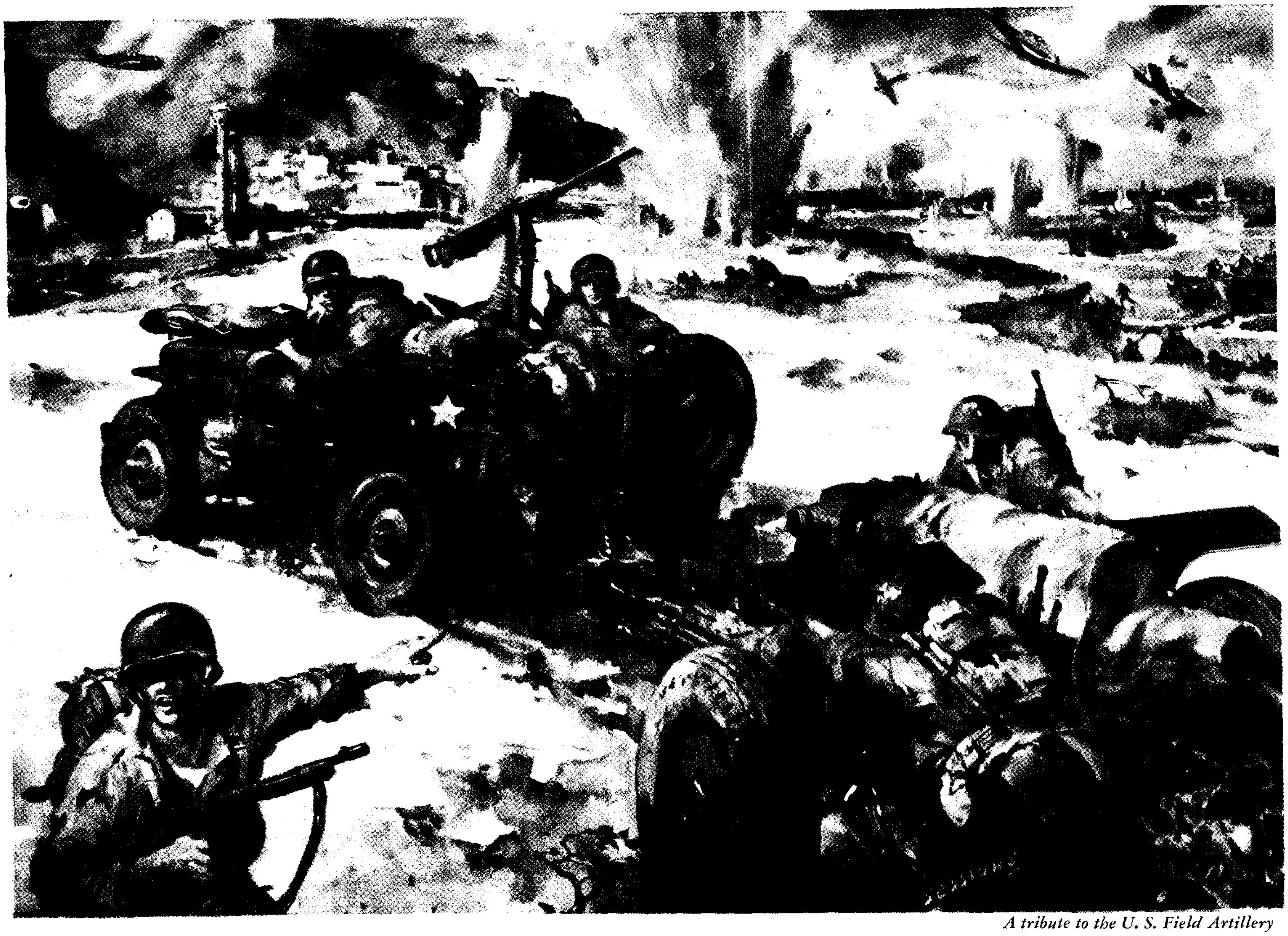
THAT goes, we'd say, for practically any people, not alone for Mr. Churchill's fellow Britishers. In which connection, we think Americans would do well to pay close attention to the mounting attacks in our educational circles on the Progressive Education system.

This system has its fanatic supporters, who say it produces vigorous, inquiring minds and stimulates youngsters' initiative and enterprise. It also has its fierce opponents, who say it has produced chiefly a lot of youngsters who know very few facts and have no idea of how to think straight, if at all.

It is a most important debate and one in which the general public ought to insist on a fair hearing for everybody who has anything to contribute to it. It is of the highest importance for the reason indicated by Mr. Churchill—that a democratic country's hope of survival depends heavily on its having the best obtainable system of popular education.

Our own feeling about Progressive Education is (1) that it has contributed permanently to the American school philosophy by hammering home the fa that you learn best those things in which you a *interested or can be interested; but (2) that in som* instances, Progressive Education has gone far too fa under the guidance of, so to speak, problem childre grown to manhood and womanhood physically bu not otherwise.

Having said which, we pause to welcome brickbats from both sides. It's all in a good cause, though, because this is one question that has to be settled right.



A tribute to the U. S. Field Artillery

THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
MIGHTY JEEP

JEEP PINCH-HITS FOR 2½-TON TOW TRUCK

In the American Attack on Sicily

THIS is a true story of good old Ten-O-Eight, a 105mm. howitzer, her crew of fighting Americans, and a tough Jeep fighting car from Willys-Overland—as told by a Yank Magazine "staff correspondent" and Corporal I—, the gunner.

★ ★ ★

"The crew of Ten-O-Eight certainly loved their gun. They had teamed up with it through all their months of Army Ground Forces training, from Texas to New York.

"Then, at last, one thrill-packed day, the boys found themselves and the rest of their battery aboard a transport headed for Sicily.

"Long will they remember the wild morning they landed amidst the smoke and noise of bursting German bombs and shells. It was their baptism of fire.

"The gun crew were disembarked first. But the gun couldn't be put ashore there. So Corporal I——, the gunner, was ordered to go with the landing boat to a point about ten miles down shore where the gun *could* be landed.

"A little while later the Corporal found himself on the blazing beach with the gun, no ammunition, and with no means of transporting the gun.

"By that time all hell had broken loose. Nazi shore batteries, bombers and strafers were literally spraying the beach with death-dealing missiles of every description. Young Corporal I—— was in a tough spot. But here is what he did—as told in his own words:

"'My job was to get the GUN back to our battery, and quick. But how? Things kept getting hotter every second. I had just about made up my mind to duck under the gun and wait for help, when I saw a Jeep coming my way. My only chance was to beg, borrow or steal that Jeep. So I yelled, 'Hey, Yank! Can that baby pull this gun? We got a date up ahead with our battery!' 'Sure,' he says. 'She'll pull anything that ain't set in concrete. Just tie on to her.'

"'So a couple of sailors and infantrymen helped me hitch the gun to the Jeep, and the driver began to ease the power into the Jeep's four wheels.

"'Believe me I was praying hard. I had *all* my fingers crossed. Why? Because that Jeep was pinch hitting for a big brute of a 2½ *ton six-wheel drive truck*—the kind that always tows 105mm. howitzers. It was a 'field expedient' as they say—not a Jeep's regular job at all.

"'But it *worked.* With some help in the heavy going, that fighting Jeep pulled the gun all those ten miles—*through sand*—right up to a high spot where our battery was in action. And in a few minutes old Ten-O-Eight was shooting *for keeps,* for the first time in her life—and in ours.

"'I had often heard that Jeep fighting cars packed a load of power. Now I *know* it. That Jeep baby sure pulled *me* out of a hole that day, and I mean pulled!' "

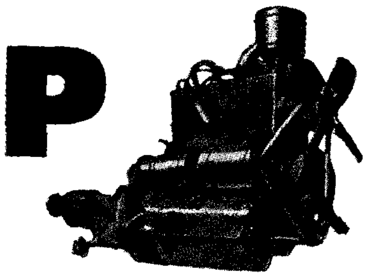
★ ★ ★

Jeeps from Willys-Overland are now serving our allied forces on every fighting front of this war. Their dependability, ruggedness—AND VERSATILITY—have amazed the whole world.

Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., "Builders of the *mighty* Jeep".

WILLYS *Builds the Mighty* JEEP

The power and stamina of the versatile Jeep will serve many needs in the years of reconstruction ahead.



The fighting heart of every Jeep fighting car in the world—and the source of its amazing power, speed, flexibility, dependability and fuel economy—is the "Go-Devil" Jeep Engine, which was designed and perfected by Willys-Overland.

BUY MORE BONDS FOR VICTORY
Chesterfield
Turn Over a New Leaf

Change to Milder Better-Tasting Chesterfields for all the satisfying pleasure a good cigarette can give you

There is no mystery why more and more smokers are changing to Chesterfields... for the answer is both simple and to the point... *Right Combination – World's Best Tobaccos*... there you have Chesterfield's 5-Key words for more smoking pleasure.

WATCH THE CHANGE TO CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1944, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.